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Famous Letters and Speeches

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EDITED BY

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS

Quondam Fellow of All Souls College

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors wish to acknowledge their grateful thanks to the following for permission to include speeches made by themselves: The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain. The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, and also to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the publishers of *On England*, from which source this extract was taken. Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Sir Maurice Bonham Carter, Executor, and the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office for permission to include the speech by the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

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Translations from the classical Greek and Latin and the Latin MSS. of Erasmus and Colet are by Harold Shelton, M.A., late Classical Scholar of University College, Oxford, and translations from French, German and Italian, as mentioned in the contents sheet, are by F. A. Beaumont, B.A., and these translations are the copyright of Odhams Press.

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SPEECHES AND LETTERS ON INDIAN AFFAIRS

In the collection of material for this section of the book, the editors would like to acknowledge with gratitude their indebtedness to the Library Staff of the High Commissioner's Office, London, and to all those who so kindly gave their advice and assistance. We would also like to thank the following for permission to include the undermentioned copyright material: Sir S. Radhakrishnan—"Training for Leadership." *The Calcutta Review*—"Problems of Moslem Education," by Sir Akbar Hydari. *The Calcutta Review*—"Problems of Educated Unemployment," by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. Sir Mirza Ismail and *The Official Handbook, Dasara Exhibition, 1938*—"The Beauties of Mysore." John Murray—*Letters of Queen Victoria*. *The Manchester Guardian*—Mr. G. K. Gokhale's speech on "Discontent in India." The Ramakrishna Mission—Swami Vivekananda's address on "Hinduism." Jawaharlal Nehru and George Allen & Unwin—"The First Letter to India," from *India and the World*. The "Voice of Life," by Sir Jagadish Chunder Bose, is included in this form by the courtesy of George Allen & Unwin and taken from *Changing India*, published by them. His Majesty's Government for their kind permission to include the speeches by Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Sastri, and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu at the Round Table Conference, copyright of which is held by the Crown. "Courage," by Sir J. M. Barrie, is included by the courtesy of Hodder & Stoughton who publish this speech as a separate book.

INTRODUCTION

IN this book are collected some of the most famous speeches and letters of which we have record. One part of the book is given up to the speeches and letters of the world generally; the other part is devoted entirely to material dealing with Indian affairs.

This latter part has been planned rather differently from the former. For its material falls definitely and naturally into two divisions. First come speeches and letters on Indian affairs up to 1858, including those most important from the point of view of the development of modern India. These are in the main the work of British statesmen and rulers. Logically, as well as chronologically, this first division ends with the Proclamation of Queen Victoria. From that time, as Her Majesty had hoped and wished, there arose in ever increasing volume and force the voice of India herself, speaking for herself through her own statesmen, philosophers, scientists, educationists, men of letters, and social reformers. These are the true spokesmen of India.

In these speeches of the second division the leaders of India are concerned not so much with the present, as with the future. They feel themselves to be laying the foundations of a new India rather than strengthening any existing edifice. As we might expect, some of the finest speeches of the greatest men are delivered to the youth of India. It is to youth that these leaders look to carry on their work, and, if they are worthy, to reap the benefit of it. Mr. Gandhi, who in the service of his country has grown old in years but not in spirit, looks forward to a future that, he says himself, he may not be there to enjoy. Jawaharlal Nehru preaches his political doctrine in a simple and convincing form to his young daughter and so to all the young women of India. This forward vision of her leaders, this sense of shouldering burdens today in order that the men and women of tomorrow may live in a recreated country, is eloquent testimony to the underlying unity and singleness of purpose of India.

The whole Indian section differs from the other part of the book also in that it forms a closely-knit whole. For this reason, it has been possible to correlate the letters to the speeches. Clive's letter to Pitt and Warren Hastings's letter to Lord Mansfield are documents in the history of the government of India; Queen Victoria's letters bear directly on the Proclamation of 1858; Nehru's letter to his daughter is a definite manifestation of his activities, just as Mr. Gandhi's letter from South Africa is part of his political work for the betterment of Indian subjects in that country.

Thus the Indian part of this book serves, in as far as space permits, to reveal something of the self-expression of one great country.

The first, or more general, part of the book, necessarily lacks this kind of articulation, and the vast amount of material available has made the task of selection no easy matter. In general, definite criteria have guided us. Some of the passages have been chosen because their theme and argument will always be an inspiration and a challenge; among these will surely be Socrates' magnificent defence at his trial, Sir J. M. Barrie's speech on courage, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw's sparkling treatment of the social problem he presents in his speech on freedom. Others have been chosen as examples of fine oratory; although, as in the extract of Edmund Burke's speech, it is plain that cold print sacrifices something of the personality and force lent by the human voice.

Finally, in the selection of classical and historical speeches, there has been an attempt to show how little arguments, phrases and circumstances alter. Demosthenes warns Athens against the despotism of Philip in much the same way as the twentieth-century statesmen of democratic countries warn their fellow countrymen against the dictators; Pericles in his funeral oration talks of the defence of Athens in very much the same terms that are used by Allied leaders today; and so the parallel runs throughout the whole section.

The letters are in themselves almost a separate volume, and most of them can be read for the sheer delight of well-turned phrases. But we have also explained the circumstances in which each letter was written so that there may be additional interest in reading it. Some of the historical letters have been chosen to throw light on certain events and periods in history, but most have been selected as pictures of the times they describe, or as intimate glimpses into the lives of great men and women whose names are known to all of us, but of whose real personality we may have but a vague conception.

The twentieth century, with its marvels of wireless, the gramophone, and the giant printing press, places the voices of its great contemporaries on record for ever, and publishes to the world their biographies and correspondence while they are yet alive. It is hoped that this book will give its readers not only a representative selection from among these moderns, but will bring back faintly over the years the sound of the great voices of the past and the atmosphere of those leisured days when letter writing was the most cultured form of social intercourse.

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS.

*Rye House,
Silchester.*

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*FAMOUS
LETTERS AND SPEECHES*



ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY

Roger Ascham and the gentle, studious Lady Jane Grey, who for nine days was Queen of England, and paid on the executioner's block for her innocent participation in the rising against Mary Tudor.

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PHILOSOPHICAL

SIR J. M. BARRIE

Among all the great speeches delivered by rectors of St. Andrews University on their inauguration, this address by the creator of Peter Pan still stands pre-eminent. He was talking to youth—the youth of his own race, who were about to take their places in a battle scarred world. He realized only too well how hard the path they must tread. Today his words come to us with renewed inspiration.

COURAGE

RECTORIAL ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

MAY 3, 1922

You have had many rectors here in St. Andrews who will continue in bloom long after the lowly ones such as I am are dead and rotten and forgotten. They are the roses in December; you remember someone said that God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December. But I do not envy the great ones. In my experience—and you may find in the end it is yours also—the people I have cared for most and who have seemed most worth caring for—my December roses—have been very simple folk. Yet I wish that for this hour I could swell into someone of importance, so as to do you credit. I suppose you had a melting for me because I was hewn out of one of your own quarries, walked similar academic groves, and have trudged the road on which you will soon set forth. I would that I could put into your hands a staff for that somewhat bloody march, for though there is much about myself that I conceal from other people, to help you I would expose every cranny of my mind.

But, alas, when the hour strikes for the rector to answer to his call he is unable to become the undergraduate he used to be, and so the only door into you is closed. We, your elders, are much more interested in you than you are in us. We are not really important to you. I have utterly forgotten the address of the rector of my time, and even who he was, but I recall vividly climbing up a statue to tie his colours round its neck and being hurled therefrom with contumely. We remember the important things. I cannot provide you with that staff for your journey; but perhaps I can tell you a little about it, how to use it and lose it and find it again, and cling to it more than ever. You shall cut it—so it is ordained—every one of

you for himself, and its name is courage. You must excuse me if I talk a good deal about courage to you today. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children.

My special difficulty is that though you have had literary rectors here before, they were the big guns, the historians, the philosophers; you have had none, I think, who followed my more humble branch, which may be described as playing hide and seek with angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself, and I could get on much more swingingly if I made one of them deliver this address. It is M'Connachie who has brought me to this pass. M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him. I have sworn that M'Connachie shall not interfere with this address today; but there is no telling. I might have done things worth while if it had not been for M'Connachie, and my first piece of advice to you at any rate shall be sound: don't copy me. A good subject for a rectorial address would be the mess the rector himself has made of life. I merely cast this forth as a suggestion, and leave the working of it out to my successor. I do not think it has been used yet.

My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to me to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth, meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up this position: That youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning. I use the word fight because it must, I think, begin with a challenge; but the aim is the reverse of antagonism, it is partnership. I want you to hold that the time has arrived for youth to demand that partnership, and to demand it courageously. That to gain courage is what you come to St. Andrews for. With some alarms and excursions into college life. That is what I propose, but, of course, the issue lies with M'Connachie.

Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war; we know what nation has that blot to wipe out; but for fifty years or

so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum, I do not mean by lack of military preparations; and when war did come we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is and of the clover beds to which it leads. We were not meaning to deceive, most of us were as honourable and as ignorant as the youth themselves; but that does not acquit us of failings such as stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are we shall probably fail you again. Do not be too sure that we have learned our lesson, and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path.

I am far from implying that even worse things than war may not come to a state. There are circumstances in which nothing can so well become a land, as I think this land proved when the late war did break out and there was but one thing to do. There is a form of anæmia that is more rotting than even an unjust war. The end will indeed have come to our courage and to us when we are afraid in dire mischance to refer the final appeal to the arbitrament of arms. I suppose all the lusty of our race, alive and dead, join hands on that.

And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

But if you must be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why, before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. The youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no such say; I am sure the survivors, of whom there must be a number here today, want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wiser next time themselves. If you are to get that partnership, which, once gained, is to be for mutual benefit, it will be, I should say, by banding yourselves with these men, not defiantly but firmly, not for selfish ends but for your country's good. In the meantime they have one bulwark; they have a general who is befriending them as I think never, after the fighting was over, has a general befriended his men before. Perhaps the seemly thing would be for us, their betters, to elect one of these young survivors of the carnage to be our rector. He ought now to know a few things about war that are worth our hearing. If his theme were the rector's favourite, diligence, I should be afraid of his advising a great many of us to be diligent in sitting still and doing no more harm.

Of course he would put it more suavely than that, though it is not, I think, by gentleness that you will get your rights; we are

dogged ones at sticking to what we have got, and so will you be at our age. But avoid calling us ugly names; we may be stubborn and we may be blunderers, but we love you more than aught else in the world, and once you have won your partnership we shall all be welcoming you. I urge you not to use ugly names about any one. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse; as has been well said, "Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant." Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own. There may be students here today who have decided this session to go in for immortality, and would like to know of an easy way of accomplishing it. That is a way, but not so easy as you think. Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponents motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency; give it up, and be great.

✓ Another sure way to fame is to know what you mean. It is a solemn thought that almost no one—if he is truly eminent—knows what he means. Look at the great ones of the earth, the politicians. We do not discuss what they say, but what they may have meant when they said it. In 1922 we are all wondering, and so are they, what they meant in 1914 and afterwards. They are publishing books trying to find out; the men of action as well as the men of words. There are exceptions. It is not that our statesmen are "sugared mouths with minds therefrae"; many of them are the best men we have got, upright and anxious, nothing cheaper than to miscall them. The explanation seems just to be that it is so difficult to know what you mean, especially when you have become a swell. No longer apparently can you deal in "russet yeas and honest kersey noes"; gone for ever is simplicity, which is as beautiful as the divine plain face of Lamb's Miss Kelly. Doubts breed suspicions, a dangerous air. Without suspicion there might have been no war. When you are called to Downing Street to discuss what you want of your betters with the Prime Minister he won't be suspicious, not as far as you can see; but remember the atmosphere of generations you are in, and when he passes you the toast-rack say to yourselves, if you would be in the mode: "Now, I wonder what he meant by that?"

Even without striking out in the way I suggest, you are already disturbing your betters considerably. I sometimes talk this over with M'Connachie, with whom, as you may guess, circumstances compel me to pass a good deal of my time. In our talks we agree that we, your betters, constantly find you forgetting that we are your betters. Your answer is that the war and other happenings have shown you that age is not necessarily another name for sapience;

that our avoidance of frankness in life and in the arts is often, but not so often as you think, a cowardly way of shirking unpalatable truths, and that you have taken us off our pedestals because we look more natural on the ground. You who are at the rash age even accuse your elders, sometimes not without justification, of being more rash than yourselves. "If youth but only knew," we used to teach you to sing; but now, just because youth has been to the war, it wants to change the next line into "If age had only to do."

In so far as this attitude of yours is merely passive, sullen, negative, as it mainly is, despairing of our capacity and anticipating a future of gloom, it is no game for man or woman. It is certainly the opposite of that for which I plead. Do not stand aloof, despising, disbelieving, but come in and help—insist on coming in and helping. After all, we have shown a good deal of courage; and your part is to add a greater courage to it. There are glorious years lying ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. God's in His heaven still. So forward, brave hearts. To what adventures I cannot tell, but I know that your God is watching to see whether you are adventurous. I know that the great partnership is only a first step, but I do not know what are to be the next and the next. The partnership is but a tool; what are you to do with it? Very little, I warn you, if you are merely thinking of yourselves; much if what is at the marrow of your thoughts is a future that even you can scarcely hope to see.

Learn as a beginning how world-shaking situations arise and how they may be countered. Doubt all your betters who would deny you that right of partnership. Begin by doubting all such in high places—except, of course, your professors. But doubt all other professors—yet not conceitedly, as some do, with their noses in the air; avoid all such physical risks. If it necessitates your pushing some of us out of our places, still push; you will find it needs some shoving. But the things courage can do! The things that even incompetence can do if it works with singleness of purpose. The war has done at least one big thing: it has taken spring out of the year. And, this accomplished, our leading people are amazed to find that the other seasons are not conducting themselves as usual. The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of France and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes it may be you who are responsible for it and your sons who are in the lava. All, perhaps, because this year you let things slide.

We are a nice and kindly people, but it is already evident that we are stealing back into the old grooves, seeking cushions for our old bones, rather than attempting to build up a fairer future. That is what we mean when we say that the country is settling down.

Make haste, or you will become like us, with only the thing we proudly call experience to add to your stock, a poor exchange for the generous feelings that time will take away. We have no intention of giving you your share. Look around and see how much share youth has now that the war is over. You got a handsome share while it lasted.

I expect we shall beat you; unless your fortitude be doubly girded by a desire to send a message of cheer to your brothers who fell, the only message, I believe, for which they crave; they are not worrying about their Aunt Jane. They want to know if you have learned wisely from what befell them; if you have, they will be braced in the feeling that they did not die in vain. Some of them think they did. They will not take our word for it that they did not. You are their living image; they know you could not lie to them, but they distrust our flattery and our cunning faces. To us they have passed away; but are you who stepped into their heritage only yesterday, whose books are scarcely cold to their hands, you who still hear their cries being blown across the links—are you already relegating them to the shades? The gaps they have left in this university are among the most honourable of her wounds. But we are not here to acclaim them. Where they are now, hero is, I think, a very little word. They call to you to find out in time the truth about this great game, which your elders play for stakes and youth plays for its life.

I do not know whether you are grown a little tired of that word hero, but I am sure the heroes are. That is the subject of one of our unfinished plays; M'Connachie is the one who writes the plays. If any one of you here proposes to be a playwright you can take this for your own and finish it. The scene is a school, schoolmasters present, but if you like you could make it a university, professors present. They are discussing an illuminated scroll about a student fallen in the war, which they have kindly presented to his parents; and unexpectedly the parents enter. They are an old pair, backbent, they have been stalwarts in their day but have now gone small; they are poor, but not so poor that they could not send their boy to college. They are in black, not such a rusty black either, and you may be sure she is the one who knows what to do with his hat. Their faces are gnarled, I suppose—but I do not need to describe that pair to Scottish students. They have come to thank the senatus for their lovely scroll and to ask them to tear it up. At first they had been enamoured to read of what a scholar their son was, how noble and adored by all. But soon a fog settled over them, for this grand person was not the boy they knew. He had many a fault well

known to them; he was not always so noble; as a scholar he did no more than scrape through; and he sometimes made his father rage and his mother grieve. They had liked to talk such memories as these together, and smile over them, as if they were bits of him he had left lying about the house. So thank you kindly, and would you please give them back their boy by tearing up the scroll? I see nothing else for our dramatist to do. I think he should ask an alumna of St. Andrews to play the old lady (indicating Miss Ellen Terry). The loveliest of all young actresses, the dearest of all old ones; it seems only yesterday that all the men of imagination proposed to their beloved in some such frenzied words as these: "As I can't get Miss Terry, may I have you?"

This play might become historical as the opening of your propaganda in the proposed campaign. How to make a practical advance? The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it cannot save you, because it will be run by us. Beware your betters bringing presents. What is wanted is something run by yourselves. You have more in common with the youth of other lands than youth and age can ever have with each other; even the hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours, from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, who had as little to do as our youth had with the origin of the great adventure. Can we doubt that many of these on both sides who have gone over and were once opponents are now friends? You ought to have a League of Youth of all countries as your beginning, ready to say to all governments: "We will fight each other but only when we are sure of the necessity." Are you equal to your job, you young men? If not, I call upon the red-gowned women to lead the way. I sound to myself as if I were advocating a rebellion, though I am really asking for a larger friendship. Perhaps I may be arrested on leaving the hall. In such a cause I should think that I had at last proved myself worthy to be your rector.

You will have to work harder than ever, but possibly not so much at the same things; more at modern languages certainly if you are to discuss that League of Youth with the students of other nations when they come over to St. Andrews for the conference. I am far from taking a side against the classics. I should as soon argue against your having tops to your heads; that way lie the best tops. Science, too, has at last come to its own in St. Andrews. It is the surest means of teaching you how to know what you mean when you say. So you will have to work harder. Isaak Walton quotes the saying that doubtless the Almighty could have created a finer fruit than the strawberry, but that doubtless also He never did. Doubtless also He could have provided us with better fun than hard

work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing. The greatest glory that has ever come to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out. To have known any one would have spoilt it. I did not even quite know the language. I rang for my boots, and they thought I said a glass of water, so I drank the water and worked on. There was no food in the cupboard, so I did not need to waste time in eating. The pangs and agonies when no proof came. How courteously tolerant was I of the postman without a proof for us; how M'Connachie, on the other hand, wanted to punch his head. The magic days when our article appeared in an evening paper. The promptitude with which I counted the lines to see how much we should get for it. Then M'Connachie's superb air of dropping it into the gutter. Oh, to be a free lance of journalism again—that darling jade! Those were days. Too good to last. Let us be grave. Here comes a rector.

But now, on reflection, a dreadful sinking assails me, that this was not really work. The artistic callings—you remember how Stevenson thumped them—are merely doing what you are clamorous to be at; it is not real work unless you would rather be doing something else. My so-called labours were just M'Connachie running away with me again. Still, I have sometimes worked; for instance, I feel that I am working at this moment. And the big guns are in the same plight as the little ones. Carlyle, the king of all rectors, has always been accepted as the arch-apostle of toil, and has registered his many woes. But it will not do. Despite sickness, poortith, want and all, he was grinding all his life at the one job he revelled in. An extraordinarily happy man, though there is no direct proof that he thought so.

There must be many men in other callings besides the arts lauded as hard workers who are merely out for enjoyment. Our chancellor? (indicating Lord Haig). If our chancellor had always a passion to be a soldier, we must reconsider him as a worker. Even our principal? How about the light that burns in our principal's room after decent people have gone to bed? If we could climb up and look in—I should like to do something of that kind for the last time—should we find him engaged in honest toil, or guiltily engrossed in chemistry?

You will all fall into one of those two callings, the joyous or the uncongenial; and one wishes you into the first, though our sympathy, our esteem, must go rather to the less fortunate, the braver ones who “turn their necessity to glorious gain” after they

have put away their dreams. To the others will go the easy prizes of life—success, which has become a somewhat odious onion nowadays, chiefly because we so often give the name to the wrong thing. When you reach the evening of your days you will, I think, see—with, I hope, becoming cheerfulness—that we are all failures, at least all the best of us. The greatest Scotsman that ever lived wrote himself down a failure:—

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame.
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name.

Perhaps the saddest lines in poetry, written by a man who could make things new for the gods themselves.

If you want to avoid being like Burns there are several possible ways. Thus you might copy us, as we shine forth in our published memoirs, practically without a flaw. No one so obscure nowadays but that he can have a book about him. Happy the land that can produce such subjects for the pen.

But do not put your photograph at all ages into your autobiography. That may bring you to the ground. "My life; and what I have done with it"; that is the sort of title, but it is the photographs that give away what you have done with it. Grim things, those portraits; if you could read the language of them you would often find it unnecessary to read the book. The face itself, of course, is still more tell-tale, for it is the record of all one's past life. There the man stands in the dock, page by page; we ought to be able to see each chapter of him melting into the next like the figures in the cinematograph. Even the youngest of you has got through some chapters already. When you go home for the next vacation someone is sure to say: "John has changed a little; I don't quite see in what way, but he has changed." You remember they said that last vacation. Perhaps it means that you look less like your father. Think that out. I could say some nice things of your betters if I chose.

In youth you tend to look rather frequently into a mirror, not at all necessarily from vanity. You say to yourself: "What an interesting face; I wonder what he is to be up to?" Your elders do not look into the mirror so often. We know what he has been up to. As yet there is unfortunately no science of reading other people's faces; I think a chair for this should be founded in St. Andrews.

The new professor will need to be a sublime philosopher, and

for obvious reasons he ought to wear spectacles before his senior class. It will be a gloriously optimistic chair, for he can tell his students the glowing truth, that what their faces are to be like presently depends mainly on themselves. Mainly, not altogether—

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

I found the other day an old letter from Henley that told me of the circumstances in which he wrote that poem. "I was a patient," he writes, "in the old infirmary of Edinburgh. I had heard vaguely of Lister, and went there as a sort of forlorn hope on the chance of saving my foot. The great surgeon received me, as he did and does everybody, with the greatest kindness, and for twenty months I lay in one or other ward of the old place under his care. It was a desperate business, but he saved my foot, and here I am." There he was, ladies and gentlemen, and what he was doing during that "desperate business" was singing that he was master of his fate.

If you want an example of courage try Henley. Or Stevenson. I could tell you some stories about these two, but they would not be dull enough for a rectorial address. For courage, again, take Meredith, whose laugh was "as broad as a thousand beeves at pasture." Take, as I think, the greatest figure literature has still left to us, to be added today to the roll of St. Andrews' alumni, though it must be in absence. The pomp and circumstance of war will pass, and all others now alive may fade from the scene, but I think the quiet figure of Hardy will live on.

I seem to be taking all my examples from the calling I was lately pretending to despise. I should like to read you some passages of a letter from a man of another calling, which I think will hearten you. I have the little filmy sheets here. I thought you might like to see the actual letter; it has been a long journey; it has been to the South Pole. It is a letter to me from Captain Scott of the Antarctic, and was written in the tent you know of, where it was found long afterwards with his body and those of some other very gallant gentlemen, his comrades. The writing is in pencil, still quite clear, though toward the end some of the words trail away as into the great silence that was waiting for them. It begins:—

"We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent to you, I write you a word of farewell. I want you to think well of me and my end." [After some private instructions too intimate to read, he goes on]: "Good-bye—I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a simple pleasure which I had planned for the future in our long marches. . . . We are in a desperate state—

feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . Later"—[it is here that the words become difficult]—"We are very near the end. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without."

I think it may uplift you all to stand for a moment by that tent and listen, as he says, to their songs and cheery conversation. When I think of Scott I remember the strange Alpine story of the youth who fell down a glacier and was lost, and of how a scientific companion, one of several who accompanied him, all young, computed that the body would again appear at a certain date and place many years afterwards. When that time came round some of the survivors returned to the glacier to see if the prediction would be fulfilled; all old men now; and the body reappeared as young as on the day he left them. So Scott and his comrades emerge out of the white immensities always young.

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us. What is beauty? It is these hard-bitten men singing courage to you from their tent; it is the waves of their island home crooning of their deeds to you who are to follow them. Sometimes beauty boils over and then spirits are abroad. Ages may pass as we look or listen, for time is annihilated. There is a very old legend told to me by Nansen the explorer—I like well to be in the company of explorers—the legend of a monk who had wandered into the fields and a lark began to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become part of the heavens. Then he went back to the monastery and found there a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Father Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred or more years before. Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark.

That, I suppose, was a case of beauty boiling over, or a soul boiling over; perhaps the same thing. Then spirits walk.

They must sometimes walk St. Andrews. I do not mean the ghosts of queens or prelates, but one that keeps step, as soft as snow, with some poor student. He sometimes catches sight of it. That is why his fellows can never quite touch him, their best beloved; he half knows something of which they know nothing—the secret that is hidden in the face of the Mona Lisa. As I see

him, life is so beautiful to him that its proportions are monstrous. Perhaps his childhood may have been overfull of gladness; they don't like that. If the seekers were kind he is the one for whom the flags of his college would fly one day. But the seeker I am thinking of is unfriendly, and so our student is "the lad that will never be old." He often gaily forgets, and thinks he has slain his foe by daring him, like him who, dreading water, was always the first to leap into it. One can see him serene, astride a Scotch cliff, singing to the sun the farewell thanks of a boy:—

Throned on a cliff serene man saw the sun
hold a red torch above the farthest seas,
and the fierce island pinnacles put on in his defence their sombre
panoplies;
Foremost the white mists eddied, trailed and spun
like seekers, emulous to clasp his knees,
till all the beauty of the scene seemed one,
led by the secret whispers of the breeze.

The sun's torch suddenly flashed upon his face
and died; and he sat content in subject night
and dreamed of an old dead foe that had sought and found him;
a beast stirred boldly in his resting-place;
And the cold came; man rose to his master-height,
shivered, and turned away; but the mists were round him.

If there is any of you here so rare that the seekers have taken an ill-will to him, as to the boy who wrote those lines, I ask you to be careful. Henley says in that poem we were speaking of:—

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

A fine mouthful, but perhaps "My head is bloody and bowed" is better.

Let us get back to that tent with its songs and cheery conversation. Courage. I do not think it is to be got by your becoming solemn-sides before your time. You must have been warned against letting the golden hours slip by. Yes, but some of them are golden only because we let them slip. Diligence—ambition; noble words, but only if "touched to fine issues." Prizes may be dross, learning lumber, unless they bring you into the arena with increased understanding. Hanker not too much after worldly prosperity—that corpulent cigar; if you became a millionaire you would probably go swimming around for more, like a diseased goldfish. Look to it that what you are doing is not merely toddling to a competency. Perhaps that must be your fate, but fight it and then, though you

fail, you may still be among the elect of whom we have spoken. Many a brave man has had to come to it at last. But there are the complacent toddlers from the start. Favour them not, ladies, especially now that every one of you carries a possible *maréchal's* baton under her gown. "Happy," it has been said by a distinguished man, "is he who can leave college with an unrepublishing conscience and an unsullied heart." I don't know; he sounds to me like a sloppy, watery sort of fellow; happy, perhaps, but if there be red blood in him impossible. Be not disheartened by ideals of perfection which can be achieved only by those who run away. Nature, that "thrifty goddess," never gave you "the smallest scruple of her excellence" for that. Whatever bludgeonings may be gathering for you, I think one feels more poignantly at your age than ever again in life. You have not our December roses to help you; but you have June coming, whose roses do not wonder, as do ours even while they give us their fragrance—wondering most when they give us most—that we should linger on an empty scene. It may indeed be monstrous but possibly courageous.

Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes. What says our glorious Johnson of courage: "Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other." We should thank our Creator three times daily for courage instead of for our bread, which, if we work, is surely the one thing we have a right to claim of Him. This courage is a proof of our immortality, greater even than gardens "when the eve is cool." Pray for it. "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay. There is an officer who was the first of our army to land at Gallipoli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore, so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two hours' swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back. He seems to look on this as a gay affair. He is a V.C. now, and you would not think to look at him that he could ever have presented such a disreputable appearance. Would you? (indicating Colonel Freyberg).

Those men of whom I have been speaking as the kind to fill the life could all be light-hearted on occasion. I remember Scott by Highland streams trying to rouse me by maintaining that haggis is boiled bagpipes; Henley in dispute as to whether, say, Turgenieff or Tolstoi could hang the other on his watch-chain; he sometimes

clenched the argument by casting his crutch at you; Stevenson responded in the same gay spirit by giving that crutch to John Silver; you remember with what adequate results. You must cultivate this light-heartedness if you are to hang your betters on your watch-chains. Dr. Johnson—let us have him again—does not seem to have discovered in his travels that the Scots are a light-hearted nation. Boswell took him to task for saying that the death of Garrick had eclipsed the gaiety of nations. “Well, sir,” Johnson said, “there may be occasions when it is permissible to,” etc. But Boswell would not let go. “I cannot see, sir, how it could in any case have eclipsed the gaiety of nations, as England was the only nation before whom he had ever played.” Johnson was really stymied, but you would never have known it. “Well, sir,” he said, holing out, “I understand that Garrick once played in Scotland, and if Scotland has any gaiety to eclipse, which, sir, I deny . . .”

Prove Johnson wrong for once at the Students' Union and in your other societies. I much regret that there was no Students' Union at Edinburgh in my time. I hope you are fairly noisy and that members are sometimes led out. Do you keep to the old topics? King Charles's head; and Bacon wrote Shakespeare, or if he did not he missed the opportunity of his life. Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age; there will be time for meekness when you try to better it. Very soon you will be Victorian or that sort of thing yourselves; next session probably, when the freshmen come up. Afterwards, if you go in for my sort of calling, don't begin by thinking you are the last word in art; quite possibly you are not; steady yourselves by remembering that there were great men before William K. Smith. Make merry while you may. Yet light-heartedness is not for ever and a day. At its best it is the gay companion of innocence; and when innocence goes—as go it must—they soon trip off together, looking for something younger. But courage comes all the way:—

Fight on, my men, says Sir Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'll lie down and bleed a-while,
And then I'll rise and fight againe.

Another piece of advice; almost my last. For reasons you may guess I must give this in a low voice. Beware of M'Connachie. When I look in a mirror now it is his face I see. I speak with his voice. I once had a voice of my own, but nowadays I hear it from far away only, a melancholy, lonely, lost little pipe. I wanted to be an explorer, but he willed otherwise. You will all have your

M'Connachie luring you off the high road. Unless you are constantly on the watch, you will find that he has slowly pushed you out of yourself and taken your place. He has rather done for me. I think in his youth he must somehow have guessed the future and been fleggit by it, flichtered from the nest like a bird, and so our eggs were left, cold. He has clung to me, less from mischief than for companionship; I half like him and his penny whistle; with all his faults he is as Scotch as peat; he whispered to me just now that you elected him, not me, as your rector.

A final passing thought. Were an old student given an hour in which to revisit the St. Andrews of his day, would he spend more than half of it at lectures? He is more likely to be heard clattering up bare stairs in search of old companions. But if you could choose your hour from all the five hundred years of this seat of learning, wandering at your will from one age to another, how would you spend it? A fascinating theme; so many notable shades at once astir that St. Leonard's and St. Mary's grow murky with them. Hamilton, Melville, Sharpe, Chalmers, down to Herkless, that distinguished principal, ripe scholar and warm friend, the loss of whom I deeply deplore with you. I think if that hour were mine, and though at St. Andrews he was but a passer-by, I would give a handsome part of it to a walk with Doctor Johnson. I should like to have the time of day passed to me in twelve languages by the Admirable Crichton. A wave of the hand to Andrew Lang; and then for the archery butts with the gay Montrose, all a-ruffled and ringed, and in the gallant St. Andrews student manner, continued as I understand to this present day, scattering largess as he rides along,

But where is now the courtly troupe
That once went riding by?
I miss the curls of Canteloupe,
The laugh of Lady Di.

We have still left time for a visit to a house in South Street, hard by St. Leonard's. I do not mean the house you mean. I am a Knox man. But little will that avail, for M'Connachie is a Queen Mary man. So, after all, it is at her door we chap, a last futile effort to bring that woman to heel. One more house of call, a student's room, also in South Street. I have chosen my student, you see, and I have chosen well; him that sang:—

Life has not since been wholly vain,
And now I bear
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain
Some slender share.

But howsoever rich the store,
I'd lay it down
To feel upon my back once more
The old red gown.

Well, we have at last come to an end. Some of you may remember when I began this address; we are all older now. I thank you for your patience. This is my first and last public appearance, and I never could or would have made it except to a gathering of Scottish students. If I have concealed my emotions in addressing you it is only the thrawn national way that deceives everybody except Scotsmen. I have not been as dull as I could have wished to be; but looking at your glowing faces cheerfulness and hope would keep breaking through. Despite the imperfections of your betters we leave you a great inheritance, for which others will one day call you to account. You come of a race of men the very wind of whose name has swept to the ultimate seas. Remember—

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves. . . .

Mighty are the universities of Scotland, and they will prevail. But even in your highest exultations never forget that they are not four, but five. The greatest of them is the poor, proud homes you come out of, which said so long ago: "There shall be education in this land." She, not St. Andrews, is the oldest university in Scotland, and all the others are her whelps.

In bidding you good-bye, my last words must be of the lovely virtue. Courage, my children, and "greet the unseen with a cheer." "Fight on, my men," said Sir Andrew Barton. Fight on—you—for the old red gown till the whistle blows.

SOCRATES

Socrates was one of the greatest of the philosophers and teachers of classical Greece. It was perhaps natural that his enlightened thinking should bring him into disfavour with the most conservative element in Athens. In 399 B.C. an indictment was brought against him of corrupting the youth, and of undermining the State religion. The "Apology" is the speech in his own defence delivered at the ensuing trial, with the addition of shorter speeches made after a verdict of "Guilty" had been returned and after the death penalty had been passed. The speeches are recorded by the philosopher Plato, but there is no reason for doubting the authenticity of the defence or of the views expressed.

[Extracts from the first speech are given together with the entire text of the third.]

From THE APOLOGIA

SPEECH IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE COURTS OF ATHENS, 399 B.C.

I do not know, gentlemen of the jury, what your reaction has been to the prosecution. For my own part, my accusers almost made me forget who I was; so persuasive was their pleading. Yet there is scarcely a word of truth in anything that they have said.

The most malicious of all their falsehoods was their suggestion that you must take care not to be deceived by me on the ground that I am a clever orator. It seemed to me utterly shameless of them to say this, when they are bound to be refuted the moment I speak and prove that I am not eloquent in any sense of the word, unless, of course, they mean that eloquence consists in speaking the truth. If they do mean this, I will agree that I am an orator, but not after their style. As I have said, there is scarcely a word of truth in all their case, but from me you will hear the truth and nothing but the truth. And I swear, gentlemen, that my arguments will not be like theirs, decked out with beautiful words and phrases, but simply told in ordinary language.

I have complete faith in the justice of my defence; make no mistake about that. But it would be unseemly for one of my age to approach you with the involved arguments of a young and budding orator. I have one request to make of you, gentlemen: If I make my defence in the same sort of way as I speak in the market place and at the bankers' tables where many of you have already heard me, do not be

surprised and do not interrupt me. The fact of the matter is this. I am more than seventy years old and this is the first time that I have pleaded in a court of law; so the procedure is strange to me and I am unfamiliar with the customary language. I ask you, therefore, to treat me as if I were in fact a stranger and be lenient with me as you would with a foreigner who behaved in his own way and spoke in his own tongue. I shall behave in the way in which I have been brought up, so I think it is reasonable for me to ask you to disregard the strangeness of my manner. It may be better—it may be worse—it does not matter. All you need consider is whether my plea is just or not. You, the judges, will have performed your duty if you do this; I shall have performed mine if I speak the truth.

To proceed, gentlemen, it is only fair that I should defend myself first of all against the slanders which were first brought against me and begin by answering my first accusers, leaving the others until later. In the past many have come to you and spoken evil of me. For many years they have been doing this, but there has been no substance in their accusations. Yet I fear them more than I do Anytus and his friends, though they are formidable enough. Those others are more formidable who have undermined your judgment since childhood by making veiled but damning charges against me without a shadow of justification. I refer to the gentlemen who came to you and said: "Do you know Socrates, the sophist who speculates about the heavens above and seeks what lies beneath the earth and who can argue that black is white?" It is people like that with their mischievous falsehoods who are my most formidable adversaries.

Any one who has listened to them must imagine that philosophers like myself do not believe in God. Moreover, these accusers of mine are many; their activities have been spread over a long time; they talked to you when some of you were still children and more credulous than you are today, and while others of you were young men. In any case you were bound to believe, for there was no one to plead my cause.

The hardest part of my defence is that I know the name of only one of my enemies, and he is a comic poet! It is very difficult for me to answer all those who have persuaded you against me from envy or malice, or even because they were convinced of their own righteousness. I cannot cross-examine them, I cannot even question them. I must simply defend myself against shadows and carry on my cross-examination with an empty witness-box.

You must assume, therefore, that I have two kinds of accusers, one consisting of those who have brought this prosecution against me, the other of that much larger class of which I have just spoken. It is to

the latter that I must first address myself, for you heard their accusations first and much more frequently.

The duty devolves on me of reviewing their accusations and of attempting to dispel from your minds in a few brief hours a charge which you have held against me for years and years. I hope that I succeed, if my success will be for our mutual good and if indeed it will assist my acquittal. I know that it is a difficult task and am not entirely unaware of what lies before me. The result will be as God wills. The law demands that I should plead and should put my defence before you.

Let us try to discover the origin of this prejudice against me. Let us try to find the cause of the ill-feeling which induced Melitus to bring this formal charge against me. What was the substance of my accusers' words? It is only fair that I should read their affidavit and interpret it literally: "Socrates is a miscreant; he breaks the law by arguing that falsehood is truth and by teaching his doctrine to others." That at least appears to be the substance of their charge. Most of you have seen it depicted in the Comedy of Aristophanes. In that play you saw one Socrates swinging about in a basket while he declared that he was walking on air, and talked a lot of other drivel which I do not pretend to understand. I do not mean that I despise a man because he is versed in knowledge which I do not possess so long as it is really knowledge. I would not have Melitus bring such a charge against me; the plain truth is that I have no interest in such matters. You are yourselves witnesses of this and I ask you to cross-examine each other if you have ever heard me lecturing. There are, indeed, many of you who have. I ask these to speak out, if they have ever heard me even mention "things above the heavens or under the earth." From their answers you will be able to judge the truth of the other accusations which are being made against me.

There is no truth in these allegations nor is there any more truth in the statement that I take fees for my poor attempts at teaching. If I were really a good teacher like Gorgias of Leontium and Prodicus of Ceos and Hippias of Elis, I should regard it as perfectly honourable to take a fee for my services. You must remember that each of the three I have mentioned is able to go into all the cities of Greece and persuade the young men to leave their comrades and follow him, although when they do so they are required to pay a fee and are grateful for their teaching into the bargain. Yet, if they stayed in their own cities they could receive instruction for nothing.

In Athens there is a philosopher from Paros who, I understand, has settled here. I happened to meet a friend, Callias, the son of Hipponicus, who had spent more money on the sophists than every

one else combined. I said to him: "Callias, my friend, if your two sons were foals or calves we should have been in a position to find someone to look after them for the normal fee; someone who might have instilled into those fine young creatures the greatest excellence of their kind, for we should have required one to grow into a fine horse, the other into a fine ox. But as they are human beings, whom do you intend to put in charge of them? Who is there who can imbue them with a fine human nature and the quality of statesmanship? I am presuming that you have given the matter consideration. Tell me," I concluded, "is there any one or is there not?" "There is," he replied. "Who is he then?" I said. "What is his nationality and what are his views?" "His name is Euenus and he comes from Paros, and his fee is five minae." "I congratulate you on Euenus if he is really so clever and teaches at such a reasonable charge." I should have been very proud of my own prowess if I were so full of wisdom, but I really have no knowledge at all, gentlemen.

I suppose one of you might object and say: "What, then, is the matter, Socrates? What is the cause of all this prejudice against you? It is surely impossible that so many unkind things should be said of you if you have been no more meddlesome than other men. You *must* have committed some crime. Tell us what it is so that we may not make a hasty judgment."

This seems quite reasonable, so I will try to explain how my reputation has suffered and I have gained such an unenviable name. Give me your close attention. You may think that I am jesting, but I can assure you that I shall tell you nothing but the truth. My reputation springs from no other cause than my wisdom. You ask me what sort of wisdom is this. My reply is that it is the kind of wisdom which any man might attain. That is all that I claim for myself. Perhaps those teachers whom I have described possess a wisdom which is somehow greater than ordinary human knowledge. I have no other explanation for it. For myself I make no such boast. Whoever charges me with having done so is lying and only does so to heap coals of fire on my head.

At this point, gentlemen, I must ask you not to interrupt me if you think my words are strange. The words I utter do not spring from my own mind; they spring from one to whom I will refer you as a witness worthy of your attention. The witness of my wisdom, if indeed it deserves to be called wisdom, is no other than the oracle of Delphi. You all know Chairephon. He was a friend of mine in my youth and he was a friend of your democratic party, too, for he shared in your recent exile and came back with you. You know how impetuous Chairephon was. He went to Delphi and had the

effrontery to ask the oracle (please do not interrupt me, gentlemen) whether there was any one wiser than I am. The oracle returned the answer that there was no one wiser. Chairephon's brother, since Chairephon is dead, will bear witness to the truth of what I say.

Now I will tell you why I have raised this point. I have done so because it will help me to show you the origin of my ill-repute. When I heard the oracle's reply I reasoned with myself thus: "What can be the meaning of the god's words; what riddle can they contain? I am not conscious of the slightest wisdom in myself; what then can the god mean by saying that I am the wisest of men? It is incredible that it should be untrue, for that would be unnatural." I was at a loss for a long time until I hit on the following method of resolving the problem. I visited people whom I had heard were very wise, hoping that if I found one wiser than myself I could confront the oracle and say to him: "You declared that I was the wisest of men, but here is someone wiser. What was your hidden meaning?" In the course of my search (I need mention no names—but it was a politician whom I approached), I engaged a man in conversation and decided that though he had the reputation of great wisdom, a belief which was held by many but by none more than himself, he was not really wise. I tried, therefore, to demonstrate that his belief in his own wisdom was unfounded. The result was that I incurred his lasting enmity as well as offending many who were present at the time. When I left him I said to myself: "At least I am wiser than he is. Perhaps neither of us has any knowledge of goodness or truth, but at least this gentleman deceives himself into thinking that he has, whereas I am conscious of my deficiency. I conclude that I am the wiser of the two in so far that I do not suppose that I know what I do not know."

After that, I went to another who was considered even wiser than the last, but the result was precisely the same. The consequence was that I earned his enmity, too, and that of many others whom I approached.

What I have said is a sufficient reply to the first class of my accusers. Now I will try to frame a reply to Melitus, that patriotic citizen, as he calls himself, and to the others who fall into the second class. To begin with, let us read their affidavit as we did in the case of the first class. It runs something like this: "Socrates is a criminal; he corrupts the young men; he does not believe in the gods of this country, but has invented other strange deities of his own creation." That is the general outline of the charge. Now let us examine carefully each individual item. Melitus speaks of my criminal activities in corrupting the young men, but I reply, gentlemen, that Melitus

himself is guilty of criminal practice in that he makes a jest of the most serious things and brings good citizens before the courts without the least consideration. He pretends to be zealous in his duty; he pretends interest in matters which have never interested him in the least. I will now try to substantiate the truth of my statement.

Answer my questions, Melitus. Are you not concerned for the true welfare of our young men? Of course you are. Then pray tell the judges who is responsible for their welfare. Obviously you must know, since you take such an interest in the matter, an interest which is shown by your action in bringing me before this court and declaring that you have found in me the one man who corrupts them. So tell me (and let your testimony help the judges), who is their mentor? Are you silent, Melitus? Have you nothing to say? Does it not seem shameful to you to be so tongue-tied? Is not your apparent lack of interest additional evidence of the truth of my statements?

I ask you again, my good friend, what is the influence which improves the morale of our young men? "The laws," you reply, but that, my dear sir, was not what I meant by my question. I meant who is the man who has profound knowledge of this very influence? "The judges," you say. Whatever do you mean? Can these gentlemen bring up and instruct the young men and improve their minds? You think they can? Do you imply that some can and others cannot? "They all can," you say. I swear to heaven, that makes cheerful hearing!

Another point. Do you think that the members of the audience which is listening to this trial improve the morals of the young men? You think they do? Then what about the senators? "They do, too," you say. Then, my dear Melitus, do you imagine that the members of the Public Assembly corrupt the young men? Surely they, too, help to educate them. You agree? Then apparently every citizen of Athens, with the sole exception of myself, assists in training them to become good citizens. I am the only influence of corruption. Is that what you mean?

You have certainly condemned me to an unhappy lot. Answer me this one more question. I will draw an analogy with the world of horses. Do you suppose that all men except one improve their mettle while that one man destroys it? Surely the reverse is true that one man (or at most a few) is able to improve their mettle—I mean, the class of trainers—while the majority who make use of their services do them harm rather than good. Is not that true, Melitus, not only in the case of horses, but also in the case of every living thing? It really makes no difference whether you and Anytus agree or

disagree. Our young men would indeed be very fortunate if only one man were able to corrupt them and all the rest improved their character.

You, Melitus, have amply demonstrated that you have never had a thought for the welfare of the young men. It is perfectly obvious from your own admissions that you have no concern with the actions of which you accuse me; your very name suggests as much.

Now I have another question for you. I ask you whether you think it preferable to live among citizens who are good or among those who are bad. The answer is obvious, is it not? That at least was not a difficult question. But is it not true that bad citizens are always an evil influence on those who are nearest and dearest to them, while good citizens exert a beneficial influence? You agree? Is it possible that any one should choose to live with people whose influence on him is bad? You must answer me, my dear sir, because the law commands you to do so. "Certainly not," you say. Well then, are you accusing me of corrupting the young men and of damaging their morals intentionally or unintentionally? "Intentionally," you say. Then, Melitus, are you, at your age, so much wiser than I am at mine that you are aware that evil men exert an evil influence on those who are near to them and that good men exert a good influence, whilst I have reached such a state of ignorance that I am unaware even of the fact that if I corrupt one of my friends I run the risk of coming to harm at his hands. At least, that is the only reasonable explanation of my doing this of my own free will as you declare I do, although I must admit that I am not convinced by your arguments, nor, I think, is any other reasonable man. Either I do not corrupt the young men or, if I do, I do so quite involuntarily. Whichever is the case, your testimony is false.

If my actions are involuntary you ought not to have brought this charge against me. It is not customary to punish men for actions over which they have no control. Rather, the correct course is to seek them out in private and teach them the error of their ways. Surely it is obvious that if I am convinced I shall cease doing what I have been doing in the past unintentionally. Yet you avoided my company and refused to help me with your advice; instead, you bring me before the judges who are here to try men who need punishment, not instruction.

It is by now abundantly clear, gentlemen, that, as I said, Melitus has no personal concern with the substance of these charges. He does not care a whit about the whole business. However, you had better tell us, Melitus, how I am supposed to corrupt the young men. The answer is obvious, I presume, from the indictment which you have

drafted. You accuse me of teaching them not to believe in the gods who are our traditional objects of worship, but instead to believe in strange new deities. Is this what you mean by saying that my teaching corrupts them? You agree? You have no other alternative. In that case I charge you by the gods of whom we are speaking to explain yourself to me and the court still more clearly. For my own part I cannot discover whether you mean that I teach men to believe in *some* gods. In that case you would be admitting that I am not entirely an atheist and on that count at least am innocent. Your charge then would amount to this. That the gods in whose existence I believe are not those in which the citizens of this city are brought up to believe. Or do you accuse me unequivocally of being a complete atheist and of teaching others to follow that doctrine?

"I imply the latter," I hear you say. "I charge you with being an atheist in the full sense of the term." My good Melitus, what a remarkable statement to make. You think then that, unlike other men, I refuse to admit the divinity of the sun and the moon. "Indeed, gentlemen of the jury," you say, "that is so. He believes that the sun is made of stone and the moon of earth." Why, my dear sir, you are not accusing me, but Anaxagoras. Have you so much contempt for the judges? Do you suppose that they are so unversed in literature that they are not aware that the works of Anaxagoras of Clazomenae are full of these doctrines? Yes, and the young men are supposed to learn these things from me when for a drachma at most they could buy the book from the stall and laugh at Socrates if he dared to pretend that these ridiculous views were of his creation!

Do you really suppose that I am as you describe me? Do you really think that I believe no gods exist? You will convince nobody. I do not believe that you have convinced yourself. In my own opinion, gentlemen, Melitus is an impudent fool and has drafted this charge against me in a spirit of utter recklessness and youthful folly. It seems to me that he has set a kind of riddle to discover whether the "wise" Socrates will see through his malicious inconsistency, or whether he will be able to deceive me and all the others who are listening to the trial. It is abundantly clear that he has contradicted himself in the indictment. It is just as though he were to say: "Socrates is guilty of a crime in not believing in the existence of the gods and also in believing in their existence." But that cannot be a charge made in earnest. I invite you, gentlemen, to examine the grounds on which I base my statement of the prosecution's inconsistency. You, Melitus, I shall require to answer my questions. As for you, the judges, I must reiterate my former request and beg of

you not to interrupt me, but to allow me to marshal my argument in the way which is natural to me.

Is there any one, Melitus, who believes in human activity while not believing in the existence of man? Make him answer me, gentlemen; do not permit him to interrupt me again and again.

To proceed, is it conceivable that any one should believe in the existence of equestrian activity and yet not believe in the existence of horses; or believe in the music of a flute without believing in the existence of its player? Of course not, my worthy friend. If you refuse to answer, I will answer for you.

Here is another question for you to consider. Is it possible to believe in divine activity, and yet not to believe in divinities? You admit that it is not. How lucky I am to drag this one answer from you, however reluctantly, for you actually accuse me of believing in divine influences and of teaching that doctrine. It does not matter whether the divine influence in which I believe is a familiar one or not. The important thing is that you have made the fact that I believe in some divine agency a part of the indictment against me. Surely if I believe in a divine agency it necessarily follows that I believe in the existence of divine personalities. Is that not so? Of course it is. I take your silence to mean assent.

As we have agreed on that point, my next question is this. Must we not believe that divine personalities are either gods or children of gods? You agree? Very well, since I believe in divine personalities, as you agree, I can demonstrate the truth of my statement that your indictment is inconsistent and really a kind of playful riddle. If the divinities in which I believe are gods, your charge amounts to saying that although I do not believe in gods, yet I do believe in them, since I believe in the divinities. If, on the other hand, the divinities are the sons of gods—it does not matter whether they are bastards or the children of nymphs or anything else—who could possibly believe that they were born of gods and yet not gods themselves.

It would be just as ridiculous to believe that the offspring of horses, or, if you prefer it, asses, were not horses or asses. There is no conclusion open to me, Melitus, except to believe that you drew up this indictment to test my wisdom, or because you had no true charge to make against me. I cannot believe that you will convince any one of the slightest intelligence that one and the same man can believe in divine activity and heavenly influences and yet not believe in the existence of divinities or gods.

I do not think that any elaborate evidence is necessary to show that I am innocent of all the counts which Melitus has brought against me. What I have said seems to me a perfectly adequate reply. As I said

before, I am aware that I have incurred much enmity and that I have many enemies. You know it as well as I do. That will be the cause of my downfall if I am condemned, not Melitus nor Anytus, but simply the envy and prejudice which is in the minds of so many people. It is equally clear that if I sought to convince you of my innocence if I were guilty, or to constrain you to forget your oaths by my entreaties, I should in fact be teaching you to forsake your belief in the gods and by my very defence should be condemning myself on the charge of atheism. That is far from the truth. I do believe in God, gentlemen, and I am a greater believer than any of my accusers. I leave my case in your hands and in the hands of God. I am confident that the verdict will be the one that is best for me and best for you.

(A verdict of "Guilty" is returned and the death penalty imposed. After the sentence had been pronounced, Socrates spoke again as follows:—)

You have not gained much time, gentlemen, by sentencing me to death, but because of your sentence you have laid yourselves open to the calumny of the city's detractors who will say that you have put Socrates to death, one of the wisest of men. Oh yes, they will still call me wise, even though I do not claim wisdom, just because they wish to cast the blame on you. If you had only held your hands for a little while, Nature would have done your task. You can see how old I am; you must know that I have nearly run my course and have come near death. My words are not intended for all of you, but only for those who voted in favour of the death penalty. I will add this, too. Perhaps you think, gentlemen, that I might have escaped the sentence if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid which might have convinced you, or if I had had command of the sort of language which would have persuaded you against your will. That is untrue. It is no lack of words which has brought me to conviction, but a lack of the shameless impudence which I should have had to possess to address you in the way which you would have regarded with most favour. For I should have had to cry for pity and to have thrown myself on your mercy, and by word and action should have shown myself unworthy of my self-esteem. That, at least, is the kind of pleading which you are accustomed to hear from others.

I did not consider that the danger to my life entitled me to act unworthily; I am not ashamed of the defence which I put before you. I would much rather die thus than have lived at the expense of disgracing myself.

There is no justification in a court of law any more than in the battlefield for me or any one else to avoid death at *all* costs. It often

happens in wars that a chance to escape death presents itself, but only at the cost of throwing aside one's arms and putting one's life at the mercy of the enemy. Indeed, in all life's dangers there are many ways of escaping death, providing one is content to forsake every right standard of action and speech. The difficult thing, gentlemen, is not to escape death, but to escape dishonour, for dishonour runs more swiftly than death.

As the sentence stands, I, who am slow and old, have been overtaken by the slower runner while my accusers who were clever and swift have been overtaken by dishonour. It is time for me now to depart from your midst, condemned as I am to pay the full penalty, but my accusers have suffered also at the hands of truth. They have incurred the penalty of unrighteousness and injustice. I am content to abide by my sentence and they by theirs. Perhaps it was inevitable that this should happen. In my humble opinion it is for the best.

It is my desire next to make a prophecy to all of those who have condemned me. I have reached that place in life on the very threshold of death at which prophecies come most readily to men's lips. I fear, gentlemen, that you who have condemned me to death will be visited immediately after my death by a vengeance far harder to bear than the one you have inflicted on me. You imagine that by condemning me you have escaped the necessity of giving an account of your lives, but I declare the very opposite will be the case. Those whom I have so far restrained and of whose existence you are not even aware, will come to accuse you. They will be more numerous than the one man who has accused you ere now and they will be harder to tolerate because they are younger and on that account they will cause you the greater discomfiture. You are quite mistaken if you suppose that murder will acquit you of the responsibility for your ill-spent lives. That, indeed, is not a possible means of escape, nor, if it were, would it be an honourable one. The only honourable one happens also to be the easiest one. It consists simply in avoiding temptation to suppress other men's views and of taking every possible measure to improve one's own character. That is all I have to say to those who have condemned me; that is the end of my prophecy.

To those who voted for my acquittal, I should also like to say a few words about this thing that has come to pass while the Archons are still busy and before I am taken away to the death chamber. Stay then with me a little longer, for there is no harm in talking with each other while there is time.

You are my friends. I want to show you the true meaning of this fate which has come upon me. I want to address you as my judges,

for you are the only ones to whom I should be justified in giving that honourable title. I want to convince you that a wonderful thing has happened to me. In the past a divine sign, an inner voice, has often been heavy upon me whenever I contemplated an action which was contrary to the right. Often the occasion was quite an insignificant one, whereas the pass to which I have come, as you can judge for yourselves, one would suppose, and most people would agree, was the worst of all evils. Yet the sign of the God was not vouchsafed to me when I left home this morning, nor when I entered the court, nor when I was pleading, nor, for that matter, when I was about to bring forward any specific point. On other occasions it has often restrained me when I was in the very act of speaking, but today I felt no opposition in anything I have said or done.

What can I suppose is the reason for this? I will tell you. The explanation is that what has befallen me is a blessing. Those of us who think that death is evil cannot interpret it correctly. I have strong evidence that this is so. It is inconceivable that my usual sign would not have intervened if I had been going to proceed to anything that was evil.

If we reflect in the following way we shall see that there is good reason for supposing that death is a blessing. Death must be one of two things. Either it must be like ceasing to exist, the dead man must have sensation of nothing; or, as is generally supposed, it must be a kind of change—a transmigration of the soul to another place.

If death means the ending of sensation and is something like a sound and dreamless sleep, it is indeed a blessing of incomparable value. Suppose a man were asked to compare a night through which he had slept so soundly that he was not conscious of even a dream with all the other days and nights of his life. Suppose he were required to say how many days or nights were better and happier than that night of dreamless sleep, any one, whether a private citizen or the great king himself would not find such days or nights very numerous. If then death is of this nature I declare without hesitation that it is pure gain. All time is then seen to be only a single night. If again death is like going from one place to another and all the stories of another world are true, what greater blessing than this, my judges, could be imagined? When a man has reached Hades he is free of people like those who have condemned me who pretend to be judges; he will find only the true judges of which story tells—Minos, Rhadamathus and Aiaceus and Triptolemus and the other demigods who showed justice in their lives on earth. Can you regard that as a journey that one would not choose to make? What would not any one of you give to converse with Mousaeus, or Hesiod, or

Homer? I would gladly die a hundred times if this picture is true. It would be a wonderful experience for me to make the pilgrimage if only to meet Palamedes and Ajax the son of Telamon and other heroes of old who died through an unjust trial. I should never grow tired of comparing my sufferings with theirs. The greatest privilege of all is that I shall be able to continue in my questioning and my search after truth as I did in this world, and shall discover which of them is wise and which of them imagine they are wise while really they are not. Again, my judges, what would I not give to be able to question the general of the great army which took Troy, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or any other of the thousands of men and women whom I might mention, to be in whose company and to converse with whom would be infinite happiness. In the other world they do not execute men for seeking the truth, so I must conclude that in every respect the other world is happier than this, and those who dwell there, if story be true, are immortal.

I want you to approach death cheerfully. I want you to be certain of the truth of this one thing—that a good man can come to no harm in life or in death, for the gods watch carefully over his fortunes. What has happened to me is no accident; it is clear to me that it is better to die now and shuffle off this mortal coil. That is the reason why my inner voice has given me no sign; it is the reason, too, why I feel no rancour against my accusers or those who have condemned me. It was not with this in mind that they charged me or that they voted against me. They did so to injure me; that is the sum of the blame which they have incurred. I have only one request to make of them. I want you, gentlemen, to punish my sons when they come to the prime of life and give them the same pain as I have given you if you are convinced that they care for money or anything else before virtue. If they think that they have greater powers than they have, rebuke them just as I did you. Tell them that they are forgetting themselves and thinking that they are of some worth when they are really valueless. Thus I and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands.

It is time to be gone. The hour has come when I must go to die and you to live. Which of us has the better fate in store? Only God can tell.

DEMOSTHENES

When this speech was delivered by Demosthenes (one of the leading statesmen of Athens), Philip, King of Macedon, was already contemplating the conquest of the Greek cities. The method adopted by Philip was one only too well known in the twentieth century A.D. It was his practice to discover a small state which harboured resentment against one of the leading cities, Athens or Sparta, and "to offer it his protection." In this instance it was dissension between Sparta and her old enemy Messenia which furnished a pretext. Demosthenes calls on the Greek states to present a united front against Philip, pleading that he intended the ultimate downfall of them all.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE PUBLIC ASSEMBLY

AT ATHENS, 344 B.C.

WHENEVER, men of Athens, speeches are made about Philip, about his lawless activities and his constant infringement of the peace, all that we say is praised as being just and generous to the other Greek states whose independence we support. All who indict Philip are given credit for their statesmanship, but practically nothing is done to correspond with our wordy warfare. Our city has now reached a point at which the more we prove Philip in the wrong, the more transparent his actions become, and the more easily one can prove that he is committing acts of aggression against you and plotting the downfall of all the Greeks, the more difficult it becomes to advise you on the most appropriate course of action.

The reason for this, gentlemen, is that if we are really anxious to curb the ambitions of men like this we must translate our words into action. As things are, we who advise you must bear part of the blame, for we shrink from supporting an energetic policy for fear of incurring your displeasure. We content ourselves with inveighing against the monstrous aggression of which he is guilty. You, too, members of our assembly, although you are better equipped than Philip to make a show of just speeches and to follow the arguments of any of the speakers, are far too slow to stop him from completing the action to which he has put his hand.

It is, I think, inevitable, perhaps it is for the best that we all excel most in the form of activity at which we spend our time and in which

our interest is centred—you in word, Philip in action. If you are content now to continue talking about justice, you are taking the easier course; you know that you are not involving yourselves in any difficulties. If, however, you regard it as your duty to consider how the world can be bettered and to prevent the gradual but irresistible progress of this evil which is upon us, if, I say, you regard it as your duty to prevent the rise of a great power against which we shall have no defence, then we must make a radical change in the nature of our deliberations. We, your advisers, and you, who are our audience, must accept a policy which conforms with our ideals and which at the same time will ensure our salvation in preference to what is easy and pleasant at the moment.

First of all I must say this, men of Athens. If any one is unperturbed at the present power of Philip and the size of his dominions and supposes that no danger threatens this state, or that Philip is not making all his preparations with a view to an ultimate attack upon you, I marvel at his stupidity. I can only ask you all to listen while I tell you briefly the reasons which made me fear the worst and the steps which have led me to regard Philip as an enemy. If you think that I have greater foresight than yourselves you will acquiesce in my policy. If you think that those of you who have confidence in his integrity are justified, you will continue to give them your support.

This is how I reason. What states did Philip appropriate after the last peace had been patched up? Thermopylae and Phocis. What happened then? How did he use his newly-found dominions? As you will remember, he elected to act as Thebes dictated, not as we had reason to expect. Why did he do this? In my opinion it was because he measures all his actions by his own ambition and his own desires for world domination, with no regard for peace or international law. He was right in his assumption that there was no favour he could show to our state or to our people which would have induced them for their own gain to forfeit to him the freedom of the Greeks. He foresaw that you who have regard for justice and the rule of right would refuse at all costs to incur the ignominy which this would involve. He realizes that you have reasonable foresight and that you would oppose him in any action of this kind with the same vigour as if you were at war with him. The Thebans, on the other hand, he thought (and events proved him right) would allow him to do anything he chose to the other states so long as he guaranteed their independence. He knew that they could not afford to oppose him, but would rather make a military alliance with him at his bidding.

With the same aim in mind he offered the Messenians and the

Argives his protection. That is really the greatest possible tribute to you, men of Athens; his actions are equivalent to the admission that Athens is the only state which will not barter the rights of the Greek peoples for economic advantages, and that you are the only people who refuse to exchange your respect for the rights of peace-loving nations for the benefits which he can confer on you.

The view which he has formed of your character, and of that of the Argives and Thebans, does not depend so much on his observation of recent events, but springs naturally from a study of history. I presume he has discovered the records of your ancestors who might have ruled over the rest of Greece at the price of submission to the King of Persia, but refused the suggestion when Alexander, Philip's ancestor, came to us to negotiate. They preferred to leave their country and to endure great hardship before performing those glorious deeds which are almost legendary, but to which no one can do justice in words and about which, therefore, I shall say no more. Their deeds were too noble to be spoken of lightly. On the other hand, he reads that the ancestors of the Thebans and Argives offered the Persians no resistance and in fact took the field with the barbarian. So he knows that both will receive him with open arms with an eye solely on their own material advantage and no thought for the common weal of Greece.

I suppose he thinks that if he sought to make a treaty of friendship with you he would have to do so on just terms, but if he allied himself with them, he would be able to use them as tools in his ambitious career. That is why he went to them in the past instead of to you and why he is doing the same now. There can be no other explanation. It is not as though they had a larger navy than you, nor is it true that he has acquired an inland empire and renounced the sea and its trade routes, nor is it possible that he has forgotten the promises and the protestations which gained him his peace treaty.

Someone might object that it was not for the sake of adding to his possessions, nor for any of the other aims of which I accuse him, that he acted in this way, but that he did so in full knowledge of the facts because he thought that justice was on the side of the Thebans. That may or may not be, but it is at least an argument which is not open to him to use at the present juncture. It would be inconsistent for him to advise the Spartans to give Mycenae independence, and at the same time to plead that regard for justice led him to hand over Orchomenos and Coronea to Theban bondage.

One defence remains open to him. He can say that he was cornered; that these concessions were made against his will because he found himself trapped by the Thessalian cavalry and the Theban

infantry. Very good. So it is said that he is suspicious of the Thebans and there are some who carry rumours that he is fortifying Elatea. No doubt this has been and will continue to be his plan, but his plans do not include an attack on Sparta on behalf of Messene and Argos. He has actually dispatched a mercenary army and has sent gold into the country and is himself expected at the head of a large force. Will he overthrow the Spartans who are the enemies of Thebes and save the Phocians whom he previously destroyed?

Can any one believe it? For myself I do not think Philip, even if his former wanton acts were forced upon him, or if he were now betraying the Thebans' trust, would consistently oppose their enemies. To judge from his present conduct, his aggression in the past was deliberate. If a right view is taken of present events, it is obvious that everything he does is designed to injure this city.

Indeed, he has little option now but to pursue this policy against us. Consider how he is placed. He has a lust for power; he realizes that you are the only people who will oppose him. His career of aggression began long ago and he is fully aware of what this implies, for he protects the rest of his dominions by keeping the bases which really belong to you. If he had given up Amphipolis and Potidæ he would have jeopardized the security of his own dominions. He is well aware, therefore, that all his actions are tending to your embarrassment and that you are not unconscious of the fact. As he respects your wisdom he thinks that you have reason to hate him. He is alarmed and expects some action to be taken against him when the opportunity arises unless he can forestall it by acting first. Therefore he is wide awake and on his guard. He seeks the favour of Thebes and of those of the Spartans whose aims are identical with his and influences their minds against us. He thinks that their cupidity will make them acquiesce and that their dull wits will prevent them from seeing his next move. Even so, any man of ordinary intelligence can observe certain well-marked signs, which I had occasion to point out to the Messenians and the Argives and which I think I had better repeat to you. "Do you suppose, men of Messene," I said, "that the Olynthians would have allowed any one to say a word against Philip at the time when he gave them Anthemus, a place which all the former kings of Macedon had claimed, or when he drove out the Athenian colonists from Potidæ and surrendered it to them, thus incurring your lasting enmity, and providing the Olynthians with valuable living space. Do you think that they had an inkling of the fate which was in store for them? Do you imagine that they would have believed it if they had been told? They enjoyed their new land for an exceedingly short time,

but they have seen their own country under his tyranny for a very long time indeed. They suffered a shameful defeat; they were not only beaten on the field of battle, but they were bartered and sold by each other. It would seem that these alliances with tyrants have an unfortunate effect on the spirit of a democracy.

“Let me take another example, that of the Thessalians. Do you think they expected the Commission of Ten which Philip set over them when he was freeing them from their kings and restoring to them Nicæa and Magnesia? Or that after restoring to them their traditional festival that he would take away their revenues? Yet this actually happened and all men know it. You, too,” I went on, “observe that Philip is making you offers and promises, but beware of the time when he deceives you and breaks his pledges. If you are wise you will never let that happen. There are,” I said, “many ways of protecting the safety of a state, such as ramparts, walls or trenches, and many other mechanical devices of that kind. All these can be manufactured, but they cost money. But there is one thing which resides in the nature of prudent statesmen which is a perfect protection against any attack and is the finest protection of all for the democracies against the tyrants. I mean mistrust. Hold fast to this; preserve it with all your might; if you do so you need fear no dangers. For what is it that you desire?” I continued. “Freedom? Then do you not see that even Philip’s titles are at variance with that ideal? Every king and every tyrant is the enemy of freedom and of the law. Take care lest your desire to escape war ends in your loss of freedom.”

My speech was acclaimed and my sentiments were applauded. They applauded many other speeches in a similar vein which were made by the ambassadors in my presence and also afterwards, yet, in spite of that, it seems that they were not prepared to reject Philip’s offer of friendship. Nor is that surprising, for it is expected that Messenians and some sections at least of the Spartan people should act in a way which is at variance with what they recognize to be the best course of action. As for you, men of Athens, who are blessed with native wisdom and hear from us who counsel you how you are plotted against and how you are being beleaguered, you, I fear, will suffer grievously before you learn prudence—because of your refusal to act with vigour. Thus does the pleasure of the moment and your love of peace prevail over what is for your ultimate advantage.

It would be strictly just, men of Athens, to demand the evidence of the diplomats who brought the promises from Philip which lured you into making a premature peace. I would never have consented to act as ambassador, nor would you, I am quite certain, have agreed

to an armistice if you had foreseen Philip's conduct after the treaty was signed. All that was said promised very differently.

You ought also to call for the testimony of others. Whom do I mean? I mean the men who said that I was a teetotaller and a soured boor, but that Philip, if he had his way, would do everything that you asked him; that he would fortify Thespiæ and Plataea; that he would humble the Thebans; that he would cut a canal through the Chersonese at his own expense and that he would exchange Oropus and Eubœa for Amphipolis. That was the occasion when immediately after signing the peace treaty I returned from my second mission and, perceiving the delusion under which the whole city was labouring, spoke strongly against the suggestion and opposed the giving up of Thermopylæ and Phocis.

I am sure you remember all the speeches that we made, although you have the reputation of forgetting injustices quickly. The most disgraceful part of the whole affair was that in your mad folly you voted for a long-term peace, and bequeathed that unenviable legacy to your children. So completely were you deceived. Why do I speak of this now and suggest that these men should be called as witnesses? By God, I will tell you the truth without restraint and without concealing anything. It is not, I assure you, to embroil myself in an argument with you nor to give my old enemies the chance of obtaining some further benefit from Philip, nor for the sake of idle chatter. The truth is that, in my view, Philip's present actions will affect you more in the future than they do now. I see how things are developing. Though I could wish that my forebodings were false, I fear that the danger is near at hand.

When you no longer have the opportunity of disregarding the trend of events, when you no longer hear from me or my friends that Philip's aggression is directed against this country but can see with your own eyes that it is so, I think that you will be very angry. I think, too, that since the ambassadors have concealed the purpose for which they were bribed, your displeasure will fall hard on the statesmen who try to set right what these have destroyed. I observe that men often turn their anger upon those who are nearest to hand rather than upon the guilty.

Therefore while the blow has still not fallen, while we are able to listen to each other speaking, I want every one of you to recall, though you all know it well, who it was who persuaded you to betray Phocis and Thermopylæ, the rape of which has given Philip control over the road to Attica and Sparta, and has resulted in your deliberations no longer being concerned with international justice and foreign affairs, but with the defence of your own country and the conduct of

a war against attack—a war which will afflict every citizen when it comes, the origin of which is rooted in that day.

If you had not been deceived there would have been nothing to disturb our security. Philip would certainly never have won a naval victory so as to make the invasion of Attica by sea possible, nor would he have been able to conquer Thermopylæ and Phocis to enable him to attack on land. Either he would have been compelled to observe the rules of justice and to have kept the terms of the peace treaty, or he would have found himself involved in a war so devastating to his interests that he would soon have pleaded for peace. I have said enough to bring these things before you. I pray to all the gods that the grim picture I have painted will never come true. I should not wish to see a criminal brought to justice even though he rightly deserved death if his punishment involved danger and loss to the citizens of our country.

CICERO

The consular elections in Rome in the year 64 B.C. had been marked by considerable disorder. Already there were suspicions that Catilina, one of the candidates, was planning to seize absolute power after his election. As a result of conservative opposition, led by Cicero, Catilina was defeated by a large majority and Cicero himself was returned as one of the consuls. During the ensuing year it became increasingly apparent that Catilina was still plotting a social revolution. Cicero continued to lead the conservative element, and, largely as a result of several speeches delivered in the senate, compelled Catilina to leave the city under pressure of public opinion. As a last desperate resource Catilina raised an armed force but was defeated and slain.

The following is the first of the speeches delivered by Cicero denouncing the plot, of which at that time he, perhaps alone of all Roman statesmen, saw the full implications.

FIRST SPEECH AGAINST CATILINA

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE SENATE, ROME, 63 B.C.

How much longer will you abuse our patience, Catilina? How much longer will your criminal madness mock at us? What will be the end of your unbridled lawlessness? Will you not take warning from the guard which is set on the Palatine Hill every night? Has

the special policing of the city no influence on you? Have you no regard for the fear of the people, for the united judgment of every good citizen, for the precautions we have taken in holding this meeting of the senate under arms, or for the threat which the look on the faces of all these senators would convey to any one else?

Can you not realize that your plans are obvious to every one? Do you not see that your conspiracy is stillborn, if only because all our colleagues know of its existence? Do you suppose that any one of us is unaware of what you were doing last night and the night before, where you were, whom you summoned to meet you, or what was the upshot of your deliberations?

Shame on our times; shame on our ways of life! The senate understands all that I have said; I the consul, am aware of it, yet this villain is permitted to live. He lives, I say, he does more than that. He comes into the Senate House; he takes part in the debate. At this very moment he is marking down every one of us for slaughter while we, brave men that we are, suppose that we are doing enough for the glory of the State if we succeed in avoiding the shafts of his frenzy. You, Catilina, should long ago have been carried off to execution by order of the consul. Then you would have felt the pain of the revenge which you are plotting against us.

Do you not remember how that patriot, Publius Scipio, when he was high pontiff, ordered the execution of Tiberius Gracchus, though *he* was only acting mildly against the authority of the State, and Scipio had not even the authority of a consul. Shall we, then, who have all the authority which that high office confers on us suffer Catilina to go unscathed when he is proposing to involve the whole world in a bloody conflagration.

I will say nothing of those historic parallels of which you are well aware, such as the case of Gaius Servilius Ahala who killed with his own hands one Spurius Manlius because he plotted a revolution. In the past, gentlemen, I must remind you such devotion to duty was not unknown in this State of ours. It was the custom of patriots to visit harsher punishments on dangerous citizens than on their most bitter enemies. The senate has already passed a weighty measure against you, Catilina; take warning from that. The State does not lack wisdom, nor does this office lack the power to give effect to its will. I frankly admit that it is ourselves, the consuls, who are at fault.

Many years ago the senate passed a decree charging the consul, L. Opimius, to "take action for the preservation of the city." Not a single night intervened. Gaius Gracchus was executed on no more than a mere suspicion of seditious conduct, in spite of the fact that

his grandfather, his father and his forefathers had been honoured patriots. Marcus Fulvius was another who was put to death although he held consular rank; his children were executed with him. It was a similar emergency decree which entrusted the safety of the State to the consuls Marius and Valerius. Did a single day pass before righteous punishment—death—overtook the tribune Saturninus and the praetor Servilius? Yet, in spite of those examples, we have allowed twenty days to pass, and by their passing to blunt the edge of our authority; for the decree which we passed twenty days ago was just like these others, but we are doing nothing except keeping it on the records like a sword in its sheath, when, if justice had been done, you, Catilina, should have been executed the very day it was recorded. Yet still you are alive and you are using your respite, not, as one would suppose, to cover up the traces of your guilt, but to make it more clearly proven than ever.

It is my constant desire to be lenient, gentlemen, but I have no wish to be accused of remissness when the State is in such imminent danger. I am the first to accuse myself of negligence. At this very moment there is in Italy an army hostile to the Roman people—to be precise, on the boundary of Etruria. Every day the number of our enemies is growing and yet the general of that army, the leader, is within our very walls. You see him at this moment in the Senate House plotting every day some fresh calamity against our State. If I give the order today for his arrest and execution, I suppose I shall have to fear the censure of all good citizens for not having acted before rather than on the score of my ruthlessness in acting now. But I have a very excellent reason for refraining for a little while longer from an action which ought to have been done long ago. I will have you put to death, Catilina, when there is no rogue so abandoned or so much like yourself as to refuse to acknowledge the justice of your end. You shall be spared so long as there is a single person with the effrontery to defend you; but you will go on living as you are living now, hemmed in on every side by my well-trusted guards. You shall not escape; you shall not be permitted to move a finger against the State; many eyes will be watching you; many ears will be listening to your words. You may not recognize them, but they will be near you just as they have been during the past weeks.

What hope have you, Catilina, when you realize that the darkness of night cannot veil your infamous meetings, when you see that the very walls of your own house have ears for your seditious words? What does the future hold in store for you when everything is seen and everything is known? Take my advice; think again; forget the slaughter and the conflagration which you are pondering.

You are bound hand and foot; your plot is clearer to us than the light of the moon. Let me remind you of it. Do you remember my words in the senate on October 21 when I named the day on which Gaius Manlius, who is your tool and the accomplice of your villainy, would take up arms. October 27 was the day I mentioned. Was I wrong, Catilina? Did I make a mistake in foretelling this terrible, this almost unbelievable event? What is still more remarkable, did I make a mistake in the day? I also stated in the senate that you had arranged the assassination of the nobles on October 28, a day when many of the nobles' families evacuated the city, not so much to save their own skins as to render your plot abortive. Can you deny that on that day you were so surrounded by my guards and so circumvented by my precautions that you were unable to make the least move against the State? Yet you had dared to say that in the absence of the others you would be content with the assassination of those of us who had remained. Do you not remember how confident you were that you would be able to seize Praeneste by a night attack on November 1? Do you not remember how you found that colony only too well protected by the close guard which had been set over it on my instructions? Is there anything you do, anything you plan, is there anything you think which I do not hear and understand in all its foul implications?

Let us review together the night before that. Perhaps I can make you understand that my watchfulness for the safety of the State is far keener, far more effective than your plans for its destruction. I suggest that on the night before you visited the street of the sickle-makers. I will leave nothing to the imagination. I state that you visited the house of Marcus Læca. I state further that a number of your companions in crime joined you there. Do you dare to deny it, sir? Have you not a word to say for yourself? If you do deny it, I will prove my charge up to the hilt. I am not blind; I observe that some of those present here today were with you on that occasion.

I call the immortal gods to witness, what a pass we have reached! what a city is this in which we live! what a glorious State is this to which we belong! Here, gentlemen, in our very midst, in this council chamber, which is the most sacred and venerable spot in the whole world, there are vagabonds who are planning the death of all of us and the downfall of this city and of the whole world. But the council sees them. I ask them their opinion about the pass to which we are brought. I do not even chastise with words miscreants who ought to have perished by the sword.

I say, then, Catilina, that on the night which I mentioned you were at the house of Læca. There you divided between you the whole

of Italy. You decided the point to which each of your friends should go. You selected some to leave in Rome and others to take with you into the country. You split up the city into districts and arranged for fires to be started in each of them. You confirmed that you were going to leave the city and declared that the only obstacle to your immediate departure was the fact that I was still alive. You discovered two Roman knights to take this responsibility off your shoulders. They promised that they would murder me in my bed that very night just before daybreak.

Almost before your meeting had ended I was in possession of these facts. I set a stronger guard over my house; I refused to admit the gentlemen whom you sent to pay their respects to me in the morning. I had been able to forecast to many of my eminent friends that they would visit me at that very hour.

There is no escape, Catilina. Go on as you began. Begone from the city; the gates are open for you; only hurry! Your army has been looking for its leader too long already. Take with you all your friends, or as many of them as you can find. The city will be cleaner when they have gone. I shall be set free from an overpowering fear as soon as the wall of the city is set between you and me. You cannot live among us for another day; I cannot suffer it; I will not permit it.

We ought to be thankful to the immortal gods; we ought to be making offerings to this very image of Jupiter, the traditional guardian of our city, because we have so long escaped the wrath of an enemy of the State, so foul, so bestial and so calamitous as Catilina. The safety of the State must not be risked again for a single man. So long as you, Catilina, plotted against me while I was consul-elect I stood up against you with my own strength and without a public guard. When it was your will, at the time of the last elections, to assassinate me, although I was consul, and to kill all who were standing against you, I thwarted your insufferable plans with the help and resources of my friends and without causing a public disturbance. In a word, whenever you attacked me I checked you by my resource and that though I was fully aware that my death would have been a major calamity for the State.

Now you are openly attacking the State to which we all belong. You are preparing to rape and pillage the temples of the immortal gods, the very homes of our city. You plan the destruction of our citizens and of all Italy. Since I have not the heart to act in accordance with tradition (although I believe this would be best and appropriate to my authority), I will do instead something which is less ruthless and perhaps just as effective for the common safety. If I order your execution the remainder of the conspirators will still be with us. If

you leave us, as I strongly advise you, a vast number of your companions who are the very dregs of democracy will be purged with you.

What is troubling you, Catilina? Why do you hesitate to do as I tell you? You were actually intending to do it on your own initiative? It is the privilege of a consul to order the enemy from the gates of a city. Do you ask me why I am condemning you to exile? I am making no order; I am only giving you my earnest advice.

What possible pleasure can you derive from staying in Rome? There is no one here who does not fear you and loathe you apart from your own band of outcasts. There is no kind of vice which is not branded on you. Your private life is stamped with the infamous dye of immorality. There is no sensuality, no licentiousness over which you have not gloated. Your hands and your body have never abstained from any iniquity. There is not a young man in the city who once he has been caught in the net of your corruption has not been guided by you either to a life of villainy and crime or to one of abandoned licence.

What more can I say? Is it not true that when you had made your home ready for a new bride (by the murder of your first wife) you added yet another inhuman crime to the sum of your wickedness? I will say nothing more of it. I prefer that it should remain unsaid so that it shall not be known that such a brutal crime should have been committed in this State and should have gone unpunished. I will pass over the bankruptcy of your fortune which you know is hanging over your head next month. I will come straight to the point and will now say something about the crimes you have committed which have no connexion with the vice of your private life nor with the cruelty and squalor of your domestic affairs, but which are directed against the highest authority of the State and the livelihood of us all.

Is it conceivable, Catilina, that the light of this day, the breath of this air is pleasant to you when you are well aware that not a single one of all the senators present today is ignorant of your actions on the last day of the year. They all know that you came armed to the assembly when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls. They know that you had armed to compass the death of the consuls and the chief men of the State. They know that your mad crime was thwarted not by your own good sense or your fear of the consequence, but by the traditional good fortune of the Roman people. Now I will say nothing more of that, for it is all an open book and your later offences have been just as abominable.

How many times have you tried to assassinate me when I was

consul-elect, and even after my election? How many arrows from your bow have I avoided, by a mere turn of the body, as the saying is, when it seemed that no power on earth could prevent them from reaching their mark? You achieved nothing, you pursued a will-o'-the-wisp, yet you will not desist from your vain efforts. How often has the dagger been snatched from your hands; how often has some chance caused it to slip through them? I cannot imagine what sacred rites have been performed over this dagger to make you think that you must plunge it into the body of the consul.

Now what sort of a life is this which you are leading? I will speak to you as man to man, not influenced by the hatred which I owe you, but by the pity which I feel, though you have not deserved it. A little while ago you came into the Senate House; how many of this great concourse welcomed you? How many friends did you find here? Though such a reception has never been recorded within living memory, you stop and wait for the inevitable abuse, even when you are already utterly condemned by this silent judgment. Did you not notice that all those seats were emptied as soon as you arrived? Did you not notice that all the members of consular rank who had so often been marked out by you for assassination left their part of the House entirely empty as soon as you took your seat? What is your reaction to this treatment? By god, if my slaves showed me the same fear as all the citizens show you, I should think it about time to escape from my home. Do you not think that the time has come to make your escape from the city? If I perceived that I was under such grave suspicion on the part of my fellow men, whether justly or unjustly, I would prefer to remove myself from their sight rather than to remain the object of their malevolent gaze. Can you, who are aware of your crimes and realize that this hatred is no more than your due, refuse to escape from the sight and presence of those whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you and you knew that you could not possibly restore their confidence you would, I think, remove yourself from their sight. As it is, your country, which is the true father and mother of us all, hates and fears you. The charge of which it condemns you is no less than parricide. Have you no respect for its authority, no deference to its judgment, no fear of the retribution which it can inflict upon you?

Your country, Catilina, is saying this to you though it can speak no word: "For years there has been no crime which is not laid at your door, no infamy in which you have not participated; you alone have murdered numberless citizens and have brought distress and disruption on our allies, yet you go free and unpunished. You have

been able to neglect the laws, to laugh at the courts. You have even dared to interfere with the course of justice. With these intolerable affairs I have borne hardly, but it is unthinkable that I should remain in fear solely of you; that I should dread Catilina at every sound I hear; that no plot can be hatched against me except by virtue of your iniquity. Therefore begone. Let this terror be removed from me. If my fear is justified I shall cease to be oppressed. If it springs only from my imagination I shall no longer have cause to fear."

If your country spoke to you like this, Catilina, ought you not to comply with her wishes even though she cannot compel you to do so? There is the fact, too, that you voluntarily gave yourself into custody and that you agreed to live at the house of Lepidus so as to avert suspicion from yourself. When Lepidus refused to admit you, you had the audacity to approach me and ask me to give you sanctuary in my home. I replied to the same effect as Lepidus and said that it was impossible for one house to contain us both. I reasoned that I could not be safe with you under my very roof when I considered that I was in the utmost danger so long as you were in the same town.

After that you went to Q. Metellus, the praetor. Once more you were rejected, so you had recourse to your worthy friend, M. Metellus. It is obvious why you went to him. You thought, I suppose, that he would guard you zealously, that he would suspect you for the slightest reason and that he would punish you most severely! But, seriously, are we to suppose that a man who judges himself a fit subject for detention ought to be far away from the State prison?

In view of what I have just said, why do you hesitate to go into exile if the alternative distresses you? It is open to you to depart immediately for another land and to entrust your life, thus saved from the utmost penalty which it deserves, to the refuge of solitary exile. "Take a vote of the senate," you say. That at least seems to be your demand, and you say that you will obey the command if this noble order decrees your exile. I refuse to do so; such a course is contrary to my principles, but I will make you understand what the real attitude of the senate is towards you. Begone from the city, Catilina. Set the State free from the fear of which you are the cause. If you are waiting for a decision from our colleagues you might as well start immediately. What possesses you. Can you not understand the meaning of the silence which greets my words? The senate endorses them; it gives a tacit, but none the less real, assent. Why do you wait for their express command when their silence proves their real wishes?

If I had spoken like this to that promising young man, Sestius, or that brave patriot, M. Marcellus, the senate would have ere now

laid violent hands on me in this holy of holies and in spite of the fact that I hold the highest office of the State. I would deserve nothing better. But in your case, Catilina, they are quiet; their very quietness shows their approval of my words. By sitting unmoved they pronounce your sentence; their very silence cries aloud.

It is not the senators alone whose decision you value so highly, but whose lives you value not at all. The Roman knights—the most honourable class in the city—and all the other loyal citizens who now surround the senate and whose number you can see for yourself, are just as eager to be done with you once and for all. You cannot fail to realize their desires; a little while ago you could hear their very voices. I have had the utmost difficulty in restraining them from laying violent hands on you. I will bring them, if you like, to speed you on your way as far as the city's gates if you are willing to leave these places which you have so long been planning to devastate.

Why am I talking like this? Have I any reason to hope that anything could break your resolution or that you will ever mend your ways? Is there any ground for supposing that you will consider escaping while there is still time, or will allow yourself to be persuaded into seeking voluntary exile? I pray to god that he will give you counsel, yet, I perceive that if you finally consent to go into exile, alarmed by the cogency of my accusations, I shall be visited by a positive storm of abuse, not now, when the memory of your violence is fresh in men's minds, but at least at some future time. But it is well worth the risk so long as the risk is only to my private fortunes and does not involve the State in any danger. We cannot expect that you will be moved to repentance or that you will come to fear the vengeance of the law or that you will consider the needs of the State. You are not the kind of man to be shamed out of your criminal ways; righteous fear will never save you from the danger threatening you; reason will never prevail over your insane folly.

The only course open to you, as I have so often told you, is to remove yourself. If you wish to raise a storm of unpopularity about my head (you call me your enemy) go straight away into exile. I shall scarcely be able to bear the reproaches of mankind if you follow that course. I shall scarcely be able to carry the weight of my unpopularity if you go into exile at the behest of the consul. If, on the other hand, you prefer to increase my good name and to heap additional glory on my actions, betake yourself to your band of brigands and rogues; go with them to Manlius; stir up all the criminals in the city; remove yourself once and for all from the company of loyal citizens; unleash civil war upon the nation; show your pride in your unholy vagabondage. The result will be that men will see that you have not been

banished among strangers by my friends, but have gone by invitation to your own people.

Men may well ask: "Why do I make you this offer?" Do I not know that you have already dispatched picked men to wait for you, fully armed, at the Forum Aurelium? Do I not know that you have already fixed the exact day for your meeting with Manlius? Do I not know, too, that you have sent before you that standard worked in silver to which a shrine has been erected in your house. I am convinced that the standard steeped in your villainy will prove the undoing and the death of you and all your comrades in crime. Can I suppose that you will bear to be parted much longer from that relic before which you always worshipped when you were starting on one of your murderous expeditions, and from whose altar you so often went fresh to do your fellow citizens to death?

I am certain that some time or other you will go where your unbridled desires and frenzied lusts have long been driving you. The thought causes you no pain, rather it brings you a sensual pleasure which is beyond the comprehension of an ordinary man. You were born to this madness; your desire has increased it; your miraculous good fortune has kept it alive. Never have peace and quietness meant anything to you, yet you have never desired a conflict unless it were a conflict in which evil might triumph over good. Your followers are drawn from the dregs of the gutters; they are men who are bankrupt not only in fortune, but in hope itself.

What joy and gladness there will be for you when you join them! How you will thrill with unholy pleasure. What an excess of debauchery you will wallow in, for you will know that among all your comrades you will not hear a single good word spoken nor see a single good man. It was to enjoy a life like this that your famous "Labours" were performed. This was the reason you used to skulk, preparing the way for your immoral excesses and plotting your crimes against the State. This was the end to which you used to disturb the sleep of married men and endanger the property of unsuspecting citizens. Now you will have the chance of showing your legendary endurance. You will have the opportunity to display your resistance to hunger, to cold and to poverty; you will find you are soon worn out by them.

When I saw to it that you were not elected a consul I achieved at least this, that you could only make futile attempts on the Constitution in exile instead of successful attacks upon it under the protection of that high office. I assured, too, that whatever act of violence was attempted by you would be called an act of brigandage instead of an act of war.

I am only too anxious, senators, to remove any reasonable ground for official complaint against me. Listen, therefore, most carefully to what I am about to say and reflect deeply on my words. If my country, which is far dearer to me than life, if the whole of Italy, if the State itself could take human form and say to me: "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? Will you allow this wretch to escape into exile? You know full well that he is an enemy of the State; you see in him the driving force of a future war; you have information that an enemy's camp is waiting for his leadership; you know that he is steeped in crime, that he has planned a conspiracy and that he has invoked the assistance of slaves and criminals. In spite of that, will you let it seem as though he had not been expelled from the city by you, but rather allowed to escape, so that he can attack the city? Will you not rather give orders for him to be bound and fettered, to be carried off to execution and visited with the utmost penalty of the State? Is there anything to prevent you? Have you no precedent? Is it not true that in the past men who threatened the republic have been done to death by private citizens without your consular authority? Do you then think that the laws which lay down the punishment of Roman citizens forbid it? In this State those who rebel have always forfeited the rights of a citizen. Do you then fear the verdict of posterity? You are showing a strange gratitude to the Roman people who have raised you, a self-made man with no influence or family connexions, so swiftly and at such an early age to the highest office through all the grades of honourable service, if you are ready to neglect the safety of your citizens for fear of incurring unpopularity or any other danger. If, in fact, you do fear for your reputation, the blame which you will incur for showing strength and courage is no greater than you would incur for indecision or procrastination. Do you not realize that when Italy is in the toils of war, when its cities are being laid waste and its peaceful homes are in flames, you will be overwhelmed by a veritable storm of abuse?"

I do not need to reply to these words which I have put into the mouth of the State (which to me is sacred) or to any citizens who think along these lines. If I thought it best that Catilina should be executed I would not even give this mountebank a single hour to live. If our illustrious ancestors, who were honoured patriots, were not besmirched with the blood of Saturninus and the Gracchi and Flaccus and many others recorded in history, but, instead, were honoured for their action, surely I need not fear any verdict which posterity would pass on me for having executed this parricide. Even if it threatened me, I should still not be moved by the thought, for I have

always been disposed to regard unpopularity earned by acting with public spirit as no reproach, but rather a distinction.

There are some in this house who are either blind to what is hanging over us or pretend not to see. They hope that Catilina will be swayed by words; they have given fresh vigour to the conspiracy, which even now is springing from its womb, by the very fact of their disbelief. Under their influence many who have no ill intent, whose only fault is their lack of experience, would say that I had acted in the way of a tyrant if I punished Catilina as he deserves.

My firm conviction is that as soon as he reaches the camp of Manlius, where he is bent on going, no one will be so incredibly stupid as to remain unconscious of the plot that has been hatched; no one will be so deceitful as not to admit his mistake. On the other hand, if this one creature were executed, the threat to the republic would not have been crushed for ever, but would have been checked only for the time. If he consents to banishment and takes his comrades with him and collects in one place all the citizens who have made shipwreck of their lives, this miserable plague will be crushed and wiped off the face of the earth and with it will have gone the root from which all evils spring.

We have long been moving among the dangers of a rebellion, among plots and counter plots, but for some reason or other which I cannot explain, the full measure of all these crimes and lawlessness which has been growing so long has burst forth during my consulship. If this one man is removed from that pirates' crew we shall perhaps seem for a moment to be relieved from our preoccupation and our dangers, but the peril will remain and will be deeply embedded in the very veins of the republic. Consider the analogy of a sick man. Often an invalid, when seriously ill and burnt up with fever, will take a draught of cold water and will seem at first to be relieved. Later, however, his fever grows higher and his illness more critical. In just the same way this malady which afflicts the republic, though momentarily lessened by the death of Catilina, will be greatly aggravated by the rest of the band who still live.

That is why I say: "Let the traitors begone, let them be cut off from the society of every loyal citizen; let them at least be separated from us by the walls of the city; let them desist from plotting against their own consul in his very home and from standing around the tribunal of the urban praetor, threatening the Senate House with the swords they brandish, and from preparing firebrands and torches with which to set the city on fire." In brief, let every man's loyalty for the State be stamped on his forehead. I promise you this, senators, we consuls will be so conscientious; you, the senators, will prove your

authority so clearly; the Roman knights will demonstrate their loyalty so unequivocally; all the citizens will be so unanimous in their duty that as soon as Catilina has gone, the whole plot will be laid bare, its leaders will be apprehended and duly punished.

These are the omens, Catilina, which speed you on your way to wage your impious war. The result is not in doubt; the State will be confirmed in its majesty. You will be hard pressed and ultimately killed; all who have joined you in your career of crime and inhumanity will come to the end that they deserve. O god, whose statue here was consecrated by Romulus at the same time as this city, whom we worship as the saviour of our State and of our empire, I pray you keep this man and his gang away from your temples and from the temples of other gods, from the homes and walls of the city, from the lives of our citizens. I pray that you will visit with everlasting punishment, alive or dead, all the enemies of the State, the banes of our fatherland, the brigands who infest Italy and all who are joined to them in this unholy alliance of crime.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

This speech of "The Great Commoner" was one of the most dramatic in all his finely dramatic career. He, who had overthrown the French in both India and Canada and had, by his inspired conception of empire government, laid down precepts of colonial administration far in advance of his time, now pleaded the right of the citizens of America to refuse taxation laid upon them by the mother country.

Already America was in a ferment; yet Pitt's influence for a while staved off disaster. But ill-health and his unpopularity with King George III were factors too strong for him. When at length, by popular demand, he was called back to power, the Declaration of Independence had been signed and the great Pitt was a dying man.

THE RIGHT OF AMERICA TO RESIST TAXATION

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1766

I CAME to town but today, I was a stranger to the tenor of His Majesty's speech and the proposed address, till I heard them read in this House. Unconnected and unconsulted, I have not the means of information; I am fearful of offending through mistake, and therefore beg to be indulged with a second reading of the proposed address. [The address being read, Mr. Pitt went on. He commended the king's speech, approved of the address in answer, as it decided nothing, every gentleman being left at perfect liberty to take such a part concerning America as he might afterwards see fit.] One word only I cannot approve of, and *early* is a word that does not belong to the notice the ministry have given to Parliament of the troubles in America. In a matter of such importance, the communication ought to have been immediate; I speak not with respect of parties; I stand up in this place single and unconnected. As to the late ministry (turning himself to Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him), every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong!

As to the present gentlemen, to those at least whom I have in my eye (looking at the bench where Mr. Conway sat with lords of the Treasury), I have no objection; I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Their characters are fair; and I am always glad when

men of fair character engage in His Majesty's service. Some of them have done me the honour to ask my opinion before they would engage. These will do me the justice to own, I advised them to engage, but notwithstanding—I love to be explicit—I cannot give them my confidence; pardon me, gentlemen (bowing to the ministry), confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom, youth is the season of credulity; by comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling influence.

There is a clause in the act of settlement to oblige every minister to sign his name to the advice which he gives his sovereign. Would it were observed!—I have had the honour to serve the Crown, and if I could have submitted to influence I might have still continued to serve; but I would not have been responsible for others. I have no local attachments; it is indifferent to me whether a man is rocked in his cradle on this side or that side of the Tweed, I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it, and I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men! Men, who, when left by your jealousy became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world; detested be the national reflections against them! They are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly. When I ceased to serve His Majesty as a minister, it was not the *country* of the man by which I was moved—but the *man* of that country wanted wisdom and held principles incompatible with freedom.

It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it! It is now an Act that has passed—I would speak with decency of every Act of this House, but I must beg the indulgence of the House to speak of it with freedom.

I hope a day may be soon appointed to consider the state of the nation with respect to America. I hope gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper and impartiality that His Majesty recommends, and the importance of the subject requires. A subject of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this House!

That subject only excepted, when, near a century ago, it was the question whether you yourselves were to be bound or free. In the meantime, as I cannot depend upon health for any future day, such is the nature of my infirmities, I will beg to say a few words at present, leaving the justice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the Act to another time. I will only speak to one point, a point which seems not to have been generally understood—I mean to the right. Some gentlemen (alluding to Mr. Nugent), seem to have considered it as a point of honour. If gentlemen consider it in that light, they leave all measures of right and wrong to follow a delusion that may lead to destruction. It is my opinion, that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time I assert the authority of this kingdom over the colonies to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. They are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen: equally bound by its laws, and equally participating in the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards, of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. In legislation the three estates of the realm are alike concerned, but the concurrence of the peers and the Crown to a tax is only necessary to close with the form of a law. The gift and grant is of the Commons alone. In ancient days, the Crown, the barons and the clergy possessed the lands. In those days, the barons and the clergy gave and granted to the Crown. They gave and granted what was their own. At present since the discovery of America, and other circumstances permitting, the Commons are become the proprietors of the land. The Church (God bless it!) has but a pittance. The property of the Lords, compared with that of the Commons, is as a drop of water in the ocean; and this House represents those Commons, the proprietors of the lands, and those proprietors virtually represent the rest of the inhabitants. When, therefore, in the House we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax what do we do? We, your Majesty's Commons for Great Britain, give and grant to your Majesty—what? Our own property? No! We give and grant to your Majesty the property of your Majesty's Commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms.

The distinction between legislation and taxation is essentially necessary to liberty. The Crown, the peers, are equally legislative powers with the Commons. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the Crown, the peers, have rights in taxation as well as

yourselves; rights which they claim, which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by *power*.

There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? *Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number!* Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough?—a borough which perhaps no man ever saw. This is what is called *the rotten part of the Constitution*. It cannot continue a century—if it does not drop, it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in this House is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of man—it does not deserve a serious refutation.

The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this their constitutional right, of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time this kingdom, as the supreme governing and legislative power, has always bound the colonies by her laws, by her regulations and restrictions in trade, in navigation, in manufactures—in everything except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

Here would I draw the line, *Ultra quam citraque nequit consistere rectum*.

WILLIAM PITT THE YOUNGER

Nearly five years after his great father's death, William Pitt, his second son, accepted his first ministerial position as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, leader of the Chatham group of the Whigs. Pitt was then twenty-three. Shelburne's ministry existed long enough to conclude the Peace of Paris which put an end to the war with America Lord Chatham had tried so hard to avoid. On the peace treaty itself the Shelburne ministry was overthrown by what has been described as "the most unscrupulous coalition known in our history." This was the Whigs under Fox allied to the Tories under Lord North, the tool of George III. It was probably the most shocking of all the political blunders by which Fox ruined what should have been a brilliant career. Now young Pitt, well aware of his real moral superiority, bows to the fact of defeat. Early in 1784, Pitt returned to power as Prime Minister. He was scarcely out of office until his death in 1805.

DEFEAT OF THE SHELburne MINISTRY

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

FEBRUARY 21, 1783

BUT I will not hesitate to surmise, from the obvious complexion of this night's debate, that it originates rather in an inclination to force the Earl of Shelburne from the Treasury, than in any real conviction that ministers deserve censure for the concessions they have made: concessions, which, from the facts I have enumerated, and the reasoning I have stated, as arising from these facts, are the obvious result of an absolute necessity, and imputable, not so much to those of whom the present Cabinet is composed, as to that Cabinet of which the noble lord in the blue ribbon was a member. This noble earl, like every other person eminent for ability, and acting in the first department of a great State, is undoubtedly an object of envy to some, as well as of admiration to others. The obloquy to which his capacity and situation have raised him has been created and circulated with equal meanness and address: but his merits are as much above any panegyric, as the arts, to which he owes his defamation, are beneath my attention. When, stripped of his power and emoluments, he once more descends to private life without the invidious appendages of place, men will see him through a different medium, and perceive in him qualities which richly entitle him to their esteem. That official superiority which at present irritates their feelings, and that

capacity of conferring good offices on those he prefers, which all men are fond of possessing, will not then be any obstacle to their making an impartial estimate of his character. But notwithstanding a sincere predilection for this nobleman, whom I am bound by every tie to treat with sentiments of deference and regard, I am far from wishing him retained in power against the public approbation; and if his removal can be innocently effected, if he can be compelled to resign without entailing all those mischiefs which seem to be involved in the resolution now moved, great as his zeal for his country is, powerful as his abilities are, and earnest and assiduous as his endeavours have been to rescue the British Empire from the difficulties that oppress her, I am persuaded he will retire, firm in the dignity of his own mind, conscious of his having contributed to the public advantage, and, if not attended with the fulsome plaudits of a mob, possessed of that substantial and permanent satisfaction which arises from the habitual approbation of an upright mind. I know him well; and dismiss him from the confidence of his sovereign, and the business of State, when you please, to this transcendent consolation he has a title, which no accident can invalidate or affect. It is the glorious reward of doing well, of acting an honest and honourable part. By the difficulties he encountered on his accepting the reins of government, by the reduced situation in which he found the state of the nation, and by the perpetual turbulence of those who thought his elevation effected at their own expense, he has certainly earned it dearly: and with such a solid understanding and so much goodness of heart as stamp his character, he is in no danger of losing it. Nothing can be a stronger proof that his enemies are eager to traduce, than the frivolous grounds on which they affect to accuse him. An action which reflects a lustre on his attention to the claims of merit, has yet been improved into a fault in his conduct. A right honourable gentleman [Colonel Barré] who has exhausted his strength in the service of the State, and to whose years and infirmities his absence from Parliament can only be attributed, owes to the friendship and interference of the noble earl a pension, which, however adequate to all his necessities and convenience in the evening of life, is no extraordinary compensation for the public spirit which has uniformly marked his parliamentary conduct. Surely the abilities and virtues of this veteran soldier and respectable senator, deserved some acknowledgment from that community in which they have been so often and so manfully exerted. Surely his age entitled him to a little repose in the lap of that public to whose welfare his youth had been dedicated. Surely that principle of humanity, which stimulates those in power to commiserate in this manner the situation of

neglected merit, possesses a nobleness, a generosity, a benevolence, which, instead of incurring the censure of any, ought to command the admiration and praise of all.

I repeat then, sir, that it is not this treaty, it is the Earl of Shelburne alone whom the movers of this question are desirous to wound. This is the object which has raised this storm of faction; this is the aim of the unnatural coalition to which I have alluded. If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, *I here forbid the banns*.

My own share in the censure, pointed by the motion before the House against His Majesty's ministers, I will bear with fortitude, because my own heart tells me I have not acted wrong. To this monitor, who never did, and, I trust, never will, deceive me, I will confidently repair, as to an adequate asylum from all the clamour which interested faction can raise. I was not very eager to come in, and shall have no great reluctance to go out whenever the public are disposed to dismiss me from their service. It has been the great object of my short official existence to do the duties of my station with all the ability and address in my power, and with a fidelity and honour which should bear me up, and give me confidence, under every possible contingency or disappointment. I can say with sincerity, I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will at the same time imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess that I, too, have my ambition. High situation and great influence are desirable objects to most men, and objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, which I am even solicitous to possess, whenever they can be acquired with honour, and retained with dignity. On these respectable conditions, I am not less ambitious to be great and powerful than it is natural for a young man, with such brilliant examples before him, to be. But even these objects I am not beneath relinquishing the moment my duty to my country, my character, and my friends, renders such a sacrifice indispensable. Then I hope to retire, not disappointed, but triumphant; triumphant in the conviction that my talents, humble as they are, have been earnestly, zealously, and strenuously employed, to the best of my apprehension, in promoting the truest welfare of my country; and that, however I may stand chargeable with weakness of understanding, or error of judgment, nothing can be imputed to my official capacity which bears the most distant connexion with an interested, a corrupt, or a dishonest intention. But it is not any part of my plan, when the time shall come that I quit my present station, to threaten the repose of my country, and erect, like the honourable gentleman,

a fortress and a refuge for disappointed ambition. The self-created and self-appointed successors to the present administration have asserted with much confidence that this is likely to be the case. I can assure them, however, when they come from that side of the House to this, I will, for one, most readily and cordially accept the exchange. The only desire I would indulge and cherish on the subject is that the service of the public may be ably, disinterestedly and faithfully performed. To those who feel for their country as I wish to do, and will strive to do, it matters little who are out or in; but it matters much that her affairs be conducted with wisdom, with firmness, with dignity, and with credit. Those entrusted to my care I will resign, let me hope, into hands much better qualified to do them justice than mine. But I will not mimic the parade of the honourable gentleman in avowing an indiscriminate opposition to whoever may be appointed to succeed. I will march out with no warlike, no hostile, no menacing protestations; but hoping the new administration will have no other object in view than the real and substantial welfare of the community at large; that they will bring with them into office those truly public and patriotic principles which they formerly held, but which they abandoned in opposition; that they will save the State, and promote the great purposes of public good with as much steadiness, integrity and solid advantage as I am confident it must one day appear the Earl of Shelburne and his colleagues have done. I promise them, beforehand, my uniform and best support on every occasion where I can honestly and conscientiously assist them.

In short, sir, whatever appears dishonourable or inadequate in the peace on your table, is strictly chargeable to the noble lord in the blue ribbon, whose profusion of the public's money, whose notorious temerity and obstinacy in prosecuting the war, which originated in his pernicious and oppressive policy, and whose utter incapacity to fill the station he occupied, rendered peace of any description indispensable to the preservation of the State. The small part which fell to my share in this ignominious transaction was divided with a set of men, whom the dispassionate public must, on reflection, unite to honour. Unused as I am to the factious and jarring clamours of this day's debate, I look up to the independent part of the House, and to the public at large, if not for that impartial approbation which my conduct deserves, at least for that acquittal from blame to which my innocence entitles me. I have ever been most anxious to do my utmost for the interest of my country; it has been my sole concern to act an honest and upright part, and I am disposed to think every instance of my official deportment will bear a fair and honourable construction. With these intentions, I ventured forward on the

CHARLES JAMES FOX

Charles Fox was a younger son of one of the greatest of the Whig houses, the Hollands. He was destined for a political career, and had all the brilliance of intellect to achieve high position. Somehow he failed—it is said of Fox that he was the greatest leader of oppositions the House of Commons has ever known. But his appearance on the ministerial benches was very rare. Yet he was a great man. Among the many great orators of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries Fox stands pre-eminent. He had, too, charm, and a sincerity in personal relationships which won him friends, and, what is more, kept him friends. Today he is remembered chiefly as the staunch champion of the French Revolution. He had the gift, it seemed, of seeing beyond the horror of violence and bloodshed which so shocked the world, and kept before him the ideals and the rights for which the sorely tried French population were fighting. Now, as late as 1800, when the terror was over and the figure of Napoleon was large on the horizon, he was pleading for peace with France and an end to the old enmity. Actually a peace was patched up two years later in the Treaty of Amiens, 1802, but war broke out again in 1803.

PEACE WITH FRANCE

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

FEBRUARY 3, 1800

MR. SPEAKER, at so late an hour of the night, I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I do not mean to go at length into the discussion of this great question. Exhausted as the attention of the House must be, and unaccustomed as I have been of late to attend in my place, nothing but the deep sense of my duty could have induced me to trouble you at all, and particularly to request your indulgence at such an hour.

Sir, my honourable and learned friend (Mr. Erskine) has truly said that the present is a new era in the war. The right honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer feels the justice of the remark; for by travelling back to the commencement of the war, and referring to all the topics and arguments which he has so often and so successfully urged to the House, and by which he has drawn them on to the support of his measures, he is forced to acknowledge that, at the end of seven years' conflict, we are come but to a new era in the war, at which he thinks it necessary only to press all his

former arguments to induce us to persevere. All the topics which have so often misled us—all the reasoning which has so invariably failed—all the lofty predictions which have so constantly been falsified by events—all the hopes which have amused the sanguine, and all the assurances of the distress and weakness of the enemy which have satisfied the unthinking, are again enumerated and advanced as arguments for our continuing the war. What! at the end of seven years of the most burdensome and most calamitous struggle that this country was ever engaged in, are we again to be amused with notions of finance and calculations of the exhausted resources of the enemy, as a ground of confidence and of hope? Gracious God! were we not told, five years ago, that France was not only on the brink, but that she was actually in the gulf of bankruptcy? Were we not told, as an unanswerable argument against treating, that she could not hold out another campaign—that nothing but peace could save her—that she wanted only time to recruit her exhausted finances—that to grant her repose, was to grant her the means of again molesting this country, and that we had nothing to do but persevere for a short time, in order to save ourselves for ever from the consequences of her ambition and her Jacobinism? What! after having gone on from year to year upon assurances like these, and after having seen the repeated refutations of every prediction, are we again to be seriously told that we have the same prospect of success on the same identical grounds? And without any other argument or security, are we invited, at this new era of the war, to carry it on upon principles which, if adopted, may make it eternal? If the right honourable gentleman shall succeed in prevailing on Parliament and the country to adopt the principles which he has advanced this night, I see no possible termination to the contest. No man can see an end to it; and upon the assurances and predictions which have so uniformly failed, are we called upon, not merely to refuse all negotiations but to countenance principles and views as distant from wisdom and justice, as they are in their nature wild and impracticable.

I must lament, sir, in common with every friend of peace, the harsh and unconciliating language which ministers have held towards the French, and which they have even made use of in their answer to a respectful offer of negotiation. Such language has ever been considered as extremely unwise, and has ever been reprobated by diplomatic men. I remember with pleasure the terms in which Lord Malmesbury at Paris, in the year 1796, replied to expressions of this sort, used by M. de la Croix. He justly said: "That offensive and injurious insinuations were only calculated to throw new

obstacles in the way of accommodation, and that it was not by revolting reproaches, nor by reciprocal invective, that a sincere wish to accomplish the great work of pacification could be evinced." Nothing could be more proper nor more wise than this language; and such ought ever to be the tone and conduct of men entrusted with the very important task of treating with a hostile nation. Being a sincere friend to peace, I must say with Lord Malmesbury, that it is not by reproaches and by invective that we can hope for reconciliation; and I am convinced in my own mind that I speak the sense of this House, and of a majority of the people of this country, when I lament that any unnecessary recriminations should be flung out, by which obstacles are put in the way of pacification. I believe it is the prevailing sentiment of the people, that we ought to abstain from harsh and insulting language; and in common with them I must lament, that both in the papers of Lord Grenville, and in the speeches of this night, such licence has been given to invective and reproach. For the same reason I must lament that the right honourable gentleman has thought proper to go at such length, and with such severity of minute investigation into all the early circumstances of the war, which, whatever they were, are nothing to the present purpose, and ought not to influence the present feelings of the House.

I certainly shall not follow him into all the minute detail, though I do not agree with him in many of his assertions. I do not know what impression his narrative may make on other gentlemen; but I will tell him, fairly and candidly, he has not convinced me. I continue to think, and until I see better grounds for changing my opinion than any that the right honourable gentleman has this night produced, I shall continue to think and to say, plainly and explicitly, that this country was the aggressor in the war. But with regard to Austria and Prussia—is there a man who, for one moment can dispute that they were the aggressors? It will be vain for the right honourable gentleman to enter into long and plausible reasoning against the evidence of documents so clear, so decisive—so frequently, so thoroughly investigated. The unfortunate Louis XVI himself, as well as those who were in his confidence, have borne decisive testimony to the fact that between him and the emperor there was an intimate correspondence, and a perfect understanding. Do I mean by this that a positive treaty was entered into for the dismemberment of France? Certainly not, but no man can read the declarations which were made at Mantua, as well as at Pilnitz, as they are given by M. Bertrand de Moleville, without acknowledging that there was not merely an intention, but a declaration of an intention,

on the part of the great Powers of Germany, to interfere in the internal affairs of France, for the purpose of regulating the Government against the opinion of the people. This, though not a plan for the partition of France, was, in the eye of reason and common sense, an aggression against France. The right honourable gentleman denies that there was such a thing as the Treaty of Pilnitz. Granted. But was there not a declaration which amounted to an act of hostile aggression? The two Powers, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, made a public declaration, that they were determined to employ their forces in conjunction with those of the other sovereigns of Europe, "to put the King of France in a situation to establish, in perfect liberty, the foundations of a monarchical government, equally agreeable to the rights of sovereigns and the welfare of the French, whenever the other princes should agree to co-operate with them; then, and in that case, their Majesties were determined to act promptly, and by mutual consent, with the forces necessary to obtain the end proposed by all of them. In the meantime they declared that they would give orders for their troops to be ready for actual service." Now, I would ask gentlemen to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say, what the fair construction of this declaration was—whether it was not a menace and an insult to France, since, in direct terms, it declared, that whenever the other Powers should concur, they would attack France, then at peace with them, and then employed only in domestic and internal regulations? Let us suppose the case to be that of Great Britain. Will any gentleman say, if two of the great Powers should make a public declaration, that they were determined to make an attack upon this kingdom as soon as circumstances should favour their intention; that they only waited for this occasion; and that in the meantime they would keep their forces ready for the purpose; that it would not be considered by the Parliament and the people of this country as an hostile aggression? And is there an Englishman in existence, who is such a friend to peace as to say, that the nation could retain its honour and dignity if it should sit down under such a menace? I know too well what is due to the national character of England, to believe that there would be two opinions on the case, if thus put home to our own feelings and understanding. We must, then, respect in others the indignation which such acts would excite in ourselves; and when we see it established on the most indisputable testimony, that both at Pilnitz and at Mantua declarations were made to this effect, it is idle to say, that as far as the emperor and the King of Prussia were concerned, they were not the aggressors in the war.

"Oh! but the decree of November 19, 1792! that at least," the

right honourable gentleman says, "you must allow to be an act of aggression, not only against England, but against all the sovereigns of Europe." I am not one of those, sir, who attach most interest to the general and indiscriminate provocations thrown out at random, like this resolution of November 19, 1792. I do not think it necessary to the dignity of any people to notice and to apply to themselves menaces flung out without particular allusion, which are always unwise in the power which uses them, and which it is still more unwise to treat with seriousness. But, if any such idle and general provocation to nations is given, either in insolence or in folly, by any government, it is a clear first principle, that an explanation is the thing which a magnanimous nation, feeling itself aggrieved, ought to demand; and if an explanation be given which is not satisfactory, it ought clearly and distinctly to say so. There ought to be no ambiguity, no reserve, on the occasion. Now we all know, from documents on our table, that M. Chauvelin did give an explanation of this silly decree. He declared in the name of his government, "that it was never meant that the French Government should favour insurrections; that the decree was applicable only to those people who, after having acquired their liberty by conquest, should demand the assistance of the republic; but that France would respect, not only the independence of England, but also that of her allies with whom she was not at war." This was the explanation given of the offensive decree. But this explanation was not satisfactory! Did you say so to M. Chauvelin? Did you tell him that you were not content with this explanation? And when you dismissed him afterwards, on the death of the king, did you say that this explanation was unsatisfactory? No; you did no such thing; and I contend, that unless you demanded further explanations, and they were refused, you have no right to urge the decree of November 19 as an act of aggression. In all your conferences and correspondence with M. Chauvelin, did you hold out to him what terms would satisfy you? Did you give the French the power or the means of settling the misunderstanding which that decree, or any other of the points at issue had created? I contend, that when a nation refuses to state to another the thing which would satisfy her, she shows that she is not actuated by a desire to preserve peace between them; and I aver, that this was the case here. The Schelde, for instance, you now say that the navigation of the Schelde was one of your causes of complaint. Did you explain yourself on that subject? Did you make it one of the grounds for the dismissal of M. Chauvelin? Sir, I repeat it, a nation, to justify itself in appealing to the last solemn resort, ought to prove that it had taken every possible means,

consistent with dignity, to demand the reparation which would be satisfactory, and if she refused to explain what would be satisfactory, she did not do her duty, nor exonerate herself from the charge of being the aggressor.

The right honourable gentleman has this night, for the first time, produced an important paper—the instructions which were given to His Majesty's minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, about the end of the year 1792, to interest Her Imperial Majesty to join her efforts with those of His Britannic Majesty, to prevent, by their joint mediation, the evils of a general war. Of this paper, and of the existence of any such document, I for one was entirely ignorant; but I have no hesitation in saying, that I completely approve of the instructions which appear to have been given; and I am sorry to see the right honourable gentleman disposed rather to take blame to himself than credit for having written it. He thinks that he shall be subject to the imputation of having been rather too slow to apprehend the dangers with which the French Revolution was fraught than that he was forward and hasty—“*Quod solum excusat, hoc solum miror in illo.*” I do not agree with him on the idea of censure. I by no means think that he was blameable for too much confidence in the good intentions of the French. I think the tenor and composition of this paper was excellent—the instructions conveyed in it wise; and that it wanted but one essential thing to have entitled it to general approbation—namely, to be acted upon. The clear nature and intent of that paper, I take to be, that our ministers were to solicit the Court of Petersburg to join with them in a declaration to the French Government, stating explicitly what course of conduct, with respect to their foreign relations, they thought necessary to the general peace and security of Europe, and what, if complied with, would have induced them to mediate for that purpose—a proper, wise and legitimate course of proceeding. Now, I ask, sir, whether, if this paper had been communicated to Paris at the end of the year 1792, instead of Petersburg, it would not have been productive of most seasonable benefits to mankind; and, by informing the French in time of the means by which they might have secured the mediation of Great Britain, have not only avoided the rupture of this country, but have also restored general peace to the Continent? The paper, sir, was excellent in its intentions; but its merit was all in the composition. It was a fine theory, which ministers did not think proper to carry into practice. Nay, on the contrary, at the very time they were drawing up this paper, they were insulting M. Chauvelin, in every way, until about January 23 or 24, 1793, when they finally dismissed him, without stating any

one ground upon which they were willing to preserve terms with the French.

“But France,” it seems, “then declared war against us; and she was the aggressor, because the declaration came from her.” Let us look at the circumstances of this transaction on both sides. Undoubtedly, the declaration was made by her; but is a declaration the only thing that constitutes the commencement of a war? Do gentlemen recollect that, in consequence of a dispute about the commencement of war, respecting the capture of a number of ships, an article was inserted in our treaty with France, by which it was positively stipulated, that in future, to prevent all disputes, the act of the dismissal of a minister from either of the two Courts should be held and considered as tantamount to a declaration of war? I mention this, sir, because, when we are idly employed in this retrospect of the origin of a war, which has lasted so many years, instead of fixing our eyes only to the contemplation of the means of putting an end to it, we seem disposed to overlook everything on our part, and to search only for grounds of imputation on the enemy. I almost think it an insult on the House to detain them with this sort of examination. If, sir, France was the aggressor, as the right honourable gentleman says she was throughout, why did not Prussia call upon us for the stipulated number of troops, according to the article of the defensive treaty of alliance subsisting between us, by which, in case either of the contracting parties was attacked, they had a right to demand the stipulated aid? And the same thing, again, may be asked when we were attacked. The right honourable gentleman might here accuse himself, indeed, of reserve; but it unfortunately happened, that at the time, the point was too clear on which side the aggression lay. Prussia was too sensible that the war could not entitle her to make the demand, and that it was not a case within the scope of the defensive treaty. This is evidence worth a volume of subsequent reasoning; for if, at the time when all the facts were present to their minds, they could not take advantage of existing treaties, and that, too, when the Courts were on the most friendly terms with one another, it will be manifest to every thinking man that they were sensible they were not authorized to make the demand.

I really, sir, cannot think it necessary to follow the right honourable gentleman into all the minute details which he has thought proper to give us respecting the first aggression; but, that Austria and Prussia were the aggressors, not a man in any country, who has ever given himself the trouble to think at all on the subject, can doubt. Nothing could be more hostile than their whole proceedings. Did

they not declare to France, that it was their internal concerns, not their external proceedings, which provoked them to confederate against her? Look back to the proclamations with which they set out. Read the declarations which they made themselves, to justify their appeal to arms. They did not pretend to fear their ambition, their conquests, their troubling their neighbours; but they accused them of new-modelling their own government. They said nothing of their aggressions abroad; they spoke only of their clubs and societies at Paris.

Sir, in all this, I am not justifying the French—I am not striving to absolve them from blame, either in their internal or external policy. I think, on the contrary, that their successive rulers have been as bad and as execrable, in various instances, as any of the most despotic and unprincipled governments that the world ever saw. I think it impossible, sir, that it should have been otherwise. It was not to be expected that the French, when once engaged in foreign wars, should not endeavour to spread destruction around them, and to form plans of aggrandizement and plunder on every side. Men bred in the school of the House of Bourbon could not be expected to act otherwise. They could not have lived so long under their ancient masters, without imbibing the restless ambition, the perfidy, and the insatiable spirit of the race. They have imitated the practice of their great prototype, and, through their whole career of mischief and of crimes, have done no more than servilely trace the steps of their own Louis XIV. If they have overrun countries and ravaged them, they have done it upon Bourbon principles. If they have ruined and dethroned sovereigns, it is entirely after the Bourbon manner. If they have even fraternized with the people of foreign countries and pretended to make their cause their own, they have only faithfully followed the Bourbon example. They have constantly had Louis, the Grand Monarque, in the eye. But it may be said, that this example was long ago, and that we ought not to refer to a period so distant. True, it is a distant period as applied to a man, but not so to the principle. The principle was never extinct; nor has its operation been suspended in France, except, perhaps, for a short interval, during the administration of Cardinal Fleury; and my complaint against the Republic of France is, not that she has generated new crimes, not that she has promulgated new mischief, but that she has adopted and acted upon the principles which have been so fatal to Europe, under the practice of the House of Bourbon. It is said, that wherever the French have gone, they have introduced revolution; that they have sought for the means of disturbing neighbouring States, and have not been content with mere conquest.

What is this but adopting the ingenious scheme of Louis XIV? He was not content with merely overrunning a state; whenever he came into a new territory, he established what he called his chamber of claims; a most convenient device by which he inquired, whether the conquered country or province had any dormant or disputed claims, any cause of complaint, any unsettled demand upon any other state or province—upon which he might wage war upon such a state, thereby discover again ground for new devastation, and gratify his ambition by new acquisitions. What have the republicans done more atrocious, more Jacobinical, than this? Louis went to war with Holland. His pretext was, that Holland had not treated him with sufficient respect—a very just and proper cause for war indeed! This, sir, leads me to an example which I think seasonable, and worthy the attention of His Majesty's ministers. When our Charles II, as a short exception to the policy of his reign, made the triple alliance for the protection of Europe, and particularly of Holland, against the ambition of Louis XIV, what was the conduct of that great, virtuous and most able statesman, M. de Witt, when the confederates came to deliberate on the terms on which they should treat with the French monarch? When it was said that he had made unprincipled conquests, and that he ought to be forced to surrender them all, what was the language of that great wise man? "No," said he; "I think we ought not to look back to the origin of the war, so much as the means of putting an end of it. If you had united in time to prevent these conquests, well; but, now that he has made them, he stands upon the ground of conquest, and we must agree to treat with him, not with reference to the origin of the conquest, but with regard to his present posture. He had those places, and some of them we must be content to give up as the means of peace; for conquest will always successfully set up its claims to indemnification." Such was the language of this minister, who was the ornament of his time; and such, in my mind, ought to be the language of statesmen, with regard to the French, at this day. The same ought to have been said at the formation of the confederacy. It was true that the French had overrun Savoy; but they had overrun it on Bourbon principles; and having gained this and other conquests before the confederacy was formed, they ought to have treated with her rather for future security, than for past correction. States in possession, whether monarchical or republican, will claim indemnity in proportion to their success; and it will never be so much inquired, by what right they gained possession, as by what means they can be prevented from enlarging their depredations. Such is the safe practice of the world; and such

ought to have been the conduct of the powers when the reduction of Savoy made them coalesce.

The right honourable gentleman may know more of the secret particulars of their overrunning Savoy than I do; but certainly, as they have come to my knowledge, it was a most Bourbonlike act. A great and justly celebrated historian, whom I will not call a foreigner—I mean Mr. Hume (a writer certainly estimable in many particulars, but who was a childish lover of princes)—talks of Louis XIV in very magnificent terms; but he says of him, that, though he managed his enterprises with skill and bravery, he was unfortunate in this, that he never got a good and fair pretence for war. This he reckons among his misfortunes! Can we say more of the republican French? In seizing on Savoy I think they made use of the words, "*convenances morales et physiques*." These were their reasons. A most Bourbonlike phrase! And I therefore contend, that as we never scrupled to treat with the princes of the House of Bourbon on account of their rapacity, their thirst of conquest, their violation of treaties, their perfidy, and their restless spirit, so we ought not to refuse to treat with their republican imitators. Ministers could not pretend ignorance of the unprincipled manner in which the French had seized on Savoy. The Sardinian minister complained of the aggression, and yet no stir was made about it. The Courts of Europe stood by and saw the outrage; and our ministers saw it. The right honourable gentleman will in vain, therefore, exert his powers to persuade me of the interest he takes in the preservation of the rights of nations, since, at the moment when an interference might have been made in effect, no step was taken, no remonstrance made, no mediation negotiated to stop the career of conquest. All the pretended and hypocritical sensibility for the "rights of nations, and for social order," with which we have since been stunned, cannot impose upon those who will take the trouble to look back to the period when this sensibility ought to have roused us into seasonable exertion. At that time, however, the right honourable gentleman makes it his boast, that he was prevented, by a sense of neutrality, from taking any measures of precaution on the subject. I do not give the right honourable gentleman much credit for his spirit of neutrality on the occasion. It flowed from the sense of the country at the time, the great majority of which was clearly and decidedly against all interruptions being given to the French in their desire of regulating their own internal government.

But this neutrality, which respected only the internal rights of the French, and from which the people of England would never have departed but for the impolitic and hypocritical cant which was set

up to rouse their jealousy and alarm their fears, was very different from the great principle of political prudence which ought to have actuated the councils of the nation, on seeing the first steps of France towards a career of external conquest. My opinion is, that when the unfortunate King of France offered to us, in the letter delivered by M. Chauvelin and M. Talleyrand, and even entreated us to mediate between him and the allied Powers of Austria and Prussia, they ought to have accepted the offer, and exerted their influence to save Europe from the consequence of a system which was then beginning to manifest itself. It was, at least, a question of prudence; and as we had never refused to treat and to mediate with the old princes on account of their ambition or their perfidy, we ought to have been equally ready now, when the same principles were acted upon by other men. I must doubt the sensibility which could be so cold and so indifferent at the proper moment of its activity. I fear that there were at that moment the germs of ambition rising in the mind of the right honourable gentleman, and that he was beginning, like others, to entertain hopes that something might be obtained out of the coming confusion.

What but such a sentiment could have prevented him from overlooking the fair occasion that was offered for preventing the calamities with which Europe was threatened? What but some such interested principle could have made him forego the truly honourable task, by which his administration would have displayed its magnanimity and its power? But for some such feeling, would not this country, both in wisdom and in dignity, have interfered, and in conjunction with the other Powers, have said to France: "You ask for a mediation; we will mediate with candour and sincerity, but we will at the same time declare to you our apprehensions. We do not trust to your assertion of a determination to avoid all foreign conquest, and that you are desirous only of settling your own constitution, because your language is contradicted by experience and the evidence of facts. You are Frenchmen, and you cannot so soon have thrown off the Bourbon principles in which you were educated. You have already imitated the bad practice of your princes; you have seized on Savoy, without a colour of right. But here we take our stand. Thus far you have gone, and we cannot help it; but you must go no farther. We will tell you distinctly what we shall consider as an attack on the balance and the security of Europe; and, as the conditions of our interference. We will tell you also the securities that we think essential to the general repose." This ought to have been the language of His Majesty's ministers when their mediation was solicited; and something of this

kind they evidently thought of when they sent the instructions to Petersburg which they have mentioned this night, but upon which they never acted. Having not done so, I say they have no claim to talk now about the violated right of Europe, about the aggression of the French and about the origin of the war, in which this country was so suddenly afterwards plunged. Instead of this, what did they do? They hung back; they avoided explanation; they gave the French no means of satisfying them; and I repeat my proposition—when there is a question of peace and war between two nations, that government feels itself in the wrong which refuses to state with clearness and precision what she would consider as a satisfaction and a pledge of peace.

Sir, if I understand the true precepts of the Christian religion, as set forth in the New Testament, I must be permitted to say, that there is no such thing as a rule or doctrine by which we are directed, or can be justified, in waging a war for religion. The idea is subversive of the very foundations upon which it stands, which are those of peace and goodwill among men. Religion never was and never could be, a justifiable cause of war; but it has been too often grossly used as the pretext and the apology for the most unprincipled wars.

I have already said, and I repeat it, that the conduct of the French to foreign nations cannot be justified. They have given great cause of offence, but certainly not to all countries alike. The right honourable gentlemen opposite to me have made an indiscriminate catalogue of all the countries which the French have offended, and, in their eagerness to throw odium on the nation, have taken no pains to investigate the sources of their several quarrels. I will not detain the House by entering into the long detail which has been given of their aggressions and their violences; but let me mention Sardinia as one instance which has been strongly insisted upon. Did the French attack Sardinia when at peace with them? No such thing. The King of Sardinia had accepted a subsidy from Great Britain; and Sardinia was, to all intents and purposes, a belligerent power. Several other instances might be mentioned; but though, perhaps, in the majority of instances, the French may be unjustifiable, is this the moment for us to dwell upon these enormities—to waste our time, and inflame our passions, by recriminating upon each other? There is no end to such a war. I have somewhere read, I think in Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, of a most bloody and fatal battle which was fought by two opposite armies, in which almost all the combatants on both sides were killed, "because," says the historian, "though they had offensive weapons on both

sides, they had none for defence." So, in this war of words, if we are to use only offensive weapons, if we are to indulge only in invective and abuse, the contest must be eternal. If this war of reproach and invective is to be countenanced, may not the French with equal reason complain of the outrages and the horrors committed by the powers opposed to them? If we must not treat with the French on account of the iniquity of their former transactions, ought we not to be as scrupulous of connecting ourselves with other powers equally criminal? Surely, sir, if we must be thus rigid in scrutinizing the conduct of an enemy, we ought to be equally careful in not committing our honour and our safety with an ally who has manifested the same want of respect for the rights of other nations. Surely, if it is material to know the character of a power with whom you are only about to treat for peace, it is more material to know the character of allies, with whom you are about to enter into the closest connexion of friendship, and for whose exertions you are about to pay.

Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign Powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetuated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun, worse than the conduct of those three great Powers, in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion, social order and the rights of nations? "Oh! but we regretted the partition of Poland!" Yes, regretted! you regretted the violence, and that is all you did. You united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and although they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates! Was he? Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not

to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most popular suburb of Warsaw; and there let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting people! Men, women and children, nay, infants at the breast, were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their constitution, which had been confessed by their own sovereign to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and social order" is to repose! and such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence, while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy!

But the behaviour of the French towards Switzerland raises all the indignation of the right honourable gentleman and inflames his eloquence. I admire the indignation which he expresses (and I think he felt it) in speaking of this country, so dear and so congenial to every man who loves the sacred name of liberty. He who loves liberty, says the right honourable gentleman, thought himself at home on the favoured and happy mountains of Switzerland, where she seemed to have taken up her abode under a sort of implied compact, among all other States, that she should not be disturbed in this her chosen asylum. I admire the eloquence of the right honourable gentleman in speaking of this country of liberty and peace, to which every man would desire, once in his life at least, to make a pilgrimage. But who, let me ask him, first proposed to the Swiss people to depart from the neutrality which was their chief protection, and to join the confederacy against the French? I aver, that a noble relation of mine (Lord Robert Fitzgerald), then the Minister of England to the Swiss Cantons was instructed, in direct terms, to propose to the Swiss, by an official note, to break from the line they had laid down for themselves, and to tell them, "in such a contest neutrality was criminal." I know that noble lord too well, though I have not been in habits of intercourse with him of late, from the employments in which he has been engaged, to suspect that he would have presented such a paper without the express instructions of his Court, or that he would have gone beyond those instructions.

But, was it only to Switzerland that this sort of language was held? What was our language also to Tuscany and to Genoa? An honourable gentleman (Mr. Canning) has denied the authenticity of a pretended letter which has been circulated, and ascribed to Lord Harvey. He says, it is all a fable and a forgery. Be it so;

but is it also a fable that Lord Harvey did speak in terms to the Grand Duke, which he considered as offensive and insulting? I cannot tell for I was not present. But was it not, and is it not believed? Is it a fable that Lord Harvey went into the closet of the Grand Duke, laid his watch upon the table, and demanded in a peremptory manner, that he should, within a certain number of minutes, I think I have heard within a quarter of an hour, determine aye or no, to dismiss the French minister and order him out of his dominion; with the menace, that if he did not, the English fleet should bombard Leghorn? Will the honourable gentleman deny this also? I certainly do not know it from my own knowledge; but I know that persons of the first credit, then at Florence, have stated these facts, and that they have never been contradicted. It is true that upon the Grand Duke's complaint of this indignity, Lord Harvey was recalled; but was the principle recalled? Was the mission recalled? Do not ministers persist in the demand which Lord Harvey had made, perhaps ungraciously? Was not the Grand Duke forced, in consequence, to dismiss the French minister? and did they not drive him to enter into an unwilling war with the republic? It is true that he afterwards made his peace; and that, having done so, he was treated severely and unjustly by the French. But what do I conclude from all this, but that we have no right to be scrupulous, we who have violated the respect due to peaceable powers ourselves, in this war, which, more than any other that ever afflicted human nature, has been distinguished by the greatest number of disgusting and outrageous insults to the smaller Powers by the great. And I infer from this also, that the instances not being confined to the French, but having been perpetrated by every one of the Allies, and by England as much as by the others, we have no right to refuse to treat with the French on this ground. Need I speak of your conduct to Genoa also. Perhaps the note delivered by Mr. Drake was also a forgery. Perhaps the blockade of the port never took place. It is impossible to deny the facts, which are so glaring at the time. It is a painful thing to me, sir, to be obliged to go back to these unfortunate periods of the history of this war, and of the conduct of this country; but I am forced to the talk by the use which has been made of the atrocities of the French as an argument against negotiation. I think I have said enough to prove that, if the French have been guilty, we have not been innocent. Nothing but determined incredulity can make us deaf and blind to our own acts, when we are so ready to yield an assent to all the reproaches which are thrown out on the enemy and upon which reproaches we are gravely told to continue the war.

"But the French," it seems, "have behaved ill everywhere. They seized on Venice, which had preserved the most exact neutrality, or rather," as it is hinted, "had manifested symptoms of friendship to them." I agree with the right honourable gentleman, it was an abominable act. I am not the apologist of, much less the advocate for, their iniquities; neither will I countenance them in their pretences for the injustice. I do not think that much regard is to be paid to the charges which a triumphant soldiery bring on the conduct of a people whom they have overrun. Pretences for outrage will never be wanting to the strong, when they wish to trample on the weak; but when we accuse the French of having seized on Venice, after stipulating for its neutrality and guaranteeing its independence, we should also remember the excuse that they made for the violence; namely, that their troops had been attacked and murdered. I say I am always incredulous about such excuses; but I think it fair to hear whatever can be alleged on the other side. We cannot take one side of a story only. Candour demands that we should examine the whole before we make up our minds on the guilt. I cannot think it quite fair to state the view of the subject of one party as indisputable fact, without even mentioning what the other party has to say for itself. But, sir, is this all? Though the perfidy of the French to the Venetians be clear and palpable, was it worse in morals, in principle, and in example, than the conduct of Austria? My honourable friend (Mr. Whitbread) properly asked: "Is not the receiver as bad as the thief?" If the French seized on the territory of Venice, did not the Austrians agree to receive it? "But this," it seems, "is not the same thing." It is quite in the nature, and within the rule of diplomatic morality, for Austria to receive the country which was thus seized upon unjustly. "The emperor took it as a kind of compensation; it was his by barter; he was not answerable for the guilt by which it was obtained!" What is this, sir, but the false and abominable reasoning with which we have been so often disgusted on the subject of the slave trade? Just in the same manner have I heard a notorious wholesale dealer in this inhuman traffic justify his abominable trade. "I am not guilty of the horrible crime of tearing that mother from her infants; that husband from his wife; of depopulating that village; of depriving that family of their sons, the support of their aged parents! No: thank heaven, I am not guilty of this horror; I only bought them in the fair way of trade. They were brought to the market; they had been guilty of crimes, or they had been made prisoners of war; they were accused of witchcraft, of obi, or of some other sorts of sorcery; and they were brought to me for sale; I gave

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a valuable consideration for them; but God forbid that I should taint my soul with the guilt of dragging them from their friends and families!" Such has been the precious defence of the slave trade; and such is the argument set up for Austria, in this instance of Venice. "I did not commit the crime of trampling on the independence of Venice. I did not seize on the city; I gave a *quid pro quo*. It was a matter of barter and indemnity; I gave half a million of human beings to be put under the yoke of France in another district, and I had these people turned over to me in return!" This, sir, is the defence of Austria; and under such detestable sophistry as this, is the infernal traffic in human flesh, whether in white or black to be continued and even justified! At no time has that diabolical traffic been carried to a greater length than during the present war; and that by England herself, as well as Austria and Russia.

"But France," it seems, "has roused all the nations of Europe against her"; and the long catalogue has been read to you, to prove she must have been atrocious to provoke them all. Is it true, sir, that she has roused them all? It does not say much for the address of His Majesty's ministers, if this be the case. What, sir, have all your negotiations, all your declamation, all your money, been squandered in vain? Have you not succeeded in stirring the indignation, and engaging the assistance of a single Power? But you do yourselves injustice. I dare say that the truth lies between you. Between their crimes and your money the rage has been excited; and full as much is due to your seductions as to her atrocities. My honourable friend (Mr. Erskine) was correct, therefore, in his argument; for you cannot take both sides of the case; you cannot accuse them of having provoked all Europe, and at the same time claim the merit of having roused them to join you.

You talk of your allies. Sir, I wish to know who your allies are? Russia is one of them, I suppose. Did France attack Russia? Has the magnanimous Paul taken the field for social order and religion on account of personal aggression? The Emperor of Russia has declared himself Grand Master of Malta, though his religion is as opposite to that of the knights as ours is; and he is as much considered a heretic by the Church of Rome as we are. The King of Great Britain might, with as much propriety, declare himself the head of the order of the Chartreuse monks. Not content with taking to himself the commandery of this institution of Malta, Paul has even created a married man a knight, contrary to all the most sacred rules and regulations of the order. And yet this ally of ours is fighting for religion. So much for his religion. Let us show his

regard for social order! How does he show his abhorrence of the principles of the French, in their violation of the rights of other nations? What has been his conduct to Denmark? He says to Denmark: "You have seditious clubs at Copenhagen. No Danish vessel shall enter the ports of Russia!" He holds a still more despotic language to Hamburg. He threatens to lay an embargo on their trade; and he forces them to surrender up men who are claimed by the French as their citizens—whether truly or not, I do not inquire. He threatens them with his own vengeance if they refuse and subjects them to that of the French if they comply. And what has been his conduct to Spain? He first sends away the Spanish minister from Petersburg, and then complains, as a great insult, that his minister was dismissed from Madrid! This is one of our allies; and he declared that the object for which he has taken up arms, is to replace the ancient race of the House of Bourbon on the throne of France, and that he does this for the cause of religion and social order. Such is the respect for religion and social order which he himself displays; and such are the examples of it with which we coalesce!

No man regrets, sir, more than I do, the enormities that France has committed; but how do they bear upon the question as it now stands? Are we for ever to deprive ourselves of the benefits of peace, because France has perpetrated acts of injustice? Sir, we cannot acquit ourselves upon such ground. We have negotiated. With the knowledge of these acts of injustice and disorder, we have treated with them twice; yet, the right honourable gentleman cannot enter into negotiations with them now; and it is worth while to attend to the reasons that he gives for the refusing their offer. The revolution itself is no more an objection now than it was in 1796, when he did negotiate; for the Government of France at that time was surely as unstable as it is now. The crimes of the French, the instability of their Government, did not then prevent him; and why are they to prevent him now? He negotiated with a government as unstable, and, baffled in that negotiation, he did not scruple to open another at Lisle in 1797. We have heard a very curious account of these negotiations this day, and, as the right honourable gentleman has emphatically told us, an "honest" account of them. He says he has no scruple in avowing that he apprehended danger from the success of his own efforts to procure a pacification, and that he was not displeased at its failure. He was sincere in his endeavours to treat, but he was not disappointed when they failed. I wish to understand the right honourable gentleman correctly. His declaration on the subject, then, I take to be this—that though

sincere in his endeavours to procure peace in 1797, yet he apprehended greater danger from accomplishing his object than from the continuance of war; and that he felt this apprehension from the comparative views of the probable state of peace and war at that time. I have no hesitation in allowing the fact, that a state of peace, immediately after a war of such violence, must, in some respects, be a state of insecurity, but does this not belong, in a certain degree, to all wars? And are we never to have peace, because that peace may be insecure? But there was something, it seems, so peculiar in this war, and in the character and principles of the enemy, that the right honourable gentleman thought a peace in 1797 would be comparatively more dangerous than war. Why, then, did he treat? I beg the attention of the House to this: He treated "because the unequivocal sense of the people of England was declared to be in favour of negotiation." The right honourable gentleman confesses the truth, then, that in 1797 the people were for peace. I thought so at the time; but you all recollect, that when I stated it in my place, it was denied. "True," they said, "you have procured petitions; but we have petitions, too; we all know in what strange ways petitions may be procured, and how little they deserve to be considered as the sense of the people." This was their language at the time; but now we find these petitions did speak the sense of the people, and that it was on this side of the House only, that the sense of the people was spoken. The majority spoke a contrary language. It is acknowledged, then, that the unequivocal sense of the people of England may be spoken by the minority of this House, and that it is not always by the test of numbers that an honest decision is to be ascertained. This House decided against what the right honourable gentleman knew to be the sense of the country; but he himself acted upon that sense against the vote of Parliament.

The negotiation in 1796 went off, as my honourable and learned friend (Mr. Erskine) has said, upon the question of Belgium; or, as the right honourable gentleman asserts, upon a question of principle. He negotiated to please the people, but it went off "on account of a monstrous principle advanced by France, incompatible with all negotiation." This is now said. Did the right honourable gentleman say so at the time? Did he fairly and candidly inform the people of England, that they broke off the negotiation because the French had urged a basis that it was totally impossible for England at any time to grant? No such thing. On the contrary, when the negotiation broke off, they published a manifesto, "renewing, in the face of Europe, the solemn declaration, that whenever the enemy should be disposed to enter on the work of a general

pacification, in a spirit of conciliation and equity, nothing should be wanting on their part to contribute to the accomplishment of that great object," and accordingly, in 1797, notwithstanding this incompatible principle, and with all the enormities of the French on their heads, they opened a new negotiation at Lisle. They do not wait for any retraction of this incompatible principle; they do not wait even till overtures shall be made to them; but they solicit and renew a negotiation themselves. I do not blame them for this, sir, I say only that it is an argument against the assertion of an incompatible principle. It is a proof, that they did not then think as the right honourable gentleman now says they thought; but that they yielded to the sentiments of the nation, who were generally inclined to peace, against their own judgment; and, from a motive which I shall come to by and by, they had no hesitation, on account of the first rupture, to renew the negotiation—it was renewed at Lisle; and this the French broke off, after the revolution at Paris on September 4. What was the conduct of ministers on this occasion? One would have thought that, with the fresh insult at Lisle in their minds, with the recollection of their failure the year before at Paris, if it had been true that they found an incompatible principle, they would have talked a warlike language, and would have announced to their country and to all Europe, that peace was not to be obtained; that they must throw away the scabbard, and think only of the means of continuing the contest. No such thing. They put forth a declaration in which they said, that they should look with anxious expectation for the moment when the Government of France should show a disposition and spirit corresponding with their own; and renewing before all Europe the solemn declaration, that at the very moment when the brilliant victory of Lord Duncan might have justified them in demanding more extravagant terms, they were willing, if the calamities of war could be closed, to conclude peace on the same moderate and equitable principles and terms which they had before proposed. Such was their declaration upon that occasion; and in the discussions which we had upon it in this House, ministers were explicit. They said, that by that negotiation, there had been given to the world what might be regarded as an unequivocal test of the sincerity and disposition of government towards peace, or against it; for those who refuse discussion show that they are disinclined to pacification; and it is therefore, they said, always to be considered as a test, that the party who refuses to negotiate, is the party who is disinclined to peace. This they themselves set up as the test. Try them now, sir, by that test. An offer is made them. They rashly, and I think rudely, refuse it. Have

they or have they not, broken their own test? But, they say: "We have not refused all discussion." They have put a case. They have expressed a wish for the restoration of the House of Bourbon, and have declared that to be an event which would immediately remove every obstacle to negotiation. Sir, as to the restoration of the House of Bourbon, if it shall be the wish of the people of France, I for one shall be perfectly content to acquiesce. I think the people of France, as well as every other people, ought to have the government they like best themselves; and the form of that government, or the persons who hold it in their hands, should never be an obstacle with me to treat with the nation for peace, or to live with them in amity; but as an Englishman, and actuated by English feelings, I surely cannot wish for the restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne of France. I hope I am not the man to bear heavily upon any unfortunate family. I feel for their situation—I respect their distresses—but as a friend of England, I cannot wish for their restoration to the power which they abused. I cannot forget that the whole history of the century is little more than an account of the wars and the calamities arising from the restless ambition, the intrigues, and the perfidy of the House of Bourbon.

I cannot discover, in any part of that laboured defence which has been set up for not accepting the offer now made by France, any argument to satisfy my mind that ministers have not forfeited the test which they held out as infallible in 1797. An honourable gentleman (Mr. Canning) thinks that Parliament should be eager only to approach the throne with declarations of their readiness to support His Majesty in the further prosecution of the war without inquiry; and he is quite delighted with an address, which he has found upon the journals, to King William, in which they pledged themselves to support him in his efforts to resist the ambition of Louis XIV. He thinks it quite astonishing how much it is in point, and how perfectly it applies to the present occasion. One would have thought, sir, that in order to prove the application, he would have shown that an offer had been respectfully made by the Grand Monarque to King William, to treat, which he had peremptorily, and in very irritating terms, refused; and that upon this, the House of Commons had come forward, and, with one voice, declared their determination to stand by him, with their lives and fortunes, in prosecuting the just and necessary war. Not a word of all this; and yet the honourable gentleman finds it quite a parallel case, and an exact model for the House, on this day, to pursue. I really think, sir, he might as well have taken any other address upon the journals, upon any other topic, as this address to King William.

It would have been equally in point, and would have equally served to show the honourable gentleman's talents of reasoning.

Sir, I cannot here overlook another instance of this honourable gentleman's candid style of debating, and of his respect for Parliament. He has found out, it seems, that in former periods of our history, and even in periods which have been denominated good times, intercepted letters have been published; and he reads, from the *Gazette*, instances of such publication. Really, sir, if the honourable gentleman had pursued the profession to which he turned his thoughts when younger, he would have learned that it was necessary to find cases a little more in point. And yet full of his triumph on this notable discovery, he has chosen to indulge himself in speaking of a most respectable and a most honourable person as any that this country knows, and who is possessed of as sound an understanding as any man that I have the good fortune to be acquainted with, in terms the most offensive and disgusting, on account of words which he may be supposed to have said in another place [alluding to the Duke of Bedford's speech in the House of Lords]. He has spoken of that noble person and his intellect, in terms which, were I disposed to retort, I might say, show the honourable gentleman to be possessed of an intellect which would justify me in passing over in silence anything that comes from such a man. Sir, that noble person did not speak of the mere act of publishing the intercepted correspondence; and the honourable gentleman's reference to the *Gazettes* of former periods is, therefore, not to the point. The noble duke complained of the manner in which these intercepted letters had been published, not of the fact itself of their publication; for, in the introduction and notes to those letters, the ribaldry is such, that they are not screened from the execration of every honourable mind even by their extreme stupidity. The honourable gentleman says that he must treat with indifference the intellect of a man who can ascribe the present scarcity of corn to the war. Sir, I think there is nothing either absurd or unjust in such an opinion. Does not the war, necessarily, by its magazines, and still more by its expeditions, increase consumption? But when we learn that corn is, at this very moment, sold in France for less than half the price which it bears here, is it not a fair thing to suppose that, but for the war and its prohibitions, a part of that grain would be brought to this country, on account of the high price which it would sell for, and that consequently, our scarcity would be relieved from their abundance? I speak only upon report, of course; but I see that the price quoted in the French markets is less, by one half, than the prices in England. There was nothing, therefore, very absurd in what fell from my

noble friend; and I would really advise the honourable gentleman, when he speaks of persons distinguished for every virtue, to be a little more guarded in his language. I see no reason why he and his friends should not leave to persons in another place, holding the same opinions as themselves, the task of answering what may be thrown out there. Is not the phalanx sufficient? It is no great compliment to their talents, considering their number, that they cannot be left to the task of answering the few to whom they are opposed; but, perhaps, the honourable gentleman has too little to do in this House, and is to be sent there himself. In truth I see no reason why even he might not be sent, as well as some others who have been sent there.

To return to the subject of the negotiation in 1797. It is, in my mind, extremely material to attend to the account which the right honourable gentleman gives of his memorable negotiation of 1797, and of his motives for entering into it. In all questions of peace and war, he says, many circumstances must necessarily enter into the consideration; and that they are not to be decided on the extremes; the determination must be made upon a balance and comparison of the evils or the advantages upon the one side and the other, and that one of the greatest considerations is that of finance. In 1797, the right honourable gentleman confesses he found himself peculiarly embarrassed as to the resources for the war, if they were to be found in the old and usual way of the funding system. Now, though he thought, upon his balance and comparison of considerations, that the evils of war would be fewer than those of peace, yet they would only be so provided that he could establish a "new and solid system of finance" in the place of the old and exhausted funding system; and to accomplish this, it was necessary to have the unanimous approbation of the people. To procure this unanimity, he pretended to be a friend to negotiation, though he did not wish for the success of that negotiation, but hoped, only, that through that means he should bring the people to agree to his new and solid system of finance. With these views, then, what does he do? Knowing that, contrary to his declarations in this House, the opinion of the people of England was generally for peace, he enters into a negotiation, in which, as the world believed at the time, and even until this day, he completely failed—no such thing, sir—he completely succeeded—for his object was not to gain peace; it was to gain over the people of this country to a "new and a solid system of finance"—that is, to the raising a great part of the supplies within the year, to the triple assessment, and to the tax upon income. And how did he gain them over? By pretending to be a friend of peace, which he was

not; and by opening a negotiation which he secretly wished might not succeed. The right honourable gentleman says, that in all this he was honest and sincere; he negotiated fairly, and would have obtained the peace, if the French had shown a disposition correspondent to his own; but he rejoiced that their conduct was such as to convince the people of England of the necessity of concurring with him in the views which he had, and in granting him the supplies which he thought essential to their posture at the time. Sir, I will not say that in all this he was not honest to his own purpose, and that he has not been honest in his declarations and confessions this night; but I cannot agree that he was honest to this House, or honest to the people of this country. To this House it was not honest to make them counteract the sense of the people, as he knew it to be expressed in the petitions upon the table; nor was it honest to the country to act in a disguise, and to pursue a secret purpose, unknown to them, while affecting to take the road which they pointed out. I know not whether this may not be honesty in the political ethics of the right honourable gentleman, but I know that it would be called by a very different name in the common transactions of society, and in the rules of morality established in private life. I know of nothing, in the history of this country, that it resembles, except, perhaps, one of the most profligate periods—the reign of Charles II, when the sale of Dunkirk might probably have been justified by the same pretence. Charles also declared war against France, and did it to cover a negotiation by which, in his difficulties, he was to gain a “solid system of finance.”

But, sir, I meet the right honourable gentleman on his own ground. I say that you ought to treat on the same principle as you treated in 1797, in order to gain the cordial co-operation of the people. “We want experience, and the evidence of facts.” Can there be any evidence of facts equal to that of a frank, open and candid negotiation? Let us see whether Bonaparte will display the same temper as his predecessors. If he shall do so, then you will confirm the people of England in their opinion of the necessity of continuing the war, and you will revive all the vigour which you roused in 1797. Or will you not do this until you have a reverse of fortune? Will you never treat, but when you are in a situation of distress, and when you have occasion to impose on the people?

“But,” you say, “we have not refused to treat.” You have stated a case in which you will be ready immediately to enter into a negotiation, viz., the restoration of the House of Bourbon; but you deny that this is a *sine qua non*; and in your nonsensical language, which I do not understand, you talk of “limited possibilities”

which may induce you to treat without the restoration of the House of Bourbon. But do you state what they are? Now, sir, I say, that if you put one case upon which you declare that you are willing to treat immediately, and say that there are other possible cases which may induce you to treat hereafter, without mentioning what these possible cases are, you do state a *sine qua non* of immediate treaty. Suppose I have an estate to sell, and I say my demand is £1,000 for it. I will sell the estate immediately for that sum. To be sure, there may be other terms upon which I may be willing to part with it; but I say nothing of them. The £1,000 is the only condition that I state now. Will any gentleman say that I do not make the £1,000 the *sine qua non* of the immediate sale? Thus you say, the restoration of the princes is not the only possible ground; but you give no other. This is your *projet*. Do you demand a *contre projet*? Do you follow your own rule? Do you not do the thing of which you complained in the enemy? You seemed to be afraid of receiving another proposition; and by confining yourselves to this one point, you make it in fact, though not in terms, your *sine qua non*.

But the right honourable gentleman, in his speech, does what the official note avoids—he finds there the convenient words, “experience and the evidence of facts”—upon these he goes into detail; and, in order to convince the House that new evidence is required, he goes back to all the earliest acts and crimes of the revolution—to all the atrocities of all the governments that have passed away, and he contends that he must have experience that these foul crimes are repented of, and that a purer and a better system is adopted in France, by which he may be sure that they shall be capable of maintaining relations of peace and amity. Sir, these are not conciliatory words; nor is this a practicable ground to gain experience. Does he think it possible that evidence of a peaceable demeanour can be obtained in war? What does he mean to say to the French consul? “Until you shall in war behave yourself in a peaceable manner, I will not treat with you.” Is there not something extremely ridiculous in this? In duels, indeed, we have often heard of this kind of language. Two gentlemen go out and fight; when, after discharging their pistols at one another, it is not an unusual thing for one of them to say to the other: “Now I am satisfied—I see that you are a man of honour, and we are friends again.” There is something, by the by, ridiculous even in this; but between nations it is more than ridiculous—it is criminal. It is a ground which no principle can justify, and which is as impracticable as it is impious. That two nations should be set on to beat one another into friendship, is too

abominable even for the fiction of romance; but for a statesman, seriously and gravely to lay it down as a system on which he means to act, is monstrous. What can we say of such a test as he means to put the French Government to, but that it is hopeless? It is the nature of war to inflame animosity—to exasperate, not to soothe—to widen, not to approximate. And so long as this is to be acted upon, it is vain to hope that we can have the evidence which we require.

The right honourable gentleman, however, thinks otherwise; and he points out four distinct possible cases, besides the re-establishment of the Bourbon family, in which he would agree to treat with the French.

I. "If Bonaparte shall conduct himself so as to convince him that he has abandoned the principles which were objectionable in his predecessors, and that he shall be actuated by a more moderate system." I ask you, sir, if this is likely to be ascertained in war? It is the nature of war not to allay but to inflame the passions; and it is not by the invective and abuse which have been thrown upon him and his government, nor by the continued irritations which war is sure to give, that the virtues of moderation and forbearance are to be nourished.

II. "If, contrary to the expectations of ministers, the people of France shall show a disposition to acquiesce in the government of Bonaparte." Does the right honourable gentleman mean to say that because it is a usurpation on the part of the present chief, therefore the people are not likely to acquiesce in it? I have not time, sir, to discuss the question of this usurpation, or whether it is likely to be permanent; but I certainly have not so good an opinion of the French, or of any people, as to believe that it will be short-lived, merely because it was a usurpation, and because it is a system of military despotism. Cromwell was a usurper; and in many points there may be found a resemblance between him and the present chief consul of France. There is no doubt but that, on several occasions of his life, Cromwell's sincerity may be questioned particularly in his self-denying ordinance—in his affected piety, and other things; but would it not have been insanity in France and Spain to refuse to treat with him, because he was a usurper? No, sir, these are not the maxims by which governments are actuated. They do not inquire so much into the means by which power may have been acquired, as into the fact of where the power resides. The people did acquiesce in the government of Cromwell; but it may be said that the splendour of his talents, the vigour of his administration, the high tone with which he spoke to foreign nations, the

success of his arms, and the character which he gave to the English name, induced the nation to acquiesce in his usurpation; and that we must not try Bonaparte by this example. Will it be said that Bonaparte is not a man of great abilities? Will it be said that he has not, by his victories, thrown a splendour over even the violence of the revolution, and that he does not conciliate the French people by the high and lofty tone in which he speaks to foreign nations? Are not the French, then, as likely as the English in the case of Cromwell, to acquiesce in his government? If they should do so, the right honourable gentleman may find that this possible predicament may fail him. He may find that though one power may make war, it requires two to make peace. He may find that Bonaparte was as insincere as himself, in the proposition which he made; and in his turn he may come forward and say: "I have no occasion now for concealment. It is true, that in the beginning of the year 1800 I offered to treat, not because I wished for peace, but because the people of France wished for it; and besides, my old resources being exhausted, and there being no means of carrying on the war without a 'new and solid system of finance,' I pretended to treat, because I wished to procure the unanimous assent of the French people to this 'new and solid system.' Did you think I was in earnest? You were deceived. I now throw off the mask; I have gained my point; and I reject your offers with scorn." Is it not a very possible case that he may use this language? Is it not within the right honourable gentleman's "knowledge of human nature"? But even if this should not be the case, will not the very test which you require—the acquiescence of the people of France in his government—give him an advantage ground in the negotiation which he does not possess now? Is it quite sure that when he finds himself safe in his seat, he will treat on the same terms as now, and that you will get a better peace some time hence, than you might reasonably hope to obtain at this moment? Will he not have one interest less than at present? And do you not overlook a favourable occasion, for a chance which is extremely doubtful? These are the considerations which I would urge to His Majesty's ministers, against the dangerous experiment of waiting for the acquiescence of the people of France.

III. "If the allies of this country shall be less successful than they have every reason to expect they will be, in stirring up the people of France against Bonaparte, and in the further prosecution of the war"; and,

IV. "If the pressure of the war should be heavier upon us than it would be convenient for us to continue to bear." These are the two

possible emergencies in which the right honourable gentleman would treat even with Bonaparte. Sir, I have often blamed the right honourable gentleman for being disingenuous and insincere. On the present occasion I certainly cannot charge him with any such thing. He has made tonight a most honest confession. He is open and candid. He tells Bonaparte fairly what he has to expect. "I mean," says he, "to do everything in my power to raise up the people of France against you. I have engaged a number of allies, and our combined efforts shall be used to excite insurrection and civil war in France. I will strive to murder you, or to get you sent away. If I succeed, well; but if I fail, then I will treat with you. My resources being exhausted, even my solid system of finance having failed to supply me with the means of keeping together my allies, and of feeding the discontents I have excited in France, then you may expect to see me renounce my high tone, my attachment to the House of Bourbon, my abhorrence of your crimes, my alarm at your principles; for then I shall be ready to own that, on the balance and comparison of circumstances, there will be less danger in concluding a peace than in the continuance of war!" Is this a language for one State to hold to another? And what sort of peace does the right honourable gentleman expect to receive in that case? Does he think that Bonaparte would grant to baffled insolence, to humiliated pride, to disappointment and to imbecility, the same terms which he would be willing to give now? The right honourable gentleman cannot have forgotten that he said on another occasion:—

*"Potuit quæ plurima virtus
Esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni."*

He would then have to repeat his words, but with a different application. He would have to say—all our efforts are vain—we have exhausted our strength—our designs are impracticable—and we must sue to you for peace.

Sir, what is the question this night? We are called upon to support ministers in refusing a frank, candid, and respectful offer of negotiation, and to countenance them in continuing the war. Now I would put the question in another way. Suppose ministers had been inclined to adopt the line of conduct which they pursued in 1796 and 1797, and that tonight, instead of a question on a war address, it had been an address to His Majesty, to thank him for accepting the overture, and for opening a negotiation to treat for peace; I ask the gentlemen opposite—I appeal to the whole 558 representatives of the people—to lay their hands upon their hearts, and to say whether they would not have cordially voted for such an

address? Would they, or would they not? Yes, sir, if the address had breathed a spirit of peace, your benches would have resounded with rejoicings, and with praises of a measure that was likely to bring back the blessings of tranquillity. On the present occasion, then, I ask for the vote of none, but of those who, in the secret confession of their conscience, admit, at this instant, while they hear me, that they would have cheerfully and heartily voted with the minister for an address directly the reverse of this. If every such gentleman were to vote with me, I should be this night in the greatest majority that ever I had the honour to vote with in this House.

Sir, we have heard tonight a great many most acrimonious invectives against Bonaparte, against the whole course of his conduct, and against the unprincipled manner in which he seized upon the reins of government. I will not make his defence. I think all this sort of invective, which is used only to inflame the passions of this House and of the country, exceedingly ill-timed, and very impolitic—but I say I will not make his defence. I am not sufficiently in possession of materials upon which to form an opinion on the character and conduct of this extraordinary man. Upon his arrival in France, he found the Government in a very unsettled state, and the whole affairs of the republic deranged, crippled and involved. He thought it necessary to reform the Government, and he did reform it, just in the way in which a military man may be expected to carry on a reform—he seized on the whole authority to himself. It will not be expected from me, that I should either approve or apologize for such an act. I am certainly not for reforming governments by such expedients; but how this House can be so violently indignant at the idea of military despotism, is, I own, a little singular, when I see the composure with which they can observe it nearer home; nay, when I see them regard it as a frame of government most peculiarly suited to the exercise of free opinion, on a subject the most important of any that can engage the attention of people. Was it not the system that was so happily and so advantageously established, of late, all over Ireland; and which, even now, the Government may at its pleasure, proclaim over the whole of that kingdom? Are not the persons and property of the people left, in many districts, at this moment, to the entire will of military commanders? And is not this held out as peculiarly proper and advantageous, at a time when the people of Ireland are freely, and with unbiased judgments, to discuss the most interesting question of a legislative union? Notwithstanding the existence of martial law, so far do we think Ireland from being enslaved, and we think it precisely the period and the circumstances under which she may best declare her free opinion! Now, really,



FOX WHIPPING PITT

Fox was an ardent upholder of the French Revolution and never lost an opportunity of publicly opposing Pitt's attitude to France, as summed up in this cartoon by Gillray.



THE MAN WHO MADE MUNITIONS

A photograph of Mr. Lloyd George taken in 1917, when he had just become Prime Minister. He is seen here leaving 10 Downing Street.

sir, I cannot think that gentlemen who talk in this way about Ireland can, with a good grace, rail at military despotism in France.

But, it seems, "Bonaparte has broken his oaths. He has violated his oath of fidelity to the constitution of the year 3." Sir, I am not one of those who think that any such oaths ought ever to be exacted. They are seldom or ever of any effect; and I am not for sporting with a thing so sacred as an oath. I think it would be good to lay aside all such oaths. Who ever heard that, in revolutions, the oath of fidelity to the former government was ever regarded; or even when violated, that it was imputed to the persons as a crime? In times of revolution, men who take up arms are called rebels. If they fail, they are adjudged to be traitors. But who ever heard before of their being perjured? On the restoration of Charles II, those who had taken up arms for the Commonwealth were stigmatized as rebels and traitors, but not as men foresworn. Was the Earl of Devonshire charged with being perjured, on account of the allegiance he had sworn to the House of Stuart, and the part he took in those struggles which preceded and brought about the revolution? The violation of oaths of allegiance was never imputed to the people of England, and will never be imputed to any people. But who brings up the question of oaths? He who strives to make twenty-four millions of persons violate the oaths they have taken to their present constitution, and who desires to re-establish the House of Bourbon by such violation of their vows. I put it so, sir, because, if the question of oaths be of the least consequence, it is equal on both sides. He who desires the whole people of France to perjure themselves, and who hopes for success in his project only upon their doing so, surely cannot make it a charge against Bonaparte that he has done the same.

"Ah! but Bonaparte has declared it as his opinion that the two Governments of Great Britain and of France cannot exist together. After the Treaty of Campo Formio, he sent two confidential persons, Berthier and Monge, to the directory to say so in his name." Well, and what is there in this absurd and puerile assertion, if it was ever made? Has not the right honourable gentleman, in this House, said the same thing? In this, at least, they resemble one another. They have both made use of this assertion; and I believe that these two illustrious persons are the only two on earth who think it. But let us turn the tables. We ought to put ourselves at times in the place of the enemy if we are desirous of really examining with candour and fairness the dispute between us. How may they not interpret the speeches of ministers and their friends, in both Houses of the

British Parliament? If we are to be told of the idle speech of Berthier and Monge, may they not also bring up speeches, in which it has not been merely hinted, but broadly asserted that "the two constitutions of England and France could not exist together"? May not these offences and charges be reciprocated without end? Are we ever to go on in this miserable squabble about words? Are we still, as we happen to be successful on the one side or other, to bring up these important accusations, insults and provocations against each other; and only when we are beaten and unfortunate to think of treating? Oh! pity the condition of man, gracious God! and save us from such a system of malevolence, in which all our old and venerated prejudices are to be done away, and by which we are to be taught to consider war as the natural state of man, and peace but as a dangerous and difficult extremity!

Sir, this temper must be corrected. It is a diabolical spirit, and would lead to interminable war. Our history is full of instances that where we have overlooked a proffered occasion to treat, we have uniformly suffered by delay. At what time did we ever profit by obstinately persevering in war? We accepted at Ryswick the terms we had refused five years before, and the same peace which was concluded at Utrecht might have been obtained at Gertruydenberg. And as to security from the future machinations or ambition of the French, I ask you, what security you ever had, or could have? Did the different treaties made with Louis XIV serve to tie his hands, to restrain his ambition, or to stifle his restless spirit? At what period could you safely repose in the honour, forbearance and moderation of the French Government? Was there ever an idea of refusing to treat, because the peace might be afterwards insecure? The peace of 1763 was not accompanied with securities; and it was no sooner made than the French Court began, as usual, its intrigues. And what security did the right honourable gentleman exact at the peace of 1783, in which he was engaged? Were we rendered secure by that peace? The right honourable gentleman knows well, that soon after that peace, the French formed a plan, in conjunction with the Dutch, of attacking our Indian possessions, of raising up the native Powers against us, and of driving us out of India; as the French are desirous of doing so now—only with this difference, that the Cabinet of France entered into this project in a moment of profound peace, and when they conceived us to be lulled into perfect security. After making the peace of 1783, the right honourable gentleman and his friends went out, and I among others, came into office. Suppose, sir, we had taken up the jealousy upon which the right honourable gentleman now acts, and had refused to ratify the peace that he had

made. Suppose that we had said: No, France is acting a perfidious part—we see no security for England in this treaty—they want only a respite, in order to attack us again in an important part of our dominions; and we ought not to confirm this treaty. I ask, would the right honourable gentleman have supported us in this refusal? I say that upon his present reasoning he ought; but I put it fairly to him, would he have supported us in refusing to ratify the treaty upon such a pretence? He certainly ought not, and I am sure he would not; but the course of reasoning which he now assumes would have justified his taking such a ground. On the contrary, I am persuaded that he would have said: “This is a refinement upon jealousy. Security! You have security, the only security that you can ever expect to get. It is the present interest to France to make peace. She will keep it if it be her interest; she will break it if it be her interest; such is the state of nations; and you have nothing but your own vigilance for your security.”

“It is not the interest of Bonaparte,” it seems, “sincerely to enter into a negotiation, or, if he should even make peace, sincerely to keep it.” But how are we to decide upon his sincerity? By refusing to treat with him? Surely if we mean to discover his sincerity, we ought to hear the propositions which he desires to make. “But peace would be unfriendly to his system of military despotism.” Sir, I heard a great deal about the short-lived nature of military despotism. I wish the history of the world would bear gentlemen out in this description of military despotism. Was not the Government erected by Augustus Cæsar a military despotism? and yet it endured for six or seven hundred years. Military despotism, unfortunately, is too likely in its nature to be permanent, and it is not true that it depends on the life of the first usurper. Though half the Roman emperors were murdered, yet the military despotism went on; and so it would be, I fear, in France. If Bonaparte should disappear from the scene, to make room, perhaps, for a Berthier, or any other general, what difference would that make in the quality of French despotism, or in our relation to the country? We may as safely treat with a Bonaparte, or with any of his successors, be they who they may, as we could with a Louis XVI, a Louis XVII, or a Louis XVIII. There is no difference but in the name. Where the power essentially resides, thither we ought to go for peace.

But, sir, if we are to reason on the fact, I should think it is the interest of Bonaparte to make peace. A lover of military glory, as that general must necessarily be, may he not think that his measure of glory is full—that it may be tarnished by a reverse of fortune, and can hardly be increased by any new laurels? He must feel, that in

the situation to which he is now raised, he can no longer depend on his own fortune, his own genius, and his own talents, for a continuance of his success; he must be under the necessity of employing other generals, whose misconduct or incapacity might endanger his power, or whose triumphs even might affect the interest which he holds in the opinion of the French. Peace, then, would secure to him what he has achieved, and fix the inconstancy of fortune. But this will not be his only motive. He must see that France also requires a respite—a breathing interval, to recruit her wasted strength. To procure her this respite, would be, perhaps, the attainment of more solid glory, as well as the means of acquiring more solid power, than anything which he can hope to gain from arms, and from the proudest triumphs. May he not then be jealous to gain this fame, the only species of fame, perhaps, that is worth acquiring? Nay, granting that his soul may still burn with the thirst for military exploits, is it not likely that he is disposed to yield to the feelings of the French people, and to consolidate his power by consulting their interests? I have a right to argue in this way, when suppositions of his insincerity are reasoned upon on the other side. Sir, these aspersions are in truth always idle, and even mischievous. I have been too long accustomed to hear imputations and calumnies thrown out upon great and honourable characters, to be much influenced by them. My honourable and learned friend (Mr. Erskine) has paid this night a most just, deserved and honourable tribute of applause to the memory of that great and unparalleled character, who has been so recently lost to the world. I must, like him, beg leave to dwell a moment on the venerable George Washington, though I know that it is impossible for me to bestow anything like adequate praise on a character which gave us, more than any other human being, the example of a perfect man; yet, good, great and unexampled as George Washington was, I can remember the time when he was not better spoken of in this House than Bonaparte is now. The right honourable gentleman who opened this debate (Mr. Dundas) may remember in what terms of disdain, of virulence, and even of contempt, General Washington was spoken of by gentlemen on that side of the House. Does he not recollect with what marks of indignity any member was stigmatized as an enemy to his country, who mentioned with common respect the name of George Washington? If a negotiation had then been proposed to be opened with great men, what would have been said? “Would you treat with a rebel, a traitor! What an example would you not give by such an act!” I do not know whether the right honourable gentleman may not yet possess some of his old prejudices on the subject. I

hope not. I hope by this time we are all convinced that a republican government, like that of America, may exist without danger or injury to social order, or to established monarchies. They have happily shown that they can maintain the relations of peace and amity with other States; they have shown, too, that they are alive to the feelings of honour; but they do not lose sight of plain good sense and discretion. They have not refused to negotiate with the French, and they have accordingly the hopes of a speedy termination of every difference—we cry up their conduct, but we do not imitate it. At the beginning of the struggle we were told that the French were setting up a set of wild and impracticable theories, and we ought not to be misled by them—we could not grapple with theories. Now we are told that we must not treat, because, out of the lottery, Bonaparte has drawn such a prize as military despotism. Is military despotism a theory? One would think that that is one of the practical things which ministers might understand, and to which they would have no particular objection. But what is our present conduct founded on but a theory, and that a most wild and ridiculous theory? What are we fighting for? Not for a principle; not for security; not for conquest even; but merely for an experiment and a speculation, to discover whether a gentleman at Paris may not turn out a better man than we now take him to be.

My honourable friend (Mr. Whitbread) has been censured for an opinion which he gave, and I think justly, that the change of property in France since the revolution must form an insuperable barrier to the return of the ancient proprietors. "No such thing," says the right honourable gentleman; "nothing can be more easy. Property is depreciated to such a degree that the purchasers would easily be brought to restore the estates." I very much differ with him in this idea. It is the character of every such convulsion as that which has ravaged France, that an infinite and indescribable load of misery is inflicted upon private families. The heart sickens at the recital of the sorrows which it engenders. No revolution implied, though it may have occasioned, a total change of property. The restoration of the Bourbons does imply it and there is the difference. There is no doubt but that if the noble families had foreseen the duration and the extent of the evils which were to fall upon their heads, they would have taken a very different line of conduct. But they unfortunately flew from their country. The king and his advisers sought foreign aid. A confederacy was formed to restore them by military force; and as a means of resisting this combination, the estates of the fugitives were confiscated and sold. However compassion may deplore the case, it cannot be said that the thing is

unprecedented. The people have always resorted to such means of defence. Now the question is, how this property is to be got out of their hands? If it be true, as I have heard, that the purchasers of national and forfeited estates amount to 1,500,000 persons, I see no hopes of their being forced to deliver up their property; nor do I even know that they ought. I question the policy, even if the thing were practicable; but I assert that such a body of new proprietors forms an insurmountable barrier to the restoration of the ancient order of things. Never was a revolution consolidated by a pledge so strong.

But, as if this were not itself sufficient, Louis XVIII, from his retirement at Mittau, puts forth a manifesto, in which he assures the friends of his House, that he is about to come back with all the powers which formerly belonged to his family. He does not promise to the people a Constitution which may tend to conciliate; but, stating that he is to come with all the *ancien régime*, they would naturally attach to it its proper appendages of bastilles—*lettres de cachet*, *gabelle*, etc. And the *noblesse*, for whom this proclamation was peculiarly conceived, would also naturally feel, that if the monarch was to be restored to all his privileges, they surely were to be reinstated in their estates without a compensation to the purchasers. Is this likely to make the people wish for the restoration of royalty? I have no doubt but there may be a number of Chouans in France, though I am persuaded that little dependence is to be placed on their efforts. There may be a number of people dispersed over France, and particularly in certain provinces, who may retain a degree of attachment to royalty; and how the Government will contrive to compromise with that spirit, I know not. I suspect, however, that Bonaparte will try; his efforts have been turned to that object; and, if we may believe report, he has succeeded to a considerable degree. He will naturally call to his recollection the precedent which the history of France itself will furnish. The once formidable insurrection of the Huguenots was completely stifled and the party conciliated, by the policy of Henry IV, who gave them such privileges and raised them so high in the Government, as to make some persons apprehend danger therefrom to the unity of the empire. Nor will the French be likely to forget the revocation of the edict—one of the memorable acts of the House of Bourbon—an act which was never surpassed in atrocity, injustice and impolicy, by anything that has disgraced Jacobinism. If Bonaparte shall attempt some similar arrangement to that of Henry IV, with the Chouans, who will say that he is likely to fail? He will meet with no great obstacle to success from the influence which our ministers have established with the chiefs, or in

the attachment and dependence which they have on our protection; for what has the right honourable gentleman told him, in stating the contingencies in which he will treat with Bonaparte? He will excite a rebellion in France—he will give support to the Chouans, if they can stand their ground; but he will not make common cause with them; for unless they can depose Bonaparte, send him into banishment, or execute him, he will abandon the Chouans, and treat with this very man, whom, at the same time, he describes as holding the reins and wielding the powers of France for purposes of unexampled barbarity.

Sir, I wish the atrocities of which we hear so much, and which I abhor as much as any man, were, indeed, unexampled. I fear that they do not belong exclusively to the French. When the right honourable gentleman speaks of the extraordinary successes of the last campaign, he does not mention the horrors by which some of those successes were accompanied. Naples, for instance, has been, among others, what is called “delivered,” and yet if I am rightly informed, it has been stained and polluted with murders so ferocious, and by cruelties of every kind so abhorrent, that the heart shudders at the recital. It has been said not only that the miserable victims of the rage and brutality of the fanatics were savagely murdered, but that, in many instances, their flesh was eaten and devoured by cannibals who are the advocates and the instruments of social order! Nay, England is not totally exempt from reproach, if the rumours which are circulated be true. I will mention a fact, to give ministers the opportunity, if it be false, of wiping away the stain that it must otherwise fix on the British name. It is said that a party of the republican inhabitants of Naples took shelter in the fortress of Castel de Uova. They were besieged by a detachment from the royal army, to whom they refused to surrender; but demanded that a British officer should be brought forward, and to him they capitulated. They made terms with him under the sanction of the British name. It was agreed that their persons and their property should be safe, and that they should be conveyed to Toulon. They were accordingly put on board a vessel; but before they sailed, their property was confiscated, numbers of them taken out, thrown into dungeons, and some of them I understand, notwithstanding the British guarantee, actually executed.

Where then, sir, is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till you establish the House of Bourbon! And this you cherish the hope of doing, because you have had a successful campaign. Why, sir, before you have had a successful campaign? The situation of the

Allies, with all they have gained, is surely not to be compared now to what it was when you had taken Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Condé, etc., which induced some gentlemen in this House to prepare themselves for a march to Paris; with all that you have gained, you surely will not say that the prospect is brighter now than it was then. What have you gained but the recovery of a part of what you before lost? One campaign is successful to you—another to them; and in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred and rancour, which are infinitely more flagitious, even, than those of ambition and the thirst for power, you may go on for ever; as, with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery. And all this without an intelligible motive—all this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence! So that we are called upon to go on merely as a speculation. We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of probation. Gracious God, sir, is it a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Is your vigilance, your policy, your common powers of observation to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings? “But we must *pause*!” What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasure wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves—Oh! that you would put yourselves—in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict. If a man had been present at the Battle of Blenheim, for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings—they were fighting to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarque. But, if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—“Fighting!” would he answer; “they are not fighting, they are *pausing*.” “Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing in agony? What means this implacable fury?” The answer must be: “You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself. They are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely *pausing*!—this man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir. They are not angry with one another; they have no cause of quarrel—but their country thinks there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed

in it whatever. It is nothing more than a *political pause*! It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the meantime we have agreed to pause, in pure friendship!” And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world, to destroy order, to trample on religion, to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation around you.

Sir, I have done. I have told you my opinion. I think you ought to have given a civil, clear and explicit answer to the overture which was fairly and handsomely made to you. If you were desirous that the negotiation should have included all your allies, as the means of bringing about a general peace, you should have told Bonaparte so; but I believe you were afraid of his agreeing to the proposal. You took that method before. “Aye, but,” you say, “the people were anxious for peace in 1797.” I say they are friends to peace now; and I am confident that you will one day own it. Believe me, they are friends to peace; although, by the laws which you have made, restraining the expression of the sense of the people, public opinion cannot now be heard as loudly and unequivocally as heretofore. But I will not go into the internal state of this country. It is too afflicting to the heart to see the strides which have been made, by means of, and under the miserable pretext of this war; against liberty of every kind, both of speech and of writing; and to observe in another kingdom the rapid approaches to that military despotism which we affect to make an argument against peace. I know, sir, that public opinion, if it could be collected, would be for peace, as much now as in 1797, and I know that it is only by public opinion—not by a sense of their duty—not by the inclination of their own minds—that ministers will be brought, if ever, to give us peace. I conclude, sir, with repeating what I said before; I ask for no gentleman’s vote who would have reprobated the compliance of ministers with the proposition of the French Government; I ask for no gentleman’s support tonight who would have voted against ministers, if they had come down and proposed to enter into a negotiation with the French; but I have a right to ask—I know, that in honour, in consistency, in conscience, I have a right to expect the vote of every gentleman who would have voted with ministers in an address to His Majesty, diametrically opposite to the motion of this night.

GEORGE CANNING

George Canning was an enthusiastic disciple of Pitt the Younger. His growing power was checked by the reactionary wave which spread over Europe after 1815, but in 1822, after the tragic suicide of Castlereagh, then the Marquis of Londonderry, Canning took his place as Foreign Secretary, and the liberal policies learnt from Pitt were once more advocated. He broke with the "Holy Alliance," which the Continental Powers had formed to check any movements for emancipation and revolution; and he laid down the policy of non-interference in the domestic affairs of foreign Powers, thus refusing to aid the despots. It was part of his policy to recognize as independent the South American States who had broken away from Spanish tyranny. In this speech he lays before the House his opinion on this particular subject.

RECOGNITION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATES

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
JUNE 15, 1824

UNQUESTIONABLY, sir, I am very far from having anything to complain of, either with respect to the tone or topics with which my honourable and learned friend has introduced his speech; and if the observations which I shall feel it my duty to make upon that speech, or the petition on which it is founded, shall bear but a small proportion to his address, I hope he will do me the justice to believe that it is not in consequence of any offence at what he has said, or any disrespect for his opinions. But my honourable and learned friend must be fully aware, that though there are in what he believed might be called the late Spanish colonies great questions involved, anything which may fall from me, on the part of His Majesty's Government, would be likely to produce effects, which neither he nor I could wish to witness. I, therefore, must rather restrain every disposition which I feel to follow my honourable and learned friend through the various topics upon which he has touched, and confine myself, as much as possible, to a simple statement of facts, with no other qualification than a full and clear understanding of them.

My honourable and learned friend has gone over the papers, formally laid on the table, and given a just analysis of the course hitherto pursued by His Majesty's Government, with respect to the South American colonies. He has justly stated that the first question,

in point of order, for that consideration, was the questions between the parent State and her colonies; and that the course laid down by ministers, was one of strict neutrality. In doing this, it was also right to observe, that allowing the colonists to assume an equal belligerent rank with the parent country we did, *pro tanto*, raise them in the scale of nations.

My honourable and learned friend has justly said, and it was also stated by the petitioners, that, in the year 1822, the extent of the commerce then existing between this country and the colonies of Spain, led to another *de facto* recognition of their separate political existence; we recognized their commercial flag; which was admitted to the same advantages as the flags of independent States in amity with England. He has also most correctly remarked, that the next step was taken before the breaking out of the war between France and Spain; an intimation was at that period given to Spain, privately in the first instance, and afterwards publicly to the whole world, that to the British Government it appeared that time and events had very substantially decided the question of separation; but that the fact of recognition must be determined by various circumstances, and, among others, by the internal state of each of the colonies so claiming recognition.

My honourable and learned friend further stated, with the same accuracy, that after the declaration made to Spain—after the publication of that declaration, which left neither to Spain, nor to any other Power, cause of complaint—if Great Britain should think fit to act practically upon it, the circumstances of the last year induced this country to suspend even the consideration of that question—to suspend the mission of commercial agents to South America—and to remain inactive and undecided, until the decision of the contest in which France and Spain were engaged.

Immediately after the decision of that contest, or rather, I should say, at the moment of its decision, and before any consequences could arise, and any step be taken by France, or by other Powers of Europe, a warning was given by this country, in the clearest terms, as to the course she would pursue on any proposal for a joint conference or congress on the affairs of Spanish America. My honourable and learned friend has faithfully recalled to the recollection of the House, the particular expressions of that warning.

The next stage in the course of these transactions was the proposal, on the part of Spain, that this country should become a member of such a congress, and join in such a conference. That proposal was followed by our refusal. On the mode in which that proposal was made, first as it related to Spain, and next as it referred to the colonies,

the House is already so perfectly advised, that it is not necessary for me to dwell upon it. Since that period (and this forms the last stage of these transactions) a public discussion has taken place in this House. The state in which things remained the last time the question was agitated within these walls, was this. It was stated that the King's Government, though reserving to themselves the right of acting as they should think fit, in reference to the interests of Great Britain involved in those colonies, yet thought it not merely politically expedient, but just and generous, to afford Spain the opportunity of precedence, and absolutely to suspend any decision, until they knew in what way she would avail herself of that opportunity.

What I have now to state is, that that condition is at an end, and that, with respect to any further steps to be taken by this country towards the Spanish American colonies, she must act for herself. What has passed upon this point between the two Cabinets, it is not necessary for me to particularize; but the result is that the British Government is left to act upon its own decision, without any further reference to Spain. Such is the result I have to state, and the only communication I have to make to the House ends. I trust honourable gentlemen will see that in stating what is a fact, I avoid, rather than incur, the danger to which I referred, and which might arise from the agitation of this question. I apprehend that I should run the risk of that peril, if I were to state any ulterior, conjectural, or even hypothetical case; I shall, therefore, carefully shun it. Here I should conclude what I have to address to the House, were I not glad of the opportunity afforded me by the speech of my honourable and learned friend, and which opportunity I undoubtedly thanked him for, of putting on its true ground, and in its just light, the expression of "recognition" which has been so much mistaken.

It is perfectly true, as has been mentioned, that the term "recognition" has been much abused; and, unfortunately, that abuse has perhaps been supported by some authority; it has clearly two senses, in which it is to be differently understood. If the colonies say to the mother country: "We assert our independence," and the mother country answers: "I admit it," that is recognition in one sense. If the colonies say to another State: "We are independent," and that other State replies: "I allow that you are so," that is recognition in another sense of the term. That other State simply acknowledges the fact, or rather its opinion of the fact; but she confers nothing, unless, under particular circumstances, she may be considered as conferring a favour. Therefore, it is one question, whether the recognition of the independence of the colonies shall take place, Spain being a party to such recognition; and another question, whether, Spain withholding

what no power on earth can necessarily extort by fire, sword or conquest, if she maintains silence without a positive refusal, other countries should acknowledge that independence. I am sure that my honourable and learned friend will agree with me in thinking that his exposition of the different senses of the word "recognition" is the clearest argument in favour of the course we originally took: namely, that of wishing that the recognition in the minor sense should carry with it recognition by the mother country in the major sense. The recognition by a neutral Power alone cannot, in the very nature of things, carry with it the same degree of authority, as if it were accompanied by the recognition of the mother country also. If, therefore, the Government of Great Britain had looked exclusively to the interests of the colonial States, she would reasonably pursue the course we have in fact taken; it must have been an object of higher importance to those States, that the recognition by Great Britain should be delayed, in the hope of bringing with it a similar concession from Spain, rather than that the recognition by Great Britain should have been so precipitate as to postpone if not prevent, the recognition by the mother country. Whether all hope is over of any such step, on the part of Spain, is another question. Our obligation, then, as a matter of fact, is at an end—I am enabled to say that positively. The rest is a matter of opinion, and must depend upon a balance of probabilities. But, as my honourable and learned friend has said, this simple sense of the term "recognition" has been very much misunderstood, both here and in other places; because though there is nothing more plain and easy than the acknowledging the fact (if fact it be), that such a Government is independent, yet I am quite certain he will agree with me, that it may make a difference, if that acknowledgment be asked, which implies an expectation of consequences which do not necessarily belong to it. I am sure he will feel that great as the boon of recognition, in its simplest sense, might be to any new Government, it would be greater if, though given in one sense, it were accepted in another. It might be given as a mere acknowledgment of a fact, and accepted as a sort of treaty of alliance and co-operation.

I am not ignorant of the many commercial interests that call for this proceeding; but, if what is required were granted, some suppose that it would necessarily have the effect of tranquillizing the State, establishing and confirming its independence. The simple recognition by any neutral Power, if it were not misunderstood, could have no such effect. I am, therefore, anxious that exaggerated expectations should not be indulged. As to what might be the immediate consequences of recognition, my honourable and learned friend has put

two cases, the possibility of the existence of one of which I certainly do not feel. He says that South America must either be considered as one great mass, and then the contest in any part bears but a small proportion to the tranquillity of the whole; or that each separate State must be considered by itself, and then only the State in which the contest exists can fairly be excluded from recognition. I have no sort of difficulty in saying that to take South America as a mass presents a physical impossibility; and my honourable and learned friend does not pretend that there is any Government established which had authority over the whole. That position will, therefore, certainly be of no assistance to his argument.

The other point of view he has presented deserves more consideration; namely, how far we are to consider each separated State entitled to recognition. Into this part of the argument I do not go at present; this is a horn of his dilemma with which I am not, for various reasons, now prepared to contend. I will state only, that though I agree with him that we have no pretence to be so difficult and scrupulous as to insist that a new Government shall have all the stability of an old one before we acknowledge its independence, yet we must act with some degree of caution before we can give our fiat, even if it be understood to amount to no more than a declaration of opinion. We are not bound, indeed, to be so sure of our ground, as to be able to answer for it that our opinion shall turn out to be true; but we are bound to take care to have the chances in its favour. The principle to guide us is this: that as the whole of our conduct should be essentially neutral, we ought not to acknowledge the separate and independent existence of any Government which is so doubtfully established that the mere effect of that acknowledgment shall be to mix parties again in internal squabbles, if not in open hostilities. My honourable and learned friend is aware that, before we can act, information as to matters of fact is necessary. We have taken the means to obtain that information; but we are not yet in possession of that official intelligence, which will enable us to arrive at a decision. Even with regard to the particular State last alluded to, Colombia, I know what has passed there, only through the same channels of information my honourable and learned friend seems to have consulted—I mean the newspapers. I have seen much that I think must be rather exaggerated, but I have yet no authentic record by which I can correct the public statements.

This is all that I think it consistent with my duty to state to my honourable and learned friend. To every principle laid down in the papers he has read, and on which he has bestowed commendation, the King's Government steadfastly adheres. The progress made since we

last had any communication on the subject, is a proof that we have proceeded in the execution of those principles; and as my honourable and learned friend approves of all that is stated in those documents, he must, I apprehend, approve equally of what subsequently occurred.

The House will judge whether it is expedient, in the present state of affairs necessarily partaking of so much uncertainty, to press the discussion beyond the information I have been able to give; or whether it would not complicate, and perhaps retard, rather than accelerate, the object in view. I have only to add, that the proposal originally made by Spain to this country, to become a party to a congress on the affairs of South America, had been repeated, and again refused by the Government of Great Britain.

RICHARD COBDEN

Richard Cobden, together with Bright, will always be remembered as the leader of the Anti-Corn Law League, and the advocate for Free Trade. His was no fine flow of oratory, but the careful marshalling of facts and statistics coupled with a clear, simple style—a very convincing combination. This speech, delivered in the House, a year before the repeal of the Corn Laws, is very typical of him.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

MARCH 13, 1845

I AM relieved on this occasion from any necessity to apologize to the other side of the House for this motion having emanated from myself; for I expressed a hope, when I gave my notice, that the subject would be taken up by some one of the hon. Members opposite. I hope, therefore, that in any reply which may be offered to the observations I am about to submit to the consideration of the House, I shall not hear, as I did in the last year, that this motion comes from a suspicious quarter. I will also add, that I have so arranged its terms as to include in it the objects embraced in both the amendments of which notice has been given (Mr. Woodhouse's and Mr. S. O'Brien's), and therefore I conclude that the hon. Members who have given those notices will not think it necessary to press them, but rather will concur in this motion. Its object is the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of the agricultural interests, with a view to ascertain how far the

law affecting the importation of agricultural produce has affected those interests.

Now, that there is distress among the farmers I presume cannot be established upon higher authority than that of those who profess to be "the farmer's friends." I learn from those hon. gentlemen who have been paying their respects to the Prime Minister, that the agriculturalists are in a state of great embarrassment and distress. I find one gentleman from Norfolk, Mr. Hudson, stating that the farmers in Norfolk are paying rents out of capital; while Mr. Turner from Devonshire assured the right hon. baronet (Sir R. Peel) that one half of the smaller farmers in that country are insolvent, that the other half is rapidly hastening to the same condition, and that, unless some remedial measures are adopted by the House, they will be plunged into irretrievable poverty. These accounts from those counties agree with what I hear from other sources, and I will put it to hon. Members opposite whether the condition of the farmers in Suffolk, Wiltshire, and Hampshire is any better. I will put it to county Members whether, looking to the whole of the South of England from the confines of Nottinghamshire to the Land's End, the farmers are not in a state of embarrassment—whether, as a rule, that is not their condition. Then, according to every precedent in the House, this is a fit and proper time to bring forward this motion; and I will venture to say, that if the Duke of Buckingham had a seat in this House he would do what he as Lord Chandos did—move such a resolution.

The distress of the farmer being admitted, the next question that arises is, what is the cause of this distress? Now, I feel the greater necessity for a committee of inquiry, because I find a great discrepancy of opinion as to the cause. One right hon. gentleman has said that the distress is local, and moreover, that it does not arise from legislation; while the hon. Member for Dorsetshire (Mr. Bankes) declared that it is general, and that it does arise from legislation. I am at a loss, indeed, to understand what this protection to agriculture means, because I find such contradictory accounts given in the House by the promoters of it. For instance, nine months ago the hon. Member for Wolverhampton (Mr. Villiers) brought forward his motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws; and the right hon. gentleman then at the head of the Board of Trade (Mr. Gladstone) stated in reply to him, that the last Corn Law had been most successful in its operation, and he took great credit to the Government for the steadiness of price obtained under it. As these things are so often disputed, it is as well to give the quotation. The right hon. gentleman said:—

"Was there any man who had supported the law in the year 1842, who could honestly say that he had been disappointed in its working? Could any one point out a promise or a prediction hazarded in the course of the protracted debates upon the measure, which promise or prediction had been subsequently falsified?"

Now, let the House recollect that the right hon. gentleman was speaking when wheat was 56s. 8d.; but wheat is at present 45s. The right hon. baronet at the head of the Government said that his legislation on the subject had nothing to do with wheat being 45s.; but how is the difficulty to be got over, that the head of the Board of Trade, nine months ago, claimed merit to the Government for having kept up wheat to that price? These discrepancies in the Government itself, and between the Government and its supporters, renders it more necessary that this "protection" should be inquired into.

I must ask. What does it mean? We have prices now of 45s. I have been speaking within the last week to the highest authority in England—one often quoted in this House—and I learned from him that, with another favourable harvest, it was quite likely that wheat would be at 35s. What does this legislation mean, if we are to have prices fluctuating from 56s. to 35s.? Can this be prevented by legislation? That is the question. There is a rank delusion spread abroad among the farmers; and it is the duty of the House to dispel that delusion, and to institute an inquiry into the matter.

But there is a difference of opinion on my own side of the House, and some members, representing great and powerful interests, think the farmers are suffering because they have this legislative protection. This difference of opinion makes the subject a fit and proper one for inquiry in a committee; and I am prepared to bring evidence before it, to show that farmers are labouring under great evils—evils that I can connect with the Corn Laws, though they appear to be altogether differently caused.

The first great evil they labour under is a want of capital. No one can deny it; it is notorious. I do not say it disparagingly of the farmers. The farmers of this country are just of the same race as the rest of Englishmen, and, if placed in the same situation, would be as successful men of business and traders and manufacturers as their countrymen; but it is notorious, as a rule, that they are deficient in capital. Hon. gentlemen acquainted with farming will probably admit that £10 an acre, on arable land, is a competent capital for carrying on the business of farming successfully; but I have made many inquiries in all parts of the kingdom, and I give it as my decided conviction, that at the present moment the farmers' capital does not average £5 an acre, taking the whole of England

south of the Trent, and including all Wales. Though, of course, there are exceptions in every county—men of large capital—men farming their own land—I am convinced that this is true, as a rule, and I am prepared to back my opinion by witnesses before a committee. Here, then, is a tract of country comprehending probably 20,000,000 of cultivable acres, and £100,000,000 more capital is wanted for its cultivation.

What is the meaning of “farming capital”? It means more manuring, more labour, more cattle, larger crops. But let us fancy a country in which there is a deficiency of all those things which ought to be there, and then guess what must be the condition of the labourers wanting employment and food. It may be said that capital would be there, if it were a profitable investment. I admit it; and thus the question comes to be: How is it, that in a country overflowing with capital—where there is a plethora in every other business—where every other pursuit is abounding with money—when money is going to France for railroads, and to Pennsylvania for bonds—when it is connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by canals, and diving to the bottom of Mexican mines for investment—it yet finds no employment in the most attractive of all spots, the soil of this country itself?

Admitting the evil, with all its train of fearful consequences, what is the cause of it? There can be no doubt whatever—it is admitted by the highest authorities, that the cause is this—there is not security for capital on the land. Capital shrinks instinctively from insecurity of tenure, and we have not in England that security which will warrant men of capital investing their money in the soil. Is it not a matter worthy of consideration, how far this insecurity of tenure is bound up with the “protection” system of which hon. Members opposite are so enamoured? Suppose it could be shown that they are in a vicious circle; that they have made politics of Corn Laws; that they wanted voters to retain Corn Laws; that they think the Corn Laws a great mine of wealth, and therefore will have dependent tenants, that they may have votes at elections and so retain these laws. If they will have dependent voters they cannot have men of spirit and of capital. Then their policy reacts upon them; if they have not men of skill and capital, they cannot have protection and employment for the labourer; and then comes round the vicious termination—pauperism, poor rates, county rates, and all the evils from which they are asking the Prime Minister to relieve them.

But here I have to quote authorities, and I shall quote some of the highest consideration with the opposite side of the House. I

will just state the opinion of the hon. Member for Berkshire (Mr. Pusey), delivered at the meeting of the Suffolk Agricultural Society. That hon. gentleman said:—

“He knew this country well, and he knew there was not a place from Plymouth to Berwick in which the landlords might not make improvements; but when the tenant was short of money, the landlord generally would be short of money, too. But he would tell them how to find friends. There were many districts where there was a great superfluity not only of useless but of mischievous timber; and if they would cut that down which excluded the sun and air, and fed on the soil, and sell it, they would benefit the farmer by cutting it down, and they would benefit the farmer and labourer, too, by laying out the proceeds in underdraining the soil. There was another mode in which they might find money. He knew that on some properties a large sum was spent in the preservation of game. It was not at all unusual for the game to cost £500 or £600 a year; and if this were given up, the money would employ a hundred able-bodied labourers in improving the property. This was another fund for the landlords of England to benefit the labourers, and the farmers at the same time.”

Again, at the Colchester agricultural meeting:—

“Mr. Fisher Hobbes was aware that a spirit of improvement was abroad. Much was said about the tenant-farmers doing more. He agreed they might do more: the soil of the country was capable of greater production; if he said one-fourth more, he should be within compass. But that could not be done by the tenant-farmer alone; they must have confidence; it must be done by leases—by draining—by extending the length of fields—by knocking down hedgerows, and clearing away trees which now shielded the corn.”

But there was still higher authority. At the late meeting at Liverpool, Lord Stanley declared:—

“I say, and as one connected with the land I feel myself bound to say it, that a landlord has no right to expect any great and permanent improvement of his land by the tenant, unless that tenant be secured the repayment of his outlay, not by the personal character or honour of his landlord, but by a security which no casualties can interfere with—the security granted him by the terms of a lease for years.”

Not only does the want of security prevent capital from flowing to the soil, but it actually hinders the improvement of the land by those who already occupy it. There are many tenants who could improve their land if they were made secure; they either have capital themselves, or their friends can advance it; but with the want of leases, with the want of security, they are deterred from laying out their money. Everything is kept “from year to year.” It is impossible to farm properly unless money is invested in land for

more than a year. A man ought to begin farming with a prospect of waiting eight years before he can see a return for what he must do in the first year or two. Tenants, therefore, are prevented by their landlords from carrying on cultivation properly. They are made servile and dependent, disinclined to improvement, afraid to let the landlord see that they could improve their farms, lest he should pounce on them for an increase of rent. The hon. Member for Lincolnshire (Mr. Christopher) is offended at these expressions; what said that hon. Member on the motion of the hon. Member for Manchester (Mr. Gibson) last year on agricultural statistics?

"It was most desirable for the farmer to know the actual quantity of corn grown in this country, as such knowledge would insure steadiness of prices, which was infinitely more valuable to the agriculturist than fluctuating prices. But to ascertain this there was extreme difficulty. They could not leave it to the farmer to make a return of the quantity which he produced, for it was not for his interest to do so. If in any one or two years he produced four quarters per acre on land which had previously grown but three, he might fear lest his landlord would say, 'Your land is more productive than I imagined, and I must therefore raise your rent.' The interest of the farmers, therefore, would be to underrate, and to furnish low returns."

Here is a little evidence of the same kind that is to be gathered from the meeting of the South Devon Agricultural Association, where the Rev. C. Johnson said:—

"He knew it had been thought that landlords were ready to avail themselves of such associations, on account of the opportunity it afforded them of diving into their tenants' affairs and opening their eyes. An instance of this occurred to him at a recent ploughing match, where he met a respectable agriculturist whom he well knew, and asked him if he was going to it. He said, 'No.' 'Why?' Because he did not approve of such things. This 'why' produced another 'why,' and the man gave a reason why: Suppose he sent a plough and man, with two superior horses; the landlord at once would say, 'This man is doing too well on my estate,' and increase the rent."

I will ask the landed gentry of England what state of things is this that the farmer dares not appear to have a good pair of horses, or to derive four quarters where the land had formerly produced only three. Hon. Members cheer, but I ask, is it not so? I must say, that the condition of things indicated by those two quotations brings the farmer very near down in point of servility to the ryot of the East. The one takes the utmost care to conceal the amount of his produce, the other suffers the bastinado rather than tell how much corn is grown. The tenant, indeed, is not afraid of the bastinado, but he is kept in fear of a distress for rent.

This is the state of tenant farming without a lease, and in England a lease is the exception and not the rule. But even sometimes, when there is a lease or agreement, the case is still worse, for the clauses and covenants are of such an obsolete and preposterous character, that I will defy any man to carry on the business of farming properly under them. I will just read a passage from a Cheshire lease—an actual lease—to show in what sort of way the tenant farmer is bound down:—

“To pay the landlord £20 for every statute acre of ground, and so in proportion for a less quantity, that shall be converted into tillage, or used contrary to the appointment before made; and £5 for every hundredweight of hay, thrave of straw, load of potatoes, or cartload of manure, that shall be sold or taken from the premises during the term; and £10 for every tree fallen, cut down, destroyed, cropped, lopped or topped, or willingly suffered so to be; and £20 for every servant or other person so hired or admitted as to gain a settlement in the township; and £10 per statute acre and so in proportion for a less quantity of the said land, which the tenant shall lot off or underlet, such sums to be paid on demand after every breach, and in default of payment to be considered as reserved rent, and levied by distress and sale, as rent in arrear may be levied and raised; and to do six days’ boon team work whenever called upon; and to keep for the landlord one dog, and one cock or hen; and to make no marlpit without the landlord’s consent first obtained in writing, after which the same is to be properly filled in; nor to allow any inmate to remain on the premises after six days’ notice; nor to keep nor feed any sheep, except such as are used for the consumption of the family.”

What is such an instrument as this? I will tell the House what it is. It is a trap for unwary men—a barrier against capital and intelligence, and a fetter to any free man. No one can farm under such a lease. The hon. Member for Shoreham (Sir C. Burrell) cheered; but, if hon. Members would look into their own leases, though there may not be the “cocks and hens, and dogs,” and probably not the “team work,” they will find almost as great absurdities. These documents are generally taken from old, dusty, antediluvian remains, that some lawyer’s clerk drew from a pigeon hole, and copied out for every incoming tenant; something that had been in existence perhaps for five hundred years. You give men no credit for being able to discover any improvements; in fact, you tie them down from improving; you go upon the assumption that there will be no improvement, and do your best to prevent it. I do not know why we should not have leases of land upon terms similar to those in leases of manufactories, and places of business; nor do I think farming can be carried on as it ought to be until then. A man may take a manufactory, and pay £1,000 a year for it. An hon.

Member near me pays more than £4,000 a year rent for his manufactory and machinery. Does he covenant as to the manner in which that machinery is to be worked, and as to the revolutions of his spindles? No; his landlord lets to him the bricks and mortar, and machinery. The machinery was scheduled to him, and, when his lease is over, he must leave the machinery in the same state as when he found it, and be paid for the improvements. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Goulburn) cheers that. I want to ask his opinion on a similar lease for a farm.

I am rather disposed to think that the Anti-Corn Law League will very likely form a joint stock association, having none but Free Traders in that body, to purchase a joint stock estate, and have a model farm, taking care to have it in one of the rural counties where they all think there is the greatest need of improvement—perhaps Buckinghamshire; and there establish a model farm, and a model homestead, and model cottages (and I will tell the noble lord, the Member for Newark [Lord J. Manners] that we shall have model gardens, without any outcry about it); but the great object shall be to have a model lease. We shall have as a farmer a man of intelligence, and a man of capital. I am not so unreasonable as to say that you ought to let your land to a man without capital, and to one who is not intelligent; but select such a man, with intelligence and capital, and you cannot give him too wide a scope. You will find such a man, and let him have a farm, and such a lease as my hon. friend took his factory with. He shall do what he likes with the old pasture; if he can make more of it with ploughing it up, he shall do so. If he can grow white crops every year, he shall do so. I know persons who are doing that in more places than one in this country. If he can make any improvement, he shall make it. We will let him the land with a schedule of the state of tillage on the farm, and will bind him to leave the land as good as he found it. It shall be valued; and if in an inferior state when he leaves it, he shall compensate us for it: if it be in a superior state, he shall be compensated accordingly by the association. You will think this something very difficult, but the association will give him possession of the farm, with everything on the soil, whether wild or tame. We will give him absolute control; there shall be no gamekeeper prowling about, and no sporting over his farm. Where is the difficulty? You may take as stringent means as you please to compel the punctual payment of rent; you may take the right of re-entry if the rent be not paid; but take the payment of rent as the sole test of the well-doing of the tenant, and so long as he pays that uniformly, it is the only test you need have; and if he be an intelligent man and a man of capital,

you will have the strongest security that he will not waste your property.

I have sometimes heard hon. gentlemen opposite say: "It is all very well to propose such leases, but we know many farmers who will not take them." An hon. Member cheers that. What does that argue? That by a process which the hon. Member for Lincolnshire (Sir John Trollope) has described—that degrading process which renders these tenants servile, hopeless, and dejected—they are satisfied to remain as they are, and do not want to be independent. Hear what Professor Low says on this subject:—

"The argument has again and again been used against the extension of leases, that the tenants themselves set no value on them; but to how different a conclusion ought the existence of such a feeling amongst the tenantry of a country to conduct us! The fact itself shows that the absence of leases may render a tenantry ignorant of the means of employing their own capital with advantage, indisposed to the exertions which improvements demand, and better contented with an easy rent and dependent condition, than with the prospect of an independence to be earned by increased exertion."

But whilst you have a tenantry in the state described and pictured by the hon. Member for Lincolnshire, what must be the state of our population? The labourers can never be prosperous where the tenantry is degraded. You may go through the length and breadth of the land, and you will find that where capital is most abundant, and where there is the most intelligence, there you will find the labouring classes the most happy and comfortable. On the other hand, show me an impoverished tenantry, and there I will show you a peasantry in the most hopeless and degraded condition; as in the north of Devonshire, for instance. I have proved that the want of capital is the greatest want among the farmers, and that the want of leases is the cause of want of capital. You may say: "You have not connected this with the Corn Laws and the protective system." I will read to you the opinion of an hon. gentleman who sits on that (the Opposition) side of the House; it is in a published letter. He said:—

"The more I see of and practise agriculture, the more firmly am I convinced that the whole unemployed labour of the country could, under a better system of husbandry, be advantageously put into operation; and, moreover, that the Corn Laws have been one of the principal causes of the present system of bad farming and consequent pauperism. Nothing short of their entire removal will ever induce the average farmer to rely upon anything else than the legislature for the payment of his rent, his belief being that all rent is paid by corn, and nothing

else than corn; and that the legislature can, by enacting Corn Laws, create a price which will make his rent easy. The day of their (the Corn Laws) entire abolition ought to be a day of jubilee and rejoicing to every man interested in land."

I do not stay to collect the causes affecting this matter, and to inquire whether the Corn Law and our protective system have caused the want of leases, or have caused the want of capital. I do not stop to prove this, for this reason: We have adopted a system of legislation by which we propose to make farming prosperous. I have shown you, after thirty years' trial, what is the condition of the farmers and labourers, and you will not deny any of my statements. It is, then, enough for me, after thirty years' trial, to ask you to go into Committee, and to inquire if something better cannot be devised. I am going, independently of protection, and independently of the Corn Law, to contend that a free trade in corn will be more advantageous to the farmers, and with the farmers I include the labourers; and I beg the attention of the hon. Member for Gloucestershire (Mr. Charteris) and the landowners. I am going to contend that free trade in corn will be more beneficial to these classes than to any other classes. I should have contended so before the tariff, but now I am prepared to do so with ten times more force.

The right hon. gentleman opposite (Sir R. Peel) has passed a law to enable fat cattle to be imported, and there have been some foreign fat cattle selling in Smithfield Market at £15 or £16 and £1 duty; but he has not taken off the duty on the raw material. He did not do so with regard to manufactures. Mr. Huskisson had not done so; but, on the contrary, he began by taking off the duty on the raw material, without taking off the duty on foreign manufactures. You (the ministers) have begun, on this question, at the opposite end. I would admit grain free, which should go to make the fat cattle.

I contend that by this protective system the farmers throughout the country are more injured than any other class of the community. I will begin with clover. The hon. Member for North Northamptonshire (Mr. Stafford O'Brien) put a question to the right hon. baronet the other night, and looked so alarmed whilst doing so that I wondered what was the matter. He asked the right hon. baronet "if he was going to admit clover seed free?" That is to be excluded; and for whose benefit? I ask that hon. Member or his constituents, are they in the majority of cases sellers of clover seed? I will undertake to say they are not. How many counties are protected by the sale of clover seed being secured to them? I will take Scotland; that country imports it from England; it does not grow it. I will undertake to say that not ten counties in the United Kingdom are interested

in exporting clover seed out of their own borders. There is none in Ireland.

Take the case of Egyptian beans. I see the hon. Member for Essex (Sir J. Tyrrell) in his seat: in that county they can grow beans and wheat and wheat and beans alternately, and send them to Mark Lane; but how is it with the poor lands of Surrey, and with the poor lands of Wiltshire? Take the country through, and how many counties are exporters of beans to market? You are taxing the whole of the farmers who cannot export beans for the benefit of those few counties that can grow them. And mark where you can grow beans. It is where the soils are better; it is not in one case in ten that a farmer can grow more than for his own use, or be able to send any to market; and when that is the case, the farmer can have no interest in keeping up the price to prevent importation.

Take oats. How many farmers have oats on the credit side of their books, as an item to rely on for paying their rent? They grow oats for feeding their horses; but it is an exception where they depend on their crop of oats for the payment of rent. Ireland has just been mulcted by the tax on clover seed. Is it a benefit to the farmers who do not sell oats to place a tax on their import, they having no interest in keeping up the money price of oats?

Take the article, hops. We have a protective duty on hops for the protection of particular districts, as Kent, Suffolk, and Surrey; but they in return have to pay for the protection on other articles which they do not produce.

Take cheese. There is not a farmer but makes his own cheese for the consumption of his servants; but how many send it to market? The counties of Chester, Gloucester, Wilts, and parts of Derbyshire and Leicester, manufacture this article for sale. Here are four or five counties having an interest in protecting cheese. But you must recollect that those counties are heavily taxed in the articles of oats and beans and corn; for these are the districts where they most want artificial food for their cattle.

Take the whole of the hilly districts. I hope the hon. Member for Nottinghamshire (Mr. Knight) is present. He lives in Derbyshire, and employs himself in rearing good cattle on the hills; but he is taxed by protection for his oats, or Indian corn or beans. That hon. Member told me the other day that he would like nothing better than to give up the protection on cattle, if he could only go into the market and purchase his thousand quarters of black oats free from protective duty. Take the hilly districts of Wales, or take the Cheviot Hills, or the Grampian Hills; they are not benefited by their protection on those articles; they want provender for their

cattle in the cheapest way they can get it. The only way in which these parts of the country can improve the breed of their stock, and bring their farms into a decent state of fertility, is to have food cheap.

But I will go further, and say that the farmers on the thin soils—I mean the stock farmers in parts of Hertfordshire—farmers of large capital, arable farmers—are deeply interested in having a free importation of food for their cattle, because they have poor land which does not contain or produce the means for its own fertility; and it is only by bringing in artificial food that they can bring their land into a state to grow good crops. I have been favoured with an estimate made by a very experienced and clever farmer in Wiltshire; it is from Mr. Nathaniel Atherton, of Rington. I will read this to the House; and I think that the statements of such men—men of intelligence and experience—ought to be attended to. Mr. Nathaniel Atherton, Rington, Wilts, estimates:—

“That upon 400 acres of land he could increase his profits to the amount of £280, paying the same rent as at present, provided there was a free importation of foreign grains of all kinds. He would buy 500 quarters of oats at 15s., or the same amount in beans or peas at 14s. or 15s. a sack, to be fed on the land or in the yard; by which he would grow an additional 160 quarters of wheat and 230 quarters of barley, and gain an increased profit of £300 on his sheep and cattle. His plan embraces the employment of an additional capital of £1,000, and he would pay £150 a year more for labour.”

I had an opportunity, the other day, of speaking to an intelligent farmer in Hertfordshire—Mr. Lattimore, of Wheathampstead; he stands as high in the Hertfordshire markets as any farmer, as a man of skill, of abundant capital, and of unquestionable intelligence. He told me that he had paid during the last year £230 in enhanced price on the beans and other provender which he had bought for his cattle, in consequence of the restrictions on food of foreign growth, and that this sum amounted to 14s. a quarter on all the wheat which he had sold off his farm. With regard to Mr. Atherton and Mr. Lattimore, they are as decided advocates of free trade in grain as I am.

I have before told hon. gentlemen that I have as wide and extensive an acquaintance with farmers as any member in this House. In almost every county I can give them the names of first-rate farmers who are as much Free Traders as I am. I told the secretary of the much-dreaded Anti-Corn Law League to make me out a list of the names of subscribers to the league amongst the farmers. There are upwards of a hundred in England and Scotland, and they comprise the most intelligent men that are to be

found in the kingdom. I have been into the Lothians myself—into Haddingtonshire. I went and spent two or three days amongst the farmers there, and I never met with a more intelligent or liberal-minded body of men in the kingdom. They do not want restrictions on corn; they say: "Let us have a free importation of linseed cake and corn, and we can bear competition with any corn growers in the world. But to exclude provender for cattle, and to admit fat cattle duty free, was one of the greatest absurdities in legislation that ever was." We have heard of absurdities in commerce—of sending coffee from Cuba to the Cape of Good Hope to bring it back to this country under the law; but in ten years' time people will look back with more amazement at our policy—that whilst we are sending ships to Ichaboe for manure, we are excluding oats, and beans, and Indian corn for fattening our cattle, which would give us a thousand times more fertilizing manure than this which we now send for.

On the last occasion on which I spoke on this subject in this House I was answered by the right hon. gentleman, the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Gladstone), and that gentleman talked of the Free Traders throwing poor land out of cultivation, and throwing other land out of tillage into pasture. I hope that the Anti-Corn Law League will not be reproached again with any such designs. My belief is, that the upholders of Protection are pursuing the very course to throw land out of cultivation and to make poor land unproductive. Do not let the Free Traders be told again that they desire to draw the labourers from the land that they may reduce the labourers' wages in factories. If you had abundance of capital employed on your farms, and cultivated the soil with the same skill that the manufacturers conduct their business, you would not have population enough to cultivate the land. I had yesterday a letter from Lord Ducie, and he has given the same opinion, that if the land were properly cultivated there would not be sufficient labourers to till it. And yet, whilst that is the fact, you are chasing your population from village to village and passing a law to compel the support of paupers. You are smuggling the people away and sending them to the Antipodes, whereas if your lands were properly cultivated you would be trying to lure them back, as the most valuable part of your possessions. It is by this means only that you can avert very serious disasters in the agricultural districts.

On the last occasion of my addressing this House, a great deal was said about disturbing great interests. It was said that this inquiry could not be gone into, because it would disturb a great interest. I have no desire to undervalue the agricultural interest.

I have heard it said that the agricultural classes are the greatest consumers of our goods, and that we had better look after our home trade. Now what sort of consumers of manufactures do you think the agricultural labourers could be with the wages they get? Understand me, I am arguing for a principle which I solemnly believe will raise the wages of the people. I believe there would be no men starving on 7s. a week if there were abundance of capital and skill employed in cultivating the soil. But, I ask, what is this home consumption of manufactures? I have taken some pains to ascertain the amount laid out by agricultural labourers and their families for clothing. It may probably startle hon. Members when I tell them that we have exported more goods to Brazil in one year than has been consumed in a year by the agricultural peasantry and their families. You know, by the last census, that there are 960,000 agricultural labourers in England and Wales, and I can undertake to say, from inquiries I have made, that each of these men does not spend 30s. a year in manufactures for his whole family, if the article of shoes be excepted. I say that, with the exception only of shoes, the agricultural labourers of England and Wales do not spend £1,500,000 per annum in the purchase of manufactured goods, clothing, and bedding. Then, I would ask, what can they pay, on 8s. a week, to the revenue? I am satisfied, and hon. Members may satisfy themselves, from the statistical returns on the table, that agricultural labourers do not pay per head 15s. a year to the revenue; the whole of their contributions to the revenue do not amount to £700,000 a year; and, I ask, when hon. Members opposite have by their present system brought agriculture to its present pass, can they have anything to fear from risking a change, or, at any rate, from risking an inquiry?

On the last occasion that I addressed the House on this subject, I laboured to prove that we have no reason to fear foreign competition if restrictions were removed, and I stated facts to show that. On the present occasion I shall not dwell on that topic; but still, as many people are possessed with the idea, that if the ports were opened corn will be to be had for nothing—and that is one of the favourite fallacies—I may be allowed to offer a few remarks upon the subject. People continue to hold this doctrine, and they argue: “Now that prices are low, corn is coming in; but if you had not a duty of 20s. a quarter, is it possible to say what would be the quantity that would come in?” This is said; but I hope it is not dishonestly said; I hope the argument is founded on a confusion between the nominal and the real prices of corn. The price of wheat at Dantzic is now a nominal price. In January, 1838, wheat

at Dantzic was at a nominal price, there being no one to purchase from England; but in July and August of that year, when a failure of the harvest here was apprehended, the price at Dantzic rose, and by the end of December in the same year the price at Dantzic was double what it had been in January, and wheat there averaged 40s. a quarter for three years, 1839, 1840, 1841. Now I mention this for the purpose of asking the attention of hon. Members opposite to it, and I entreat them, with this fact before them, not to go down and alarm their tenantry about the danger of foreign competition. They ought to take an opposite course—the course which would enable them to compete with foreigners. Their present course is the worst they could take, if they wish to compete with foreigners.

I was about to allude to a case which referred to the hon. Member for Shoreham (Sir C. Burrell), who has lately let in a new light upon agricultural gentlemen. The country is now told that its salvation is to arise from the cultivation of flax. This was stated by the Flax Agricultural Improvement Association, Lord Rendlesham, President, of which I have in my hand a report, wherein, after stating that Her Majesty's ministers were holding out no hopes of legislative assistance to the agricultural body, they then called upon the nation to support them, on the ground that they were going to remedy the grievances under which the agricultural interest laboured. I observe that Mr. Warner, the great founder of this association, was visiting Sussex lately, and at a dinner at which the hon. baronet (Sir C. Burrell) presided, after the usual loyal toasts, "Mr. Warner and the cultivation of flax" was proposed. Now, when the hon. baronet did this, probably he was not aware that he was furnishing the most deadly weapon to the lecturers of the Anti-Corn Law League. The country is told that unless they have a high protective duty the farmers cannot get a remunerative price for the wheat they grow. They have a protective duty of 20s. a quarter on wheat, and one quarter of wheat was just worth a hundredweight of flax; yet, although against Polish wheat they have a protection of 20s., the protective duty on a hundredweight of flax is just 1d. Now, I did not hear a murmur when the right hon. baronet proposed to take off that tax of 1d. But we are told that the English agriculturist cannot compete with the foreigner on account of the abundance of labour he has the command of, especially in the case of the serf labour which is employed somewhere up the Baltic. Now, flax comes from up the Baltic, and yet they have no protection upon it. Then it is insisted that we cannot contend against foreign wheat, because it takes so much labour to

raise wheat in this country; yet it takes as much labour to raise flax. How, then, are we to contend against foreign flax? Nevertheless, the hon. baronet undertook to restore prosperity to the country by means of his flax, which was in this helpless state for want of protection.

The hon. baronet will forgive me—I am sure he will, because he looks as if he will—while I allude again to the subject of leases. The hon. baronet, on the occasion I have alluded to, complained that it was a great pity the farmers did not grow more flax; but it is curious that I should have since seen it stated in a Brighton paper—the hon. baronet's county paper—I do not know how truly—that the hon. baronet's own tenants have leases which forbid them to grow flax. However, it is quite probable the hon. baronet does not know what covenants there are in his leases; but, be that as it may, at any rate it is very common, I know, to insert in leases a prohibition to cultivate flax. This just shows the manner in which the landlords carry on the agriculture of the country. The original notion of the injury done by flax to the land was derived, I believe, from Virgil, who stated something to the effect that flax was very scourging to the land. I have no doubt it was from this source that some learned lawyer has derived the usual covenant on this subject in leases.

I have alluded to the condition of the agricultural labourers at the present time; but I feel bound to say, that whilst the farmers are in a worse position than they have been for the last ten years, I believe the agricultural labourers have passed the winter, though it was a five months' winter, and severe, with less suffering from distress than the previous winters. I mention this because it is a remarkable proof of the degree in which a low-price food is beneficial to the labouring classes. I can demonstrate that in the manufacturing districts, whenever food is dear, wages are low; and that whenever food is low, wages rise. That the manufacturers can prove. Then I stated it as my own opinion, that the agricultural labourers are in a better state than they were in previous winters. But does not that show that the agricultural labourers, having only just so much wages as will find them in subsistence, derive benefit from the plenty of the first necessities of life? Their wages do not rise in the same proportion as the price of food rises, but then neither do their wages fall in the same proportion as the price of food falls. Therefore in all cases the agricultural labourers are in a better state when food is low than when it is high.

Now, I am bound to state, that whatever is the condition of the agricultural labourer, I believe the farmer is not responsible for that condition while he is placed as at present. I have heard many

exhortations to the farmer that he must employ more labour. I believe the farmer is very unjustly required to do this. The farmer stands between the landlord and the suffering peasantry. It is rather hard in the landlord to point the farmer out as the cause of the want of employment for labour—as the man to be marked. Lord Hardwicke has lately made an address to the labourers of Haddenham, in which he said:—

“Conciliate your employers, and, if they do not perform their duty to you and themselves, address yourselves to the landlords; and I assure you that you will find us ready to urge our own tenants to the proper cultivation of their farms, and, consequently, to the just employment of the labourer.”

That is the whole question. I think the duty rests with the landlords, and that it is the landlords, and not the employers, who are in fault. The landlords have absolute power in the country. There is no doubt about it—they can legislate for the benefit of the labourers or of themselves, as they please. If the results of their legislation have failed to secure due advantages to the labourer, they have no right to call on the farmers to do their duty, and furnish the labourers with the means of support. I lately saw a labourer's certificate at Stowupland, in Suffolk, placed over the chimneypiece in a labourer's cottage. It was this:—

“West Suffolk Agricultural Association, established 1833, for the advancement of agriculture, and the encouragement of industry and skill and good conduct among labourers and servants in husbandry. President, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This is to certify, that a prize of £2 was awarded to William Birch, aged 82, labourer, of the parish of Stowupland, in West Suffolk, September 25, 1840, for having brought up nine children without relief, except when flour was very dear, and for having worked on the same farm twenty-eight years. (Signed) Robert Rushbrooke, Chairman.”

After a severe winter, with little employment to be had, I congratulate the country that we have fewer agricultural labourers in the workhouses, and fewer pining in our streets from want, than in former years; but a bad case at the best is the condition of the agricultural labourer, and you will have to look out, before it is too late, how you are to employ him. The last census shows that you cannot employ your own labourers in the agricultural districts. How, then, are you to employ them? You say, there are too many of them. That is an evil which will press on you more and more every year: what, then, are you to do? Are you, gentry of England, to sit with your arms folded, and propose nothing? I am only here

tonight because you have proposed nothing. We all know that the allotment system has been taken up; it is a plaything; it is a failure, and it is well for some of you that you have wiser heads to lead you than your own, or you would shortly be in precisely the same situation as they are in Ireland; but with this increase to the difficulty of that situation, that they do contrive to maintain the rights of property there with the aid of the English Exchequer and 20,000 bayonets; but bring your own country into the same condition, and where will be your rents?

What, then, do you propose to do? Nothing this year to benefit the great mass of the agricultural population! You admit the farmer's capital is diminished—that he is in a worse state than he was. How to increase the confidence of capitalists in the farmers' power of retrieving themselves? How this is to be done is the question. I cannot believe you are going to make this a political game. It was well said that the last election was an agricultural election; and there are two hundred members sitting behind the right hon. baronet; that is the proof of it. Don't quarrel with me because I have imperfectly stated my case; I have done my best; I ask what have you done? I tell you this "Protection," as it is called, has been a failure. It failed when wheat was 80s. a quarter, and you know what was the condition of the farmer in 1817. It failed when wheat was 60s., and you know what was the condition of the farmer in 1835. And now it has failed again with the last amendments you have made in the law, for you have confessed to what is the condition of the agricultural tenantry. What, then, is the plan you propose? I hope that this question was not made a pretence—a political game—at the last election; that you have not all come up as mere politicians. There are politicians in this House who look with ambition—and probably in their case it is a justifiable ambition—to the high offices of the State; there may be men here who by thirty years' devotion to politics have been pressed into a groove in which it is difficult for them to avoid going forward, and are, may be, maintaining the same course against their convictions. I make allowance for them; but the great body of you came up not as politicians, but as friends of the agricultural interest; and to you I now say, what are you going to do? You lately heard the right hon. baronet at the head of the Government say, that if he could restore Protection, it would not benefit the agricultural interest. Is that your belief or are you acting on your convictions. or performing your duty in this House, by following the right hon. baronet into the lobby when he refuses an inquiry and investigation into the condition of the very men who send you up here? With

mere politicians I have no right to hope to succeed; but give me a committee, and I will explode the delusion of agricultural protection; I will produce such a mass of evidence, and call authorities so convincing, that when the blue book shall be sent out, I am convinced that Protection will not live two years.

Protection is a very convenient vehicle for politicians; the cry of "Protection" won the last election; and politicians looked to secure honours, emoluments, places by it; but you, the gentry of England, are not sent up for such objects. Is, then, that old, tattered and torn flag to be kept up for the politicians, or will you come forward and declare that you are ready to inquire into the state of the agricultural interests? I cannot think that the gentlemen of England can be content to be made mere drum heads, to be sounded by the Prime Minister of England—to be made to emit notes, but to have no articulate sounds of their own. You, gentlemen of England, the high aristocracy of England, your forefathers led my forefathers; you may lead us again if you choose; but though—longer than any other aristocracy—you have kept your power, while the battlefield and the hunting field were the tests of manly vigour, you have not done as the *noblesse* of France or the *hidalgos* of Madrid have done; you have been Englishmen, not wanting in courage on any call. But this is a new age; the age of social advancement, not of feudal sports; you belong to a mercantile age; you cannot have the advantage of commercial rents and retain your feudal privileges, too. If you identify yourselves with the spirit of the age, you may yet do well; for I tell you that the people of this country look to their aristocracy with a deep-rooted prejudice—an hereditary prejudice, I may call it—in their favour; but your power was never got, and you will not keep it by obstructing the spirit of the age in which you live. If you are found obstructing that progressive spirit which is calculated to knit nations more closely together by commercial intercourse; if you give nothing but opposition to schemes which almost give life and breath to inanimate nature, and which it has been decreed shall go on, then you are no longer a national body.

There is a widely-spread suspicion that you have been tampering with the feelings of your tenantry—you may read it in the organ of your party—this is the time to show the people that such a suspicion is groundless. I ask you to go into this committee—I will give you a majority of county Members—you shall have a majority of members of the Central Agricultural Protection Association in the committee; and on these terms I ask you to inquire into the causes of the distress of our agricultural population. I trust that neither of those gentlemen who have given notice of amendments

will attempt to interfere with me, for I have embraced the substance of their amendments in my motion. I am ready to give those hon. gentlemen the widest range they please for their inquiries. I only ask that this subject may be fairly investigated. Whether I establish my principle, or you establish yours, good must result from the inquiry; and I do beg and entreat of the honourable, independent country gentlemen in this House, that they will not refuse on this occasion, to sanction a fair, full, and impartial inquiry.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

More famous perhaps even than his verbal wars with Gladstone, was the famous political duel between Disraeli, then a Liberal, and Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative Prime Minister, over the question of Free Trade. Forsaking the very corner-stone of his party's policy, Peel faced the fact that to save Ireland from ruin, he must repeal the Corn Laws. He stated his beliefs bravely in the House. The young Disraeli, just beginning to be recognized as a power, here rises from the opposition bench.

SPEECH ON PEEL'S DECLARATION OF FREE TRADE POLICY

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

JANUARY 22, 1846

SIR, I admire a minister who says that he holds power to give effect to his own convictions. These are sentiments that we must all applaud. Unfortunate will be the position of this country when a minister pursues a line of policy adverse to the convictions which he himself entertains. But when we come to a question of such high delicacy as the present, we may be permitted to ask ourselves what are the circumstances which require one so able, and one so eminent, to enter upon the vindication of himself, and to rise in this House, amid the cheers of his former opponents, to place himself in a position of an apologetical character to those who were once of his own party? I have no doubt that the right honourable gentleman has arrived at a conscientious conclusion on this great subject. The right honourable gentleman says that it is not so much by force of argument as by the cogency of observation that he has arrived at this conclusion. But, sir, surely the observation which the right honourable gentleman

has made might have been made when he filled a post scarcely less considerable than that which he now occupies, and enjoyed power scarcely less ample than that which he now wields in this House. I want to know how it is that the right honourable gentleman, who certainly enjoys the full maturity of manhood, should not have arrived at this opinion, which I deplore, although conscientious, at the moment when his present government was formed? What, sir, are we to think of the eminent statesman who, having served under four sovereigns, unable to complain of want of experience or royal confidence—who, having been called on to steer the ship on so many occasions, and under such perilous circumstances—has, only during the last three years, found it necessary entirely to change his convictions on that important topic which must have presented itself for more than a quarter of a century to his consideration? Sir, I must say that such a minister may be conscientious, but that he is unfortunate. I will say also, that he ought to be the last man in the world to turn round and upbraid his party in a tone of menace.

Sir, there is a difficulty in finding a parallel to the position of the right honourable gentleman in any part of history. The only parallel which I can find is an incident in the late war in the Levant, which was terminated by the policy of the noble lord opposite. I remember when that great struggle was taking place, when the existence of the Turkish Empire was at stake, the late sultan, a man of great energy and fertile in resources, was determined to fit out an immense fleet to maintain his empire. Accordingly, a vast armament was collected. It consisted of many of the finest ships that were ever built. The crews were picked men, the officers were the ablest that could be found, and both officers and men were rewarded before they fought. There never was an armament which left the Dardanelles similarly appointed since the days of Solyman the Great. The sultan personally witnessed the departure of the fleet; all the muftis prayed for the success of the expedition, as all the muftis here prayed for the success of the last general election. Away went the fleet; but what was the sultan's consternation when the lord high admiral steered at once into the enemy's port! Now, sir, the lord high admiral on that occasion was very much misrepresented. He, too, was called a traitor, and he, too, vindicated himself. "True it is," said he, "I did place myself at the head of this valiant armada—true it is that my sovereign embraced me—true it is that all the muftis in the empire offered up prayers for my success; but I have an objection to war. I see no use in prolonging the struggle, and the only reason I had for accepting the command was that I might terminate the contest by betraying my master." And, sir, these reasons offered by

a man of great plausibility, of vast adroitness, have had their effect, for—you may be surprised at it—but I assure you it is a fact, which, by the way, the gallant officer opposite (Commodore Napier) can testify, that he is at this moment the First Lord of the Admiralty at Constantinople, under the new reign. [SIR C. NAPIER: I thought he was dead.] The gallant commodore says that he is dead. At any rate he was not shot for treason.

Well now, the right honourable gentleman has turned round on us, and in a peroration, the elaborate character of which remarkably contrasted with the garrulous confidence of all the doings of his Cabinet, the right honourable gentleman told us that he had been assured that a certain power had made him minister, and that a certain power would prevent him from being a minister; but that he protested against such an authority, and that he never would hold office by so servile a tenure. Sir, no one can fill a position such as that of the right honourable gentleman, and give utterance to sentiments so magnanimous as his, without reference to antecedents. And that leads us to the consideration of that government by parties which must never be lost sight of in estimating the position of the right honourable gentleman. It is all very well for the right honourable gentleman to say: "I am the First Minister"—and, by the by, I think the right honourable gentleman might as well at once adopt the phraseology of Walpole, and call himself the sole minister, for his speech was rich in egotistic rhetoric—it is all very well for him to speak of himself as the sole minister, for as all his Cabinet voted against him, he is quite right not to notice them. I repeat, it is all very well for the right honourable gentleman to come forward to this table and say: "I am thinking of posterity, although, certainly, I am doing on this side of the table the contrary to that which I counselled when I stood upon the other; but my sentiments are magnanimous, my aim is heroic, and, appealing to posterity, I care neither for your cheers nor your taunts."

But, sir, we must ask ourselves—as Members of the House of Commons, as the subjects of a popular government, we must ask ourselves—what were the means, what the machinery, by which the right honourable gentleman acquired his position, how he obtained power to turn round upon his supporters and to treat them with contempt and disdain? Sir, the right honourable gentleman has supported a different policy for a number of years. Well do we remember on this side of the House—perhaps not without a blush—well do we remember the efforts which we made to raise him to the bench on which he now sits. Who does not remember the "sacred cause of protection," the cause for which sovereigns were thwarted—

parliaments dissolved—and a nation taken in! Delightful, indeed, to have the right honourable gentleman entering into all his confidential duties, when, to use his courtly language, he “called” upon his sovereign. Sir, he called on his sovereign; but would his sovereign have called on the right honourable baronet if, in 1841, he had not placed himself, as he said, at the head of the gentlemen of England? that well-known position, to be preferred even to the confidence of sovereigns and of courts.

It is all very well for the right honourable baronet to take this high-flying course; but I think myself—I say it with great respect for gentlemen on this side of the House and gentlemen on the other; I say it without any wish to achieve a party triumph, for I believe I belong to a party which can triumph no more; for we have nothing left on our side except the constituencies which we have not betrayed; but I do say that my conception of a great statesman is of one who represents a great idea—an idea which may lead him to power—an idea with which he may identify himself—an idea which he may develop—an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and conscience of a nation. That, sir, is my notion of what makes a man a great statesman. I do not care whether he be a manufacturer, or a manufacturer’s son. That is a grand—that is indeed an heroic position. But I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea—a watcher of the atmosphere—a man who, as he says, takes his observations, and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter trims to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip. Both are disciples of progress. Both, perhaps, may get a good place. But how far the original momentum is indebted to their powers, and how far their guiding prudence regulates the lash or the rein, it is not necessary for me to notice.

Why, sir, the right honourable gentleman places himself in the House in this position. He tells us that he has held high office under four sovereigns, “George III, George IV, King William and Queen Victoria.” His historic career—for it amounts to that—is, that he has served four sovereigns—it is his own recommendation. It is as much as to say: “I am able and experienced—the grandfather of our present sovereign trusted me—a regent and a king trusted me—a king in a revolution trusted me—a Conservative sovereign trusted me. I must be wise, and able, and experienced.” He tells you this as his recommendation, and he adds: “Follow me.” Follow him! Who is to follow him, or why is anybody to follow him—or where is anybody to follow him to? What does he

mean to do—this great statesman, who talks with a sneer of an “ancient monarchy,” and “a proud aristocracy,” and the difficulty of reconciling them with a reformed constituency; and who tells us that we are but drags on the wheel, and that he is the only driver. Have we arrived at that? Is that the opinion of the majority of this House, or even of the minority—of the majority of the country, or even of the minority? Is it their opinion that ancient monarchies and proud aristocracies are inconvenient lumber, to be got rid of on the first convenient opportunity—that they are things irreconcilable with a reformed constituency, reformed under this minister’s own protest, in spite of his own protest, this man who comes forward and tells us he is devoting himself to his country, and sacrificing himself to his sovereign, and that he is the only man who can advise you what counsel it is most expedient for you to pursue?

He tells us that he is still purely Conservative: for, asks he, “has not my administration put down agitation?” Sir, I confess when I heard this, that great as undoubtedly are the powers of parliamentary face of the right honourable gentleman—I confess, sir, that I was thunderstruck. I could forget the agitated councils called without a cause, and dismissed without a consequence—the candid explanation of the situation of his Cabinet—his admission that the only man in that body who dared to speak the truth differed from him; the almost humble confession that, in spite of Lyon Playfair and Professor Lindley, he had been misled in his information; that his viceroy, who, being a diplomatist, communicated his principal information in a postscript, had caused such false impressions in the Cabinet that the Secretary of State was obliged to send a courier for an explanation: all these frank details I could afford to admire in one who has taken up so lofty a position as the right honourable baronet says he has taken, and who can afford to speak truth; but really, when he told us that his Conservative administration had put down agitation, when he said this in the face of the honourable Member for Stockport, in the face of the honourable Member for Durham, then, sir, I confess that the right honourable baronet did manage to achieve the first great quality of oratory, that he did succeed in making an impression on his audience! Put down agitation! Will he rise and deny that he is legislating or about to legislate with direct reference to agitation? What other excuses has he—for even his mouldy potatoes have failed him, even the reports of his vagrant professors have failed him—to induce the noble representative of south Lancashire and the honourable representative of Yorkshire to come forward and stand his bail?

Sir, I remember, in the midst of a great revolution, when all the

principles of our social system were called into question—when we heard much of the inconvenience of ancient monarchies and proud aristocracies—when it was necessary to invent some means, to devise some expedient to manage reformed constituencies—well do I remember that great mind, which was to control divided counsels—to guide a distracted people, delivering itself of that oracle, which rung so solemnly over the land, “Register, register, register!” Register, some thought, to save the Corn Laws; some to save the monarchy; some to save the Church. We went on registering; and the right honourable gentleman went on making protection speeches—a great orator before a green table beating a red box. Then he showed us the sovereign passion—we were to register to make him a minister. The statesman who opposed Catholic emancipation against arguments as cogent as any which the gentlemen of the league can now offer—in spite of political expediency a thousand times more urgent than that which now besets them—always ready with his arguments and amendments—always ready with his fallacies ten thousand times exploded—always ready with his Virgilian quotations to command a cheer—the moment that an honourable and learned gentleman was returned to the county of Clare, then immediately we saw this right honourable gentleman not ashamed to recall his arguments—not ashamed to confess that he was convinced; but telling us, on the contrary, that he should be ashamed if he had not the courage to come forward and propose a resolution exactly contrary to his previous policy.

And so is it always with the right honourable gentleman. Nursed in the House of Commons, entertaining no idea but that of Parliamentary success, if you wish to touch him to the quick, you must touch him on the state of the poll. The moment that he heard of south Lancashire being lost—by means respecting which I will not, at this moment, say anything—the moment he heard that Yorkshire was in danger—the right honourable baronet—the minister who has served four sovereigns—the gentleman who has had the question of protection before his official mind in every shape which ingenuity could devise, during his Parliamentary career of a quarter of a century—this gentleman suddenly finds that the arguments in favour of protection to native industry are not, after all, so cogent as he once thought them; he discovers that the principle of protection cannot be supported; and, having arrived at this conclusion, then, with all the debating dexterity—with all the Parliamentary adroitness he possesses, he has the sublime audacity to come forward and confess that he is convinced by arguments the very same we have heard for the last thirty years; and, greater triumph still, he has the

Parliamentary tact to convince his supporters that he is sincere.

Sir, I give the right honourable gentleman full credit—I admire his Parliamentary powers—I admit them—I appreciate them; but it is really too much for a minister who has led such a career—who offers us such arguments—who tells us, in fact, that it is not intellect which should govern—that it is not great and true ideas which should govern; but that it is the state of the registration, and the accident of the poll—it is, I repeat, too much for such a man to come forward and talk to us in high-pitched language about his lofty spirit, about his determination never to be the tool of those of whom, when in opposition, he was, by the by, the very ready counsellor—to come forward and say that he is but thinking of posterity—that he is touched by the love of fame, the noblest of all aspirations, and which alone constitutes the highest reward for his great toils. What an advantage to a country to be governed by a minister who thinks only of posterity! The right honourable gentleman has before assured us that he and his colleagues are only thinking of “the future.” Who can doubt it? Look at them. Throw your eyes over the Treasury Bench. See stamped on each ingenuous front, “the last infirmity of noble mind.” They are all of them, as Spenser says, “imps of fame.” They are just the men in the House you would fix upon as thinking only of posterity. The only thing is, when one looks at them, seeing of what they are composed, one is hardly certain whether “the future,” of which they are thinking, is indeed posterity, or only the coming quarter day! I should like to know what posterity may think of a Cabinet which resigns office because it cannot support a policy, and accepts office for the same reason. In the history of England—in the history of parties, I defy any man—I defy even the rt. hon. Member for Edinburgh, with his disciplined memory and cultivated mind—I defy any man learned in British history, to adduce me a parallel case.

And what is to be the result? If “coming events cast their shadows before,” I suppose no gentleman in a sane state of mind can doubt it. We resisted the moderate proposal of the Whigs. We rejected it, confiding in the experience of that practised individual—the gentleman who has served four sovereigns. We were blind enough to believe that a gentleman of such great ability—of such long experience—who had had such immense advantages, could not make very gross and palpable blunders. We accepted him for a leader to accomplish the triumph of protection; and now we are to attend the catastrophe of protection. Of course the Whigs will be the chief mourners. They cannot but weep for their innocent, although it was an abortion; but ours was a fine child. Who can forget how its nurse dandled it, fondled it? What a charming babe! Delicious

little thing! so thriving! Did you ever see such a beauty for its years? This was the tone, the innocent prattle. And then the nurse, in a fit of patriotic frenzy, dashes its brains out, and comes down to give master and mistress an account of this terrible murder. The nurse, too, a person of a very orderly demeanour; not given to drink; and never showing any emotion except of late, when kicking against protection. How ungrateful! For, God knows, we were more than obedient—we were servile. But how is it now? The most valuable colleague of the right honourable gentleman—I say so for good reasons—has protested against him. Lord Stanley, who when the right honourable baronet was in opposition was the great adhesion that was to make Conservative principles triumphant—he, if I have not been misinformed by someone too zealous to hear aright, for I have not had the advantage of hearing that noble lord's speech tonight in another place—but I am told that that noble lord has stated that he quitted the ministry because he found they were leaving the principles upon which they obtained the confidence of Parliament.

I say the confidence of Parliament. I am not one of those who have ever exaggerated the character, the powers, the privileges of Parliament, or of either separate House; but, after all, is it or is it not the constitution of the country? I want to know what leading man dare rise in this House—I care not on which side he sits—who will for a moment pretend that he has gained the position he occupies except by the confidence of Parliament? It is very well to come to us with stories about his sovereign, and about posterity, but where would the right honourable baronet have been if the House of Commons had not existed? Now, I say it is utterly impossible to carry on your Parliamentary constitution except by political parties. I say there must be distinct principles as lines of conduct adopted by public men. Away with your talk about going down to Windsor, and finding that Lord John This or Lord William That cannot form a ministry, and saying: "Then I must form one, and bring all my colleagues to support measures that they entirely disapprove"—is that the constitution that governs England? If the constitution that governs England be a constitution that makes men recommend that of which they do not approve, then the sooner we get rid of this constitution the better. It comes to that; and the noble lord opposite, the Member for London, who has a respect for the Parliamentary constitution, and who represents a party that are nothing if they do not respect a Parliamentary constitution, ought to resist such a vulgar, ignoble innovation. I can understand an absolute sovereign, in a country of high civilization, governing through a Council of State selected by her arbitrary but intelligent will, from the ablest men of

the country; but we have a Parliamentary constitution. It may have committed great wrongs: undoubtedly it has achieved immense and magnificent results; but this House of Commons still forms a part of the constitution, though how degraded and demoralized it may become, if the principles we have heard tonight are to be acknowledged, I confess I cannot tell. If the principles advocated by the right honourable baronet tonight be once admitted, I ask any one capable of forming an opinion upon public questions, whether Parliament can be anything but a servile senate? Six hundred men met together without the sympathy of great principles and great ideas, to wield all the power of a country, with all the patronage of the country, at the command of one man appointed by the sovereign to direct them as he wills—who can doubt what the result would be? In a neighbouring country, yet in the infancy of its representative system, and therefore to be looked at in a kind, apologetic spirit, they have no Parliamentary parties; and at this moment, while we are talking of the danger of the Napoleonists and republicans, the danger is a corrupted senate—an assembly professing to represent the people, wielding all their power, at the command of an individual.

Do you aspire to such a position? You will not be brought to this. But what may you in the interval have to pass through? If you had a daring, dashing minister, a Danby or a Walpole, who tells you frankly: "I am corrupt, and I wish you to be corrupt also," we might guard against this; but what I cannot endure is to hear a man come down and say: "I will rule without respect of party, though I rose by party; and I care not for your judgment, for I look to posterity." Sir, very few people reach posterity. Who amongst us may arrive at that destination I presume not to vaticinate. Posterity is a most limited assembly. Those gentlemen who reach posterity are not much more numerous than the planets. But one thing is quite evident, that while we are appealing to posterity—while we are admitting the principles of relaxed commerce—there is extreme danger of our admitting the principles of relaxed politics. I advise, therefore, that we all, whatever may be our opinions about free trade, oppose the introduction of free politics. Let men stand by the principle by which they rise—right or wrong. I make no exception. If they be in the wrong, they must retire to that shade of private life with which our present rulers have often threatened us. There are always men ready to form a government; and if the noble lord had formed one, and the country would not support free trade, that would not show that his principles were wrong; but it would show a great political fact, important in the state of our country, that the nation was not ripe for those opinions, or that it was against them.

This is a legitimate thing; but it is not a legitimate trial of the principles of free trade against the principle of protection, if a Parliament, the majority of which are elected to support protection, be gained over to free trade by the arts of the very individual whom they were elected to support in an opposite career. It is not fair to the people of England.

As for whether the right honourable baronet made the Conservative party, or the party made him, I have no doubt there was a reciprocal influence; but he is a great Parliamentary leader, and undoubtedly we might, with a leader less able, not have gained such a result as we did. I attribute our success at the last election in some degree to the impolicy of the Whigs: warmly opposed to them as I am, I may say that, though I wish to say nothing against gentlemen who happen to be in adversity; but if the right honourable baronet had not led us so many years with most adroit ability—if, during that term, he had not had recourse to all the acts of party—if he had not proposed subtle resolutions, and even, if necessary, Amendments on the Address—if he had not, with a frankness unusual to him, expressed principles to which the country responded, would he have been carried into power by an enthusiastic people? Then how can you, the Opposition, if you are for Parliamentary government, offer him this adulation because he now supports your views? You may be very glad that an eminent Member of the House is on your side—that is an historical fact which you may register, and adduce it in evidence of the truth of your views and the advance of your cause; but depend upon it you err when you admit the principle that you are to support any man, whoever he may be, who supports your opinions. The minister who attained as he did the position which the right honourable baronet now fills, is not the minister who ought to abrogate the Corn Laws. That feeling is, I believe, not confined to this House. Whatever may be the fate of government—whether we are to have a Whig administration or a Conservative—whether the noble lord or the right honourable gentleman is to guide the sceptre of the State—whatever, I say, may be the fate of Cabinets—and they are transitory and transient things—things which may not survive the career of many men in this House—on Parliament, as an institution, and still a popular institution in this country, is dependent, and not upon the government, the consideration of the vast majority of the Members of this House. Do not, then, because you see a great personage giving up his opinions, do not cheer him on—do not yield so ready a reward to political tergiversation. Above all, maintain the line of demarcation between parties; for it is only by maintaining the independence of party you can maintain the integrity of public men, the power and influence of Parliament itself.

SIR ROBERT PEEL

This is the last phase of the dramatic fight for Free Trade. Despite the opposition led by Disraeli's vitriolic tongue, Sir Robert Peel carried through the Act for the Repeal of the Corn Laws and in May, 1846, England became a Free Trade country. This action of Peel's, called by Disraeli and his followers "The Great Betrayal," led to the inevitable defeat of the Peel ministry a month later, and this speech of Sir Robert Peel's on the resignation of the ministry proved to be the last time he spoke as a minister. He lived only four years more; an enormously popular figure, it was said of him that by his action he had "lost a party but won a nation."

RESIGNATION OF THE GOVERNMENT

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
JUNE 29, 1846

MR. SPEAKER, I feel it to be my duty to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of notifying to this House that in consequence of the position of Her Majesty's Government, and especially in consequence of the vote to which the House came on the night of Thursday last, refusing to give to Her Majesty's servants those powers which they deem necessary for the repression of outrage and the protection of life in Ireland, they have felt it to be their duty to tender their resignation to a gracious Sovereign. The resolution to tender that resignation was unanimously agreed to by Her Majesty's servants, and adopted without hesitation. If I had any complaint to prefer with respect to the course pursued by the House, this is not the occasion on which I should make it. It is impossible not to feel that the occasion of a complete change in the councils of a vast empire, affecting, for weal or for woe, many millions of the Queen's subjects in nearly all parts of the habitable globe, is an important, I need almost say, a solemn occasion. It is not upon such an occasion that one word ought to be uttered by a minister of the Crown, acting in homage to constitutional principles, that can by possibility provoke party controversy. Such a controversy would be wholly unsuited to the magnitude of the occasion; and, I must add, that to provoke any such controversy would be entirely at variance with the personal feelings which influence me in addressing the House. Those feelings would rather prompt me to acknowledge with gratitude the many occasions on which, speaking of the great body of the gentlemen who sit on this side of the House, they have given to my colleagues and myself, at a period antecedent to the

present session, their generous and cordial support. They would prompt me also to acknowledge with gratitude the disinterested aid which we have not infrequently received from gentlemen opposite, in oblivion of party differences. I trust, therefore, that nothing will escape from me in explaining the course Her Majesty's Government have thought it their duty to pursue, that can run the risk of provoking the controversy which I deprecate.

Her Majesty, sir, has been graciously pleased to accept our tender of resignation and her servants now only hold their offices until their successors shall have been appointed. I said, sir, that if I had any complaints to prefer, this is not the occasion on which I would prefer them. But I have no complaints to make. I did not propose the measures connected with the commercial policy of the empire, which have been so severely contested, without foreseeing the great probability that, whether those measures should succeed or fail, they must cause the dissolution of the Government which introduced them. And, therefore, I rather rejoice that Her Majesty's ministers have been relieved from all difficulty by an early and unambiguous decision of the House of Commons; for I do not hesitate to say, that even if that decision had been in our favour on the particular vote, I would not have consented to hold office upon sufferance, or through the mere evasion of parliamentary difficulties. It is not for the public interest that a government should remain in office when it is unable to give practical effect to the measures it believes necessary for the national welfare; and I certainly do not think it probable in the position in which Her Majesty's Government were placed by the withdrawal—perhaps the natural withdrawal—of the confidence of many of those who heretofore had given it support, that even if the late vote had been in our favour, ministers would have been able, with credit to themselves, and with advantage to the interests of the country, to conduct the administration of public affairs.

We have advised Her Majesty to accept our resignation at once, without adopting that alternative to which we might have resorted, namely, recommending to the Crown the exercise of its prerogative, and the dissolution of the present Parliament. I do not hesitate to avow, speaking with a frankness that I trust will offend no one, that if Her Majesty's Government had failed in carrying, in all their integrity, the main measures of commercial policy which it was my duty to recommend, there is no exertion that I would not have made—no sacrifice that I would not have incurred—in order to ensure the ultimate success of those measures, or at any rate, to give the country an opportunity of pronouncing its opinion on the subject. For such a purpose, I should have felt justified in advising dissolution; because

I think the continuance of doubt and uncertainty on such important matters would have been a greater evil than the resort to a constitutional mode of ascertaining the opinion of the nation. But there has been, fortunately, no necessity for a dissolution of Parliament upon that ground. Those who dissented most strongly from our commercial policy withdrew all factious and unseemly opposition, and protesting against our measures, they have finally allowed them to pass. Those measures having thus become the law, I do not feel that we should be justified, for any subordinate consideration, for the mere interests of government or party, in advising the exercise of the prerogative to which I have referred, and the dissolution of Parliament. I feel very strongly that no administration is justified in advising the exercise of that prerogative, unless there be a reasonable presumption, a strong moral conviction, indeed, that after dissolution they would be enabled to administer the affairs of the country through the support of a party sufficiently powerful to carry their measures. I do not think a dissolution justifiable for the purpose merely of strengthening a party. The power of dissolution is a great instrument in the hands of the Crown; and it would have a tendency to blunt the instrument if it were employed without grave necessity. If the purpose were to enable the country to decide whether ministers had been justified in proposing the measures of commercial policy brought forward at the beginning of the session, those measures having passed into law, I do not think such a purpose alone would be a sufficient ground for a dissolution. There ought also to be a strong presumption that, after a new election there would be returned to this House a party with strength sufficient to enable the Government, by their support, to carry on that system of public policy of which it approved. I do not mean a support founded upon mere temporary sympathy, or a support founded upon concurrence in one great question of domestic policy, however important. We ought not, in my opinion, to dissolve without a full assurance that we should have the support of a powerful party united with us by accordance in general views and principles of government. In the present state and division of party, and after all that has occurred, I do not entertain a confident hope that a dissolution would give us that support. I think, too, that after the excitement that has taken place—after the stagnation of trade that has necessarily followed our protracted discussions on the Corn Laws and the tariff, it is not an advantageous period for dissolution, but that the country should be allowed an interval of tranquillity and repose. We have, therefore, on these several grounds, preferred instant resignation to the alternative of dissolution.

The question on which we were defeated, was one connected with Ireland. I should, indeed, deeply lament that defeat, if it could be thought that the measure we proposed for the repression of outrage in Ireland was an indication that Her Majesty's servants held any opinion in regard to the policy to be pursued towards that country different from that which I declared towards the close of last session. To the opinions I then avowed—opinions which had practical effect given to them by the measures we proposed—by such measures, for example, as the charitable bequests acts, and for the vote for the enlarged endowment of the College of Maynooth—I now profess my entire and unqualified adherence. We brought forward the measure against which the House has recently decided, not under the belief that resistance to the contagious spread of crime, and a vigorous repression by law of offences disgracing some parts of the country, were in themselves calculated permanently to improve the social condition of Ireland; but we thought that the restoration and maintenance of order were necessary preliminaries to the success of ulterior legislation for the improvement of the condition of the people. The House, however, has decided otherwise, and I am not bound to arraign that decision. I only deprecate the inference that, because we proposed that bill, which some called a measure of coercion, but which we considered a measure necessary for the protection of life, our views in regard to the policy to be pursued towards Ireland have undergone a change. Speaking for myself, I do not hesitate to avow the opinion, that there ought to be established a complete equality of municipal, civil and political rights, as between Ireland and Great Britain. By complete equality I do not mean—because I know that is impossible—a technical and literal equality in every particular respect. In these matters, as in matters of more sacred import, it may be that “the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,” and I speak of the spirit and not of the letter in which our legislation, in regard to franchise and privilege, ought to be conducted. My meaning is, that there should be real and substantial equality of political and civil rights, so that no person, viewing Ireland with an unbiased eye, and comparing the civil franchise of Ireland with those of England or of Scotland, shall be able to say with truth, that a different rule has been adopted towards Ireland, and that on account of hostility, or suspicion, or distrust, civil freedom is there curtailed and mutilated. That is what I mean by equality in legislating for Ireland in respect to civil franchise and political rights.

With regard to the executive administration in Ireland, I think the favour of the Crown ought to be bestowed, and the confidence of the Crown reposed, without reference to religious distinctions. It may

appear that we have not practically acted on that principle, but it is not because we repudiate it or deny its justice. When we have taken the opportunity of manifesting confidence in any member of the Roman Catholic body, I cannot say that justice has been done to our motives, nor has the position of the individual accepting a mark of favour from us been such as to encourage other Roman Catholics to receive similar proofs of confidence. Those who succeed us in the Government of Ireland may have better means of carrying that principle into execution; and if they act upon it and bestow the favour and confidence of the Crown without religious differences, they shall hear no complaint from me on that ground.

Then, sir, with respect to the general spirit in which our legislation for Ireland should be conducted. Adhering to all the opinions which I have heretofore expressed on the greater and more important points of Irish policy, I am at the same time prepared to co-operate with those who feel the present social condition of the people in respect to the tenure of land, and to the relation between landlord and tenant, to be one that deserves our immediate though most cautious consideration. It may be impossible, by legislation, to apply any instant remedy to the state of affairs which unfortunately exists in that country; but even if the benefit be necessarily remote that very circumstance ought to operate as an additional stimulus to us to apply our minds without delay to the consideration of a subject of equal difficulty and importance. On all those matters connected with the tenure of land and the relation of landlord and tenant—I would uphold the rights of property. There may be occasionally a seeming temporary advantage in disregarding these rights—but the ultimate and permanent benefit of strictly maintaining them greatly preponderates. The course we have taken during this session of extreme pressure of public business is a sufficient proof that there has been no disinclination on our part to consider the amendment of the law in respect to the tenure and improvement of landed property in Ireland, nor will there be any disinclination to co-operate in our private capacities with those on whom the public trust committed to us is about to be devolved.

Sir, I have reason to believe that the noble lord, the member for the City of London, has been commanded by the Queen to repair to Her Majesty for the purpose of rendering his assistance to the formation of a Government. I presume the general principle on which the Government to be formed by the noble lord will act, so far as its commercial policy is concerned, will be the continual application of those principles which tend to produce a freer intercourse with other countries. If that policy be pursued, as I confidently expect it will,

I shall feel it to be my duty to give to the Government, in the furtherance of it, my cordial support. If other countries choose to buy in the dearest market, such an option on their part constitutes no reason why we should not be permitted to buy in the cheapest. I trust the Government of the noble lord will not resume the policy which they and we have felt most inconvenient, namely, the haggling with foreign countries about reciprocal concessions, instead of taking that independent course which we believe to be conducive to our own interests. Let us trust to the influence of public opinion in other countries—let us trust that our example, with the proof of practical benefit we derive from it, will at no remote period insure their adoption of the principles on which we have acted, rather than defer indefinitely that which *per se* is advantageous to ourselves, in the hope of obtaining by delay equivalent concessions from other countries. Sir, when I express the confident hope that these general principles will influence the commercial policy of the new Government, I do not advise that the adoption of them should overrule every moral consideration or should at once subject every species of production in this country to competition with other nations. I speak generally as to the tendency of our commercial policy. I trust that every step that is taken will be towards the relaxation of restriction upon trade. I, for one, shall not urge upon the Government a hasty and precipitate adoption of principles sound in themselves, if through the abrupt and sudden application of them, we incur the risk of a great derangement of the social system. I shall bear in mind that vast experiments have been recently made under the present administration—I shall bear in mind, also, that the surplus amount of public revenue is smaller than it ought to be, consistently with the permanent interests of the country. While, therefore, I offer a cordial support in enforcing those general principles of commercial policy which have received the sanction of Parliament in the present session, I shall not urge the Government to any such simultaneous and precipitate extension of them as may be either injurious to interests entitled from special circumstances to some degree of continued protection, or may incur the risk of deranging the financial system of the country. In delivering these opinions I am bound to say that I am rather indicating my own intentions and the course I shall individually pursue, than that I have had opportunity of conferring with others, and am authorized to speak their sentiments. I cannot doubt, however, that those who gave their cordial concurrence to the commercial measures which I have proposed, will be ready to give their general acquiescence and support to measures of a similar character when proposed by others.

Sir, I do not know that it is necessary that I should make any other declarations as to the future than those I have already made. I wish to draw no invidious contrasts with preceding administrations: I wish to make no allusions in a hostile spirit; but I cannot surrender power without expressing the confident belief that, during the five years for which power has been committed to our hands neither the interests nor the honour of this country has been compromised. I can say with truth that, during that period the burden of taxation has been rendered more equal, and that the pressure which was unjust and severe on many classes of Her Majesty's subjects has been greatly mitigated. I can say with truth, that many restrictions upon commerce injuriously affecting the trade of this country, have been removed. Without interfering with legitimate speculation, without paralysing, or at all deranging the credit of the State, stability has been given to the monetary systems of this country; and let me here acknowledge with gratitude the cordial support which (without reference to party distinctions) the measures I proposed with regard to the Bank of England, the joint-stock banks, and the private banks of this country, received in the year 1843. Sir, I trust also that the stability of our Indian Empire has not been weakened by the policy we have pursued; and that the glory and honour of the British arms both by sea and land in every part of the world have been maintained, not through our exertions but through the devoted gallantry of the soldiers and sailors of this country. Although there have been considerable reductions in the public burdens, yet I have the satisfaction of stating to the House, that the national defences both by sea and land have been greatly improved, and that the army and navy are in a most efficient state. I trust, likewise, that I may congratulate the House, that, notwithstanding a great diminution of the fiscal burdens of the Empire, our finances are in a prosperous and a buoyant state, and that on July 5 next the return to be laid upon the table will prove that there has been an increased consumption of almost every article subject to custom and excise duties, and that general prosperity and the demand which it occasions have supplied the void to our finances that would otherwise have been created. Lastly, I can say with truth, that without any harsh enforcement of the law, without any curtailment of the liberty of the subject, or the freedom of the Press, there has been, speaking at least of Great Britain, as much of submission and obedience to the law, as at any period of our history. Nay, I will say more—that in consequence of greater command over the necessities and minor luxuries of life—in consequence, too, of confidence in the just administration of the law, and in the benevolent intentions of Parliament, there has been more content,

less sedition and public crime, less necessity for the exercise of power for the repression of political disaffection or outrage, than was ever known at any antecedent period. I said "lastly," but I have reserved one topic, for which I think, without any unseemly boast, or invidious comparison, I may claim credit for Her Majesty's councils—at least for that distinguished man, less conspicuous, perhaps, in debate, than some others, but fully as deserving of public honour and respect—on account of the exertions he has made for the maintenance of peace—I mean my noble friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. My noble friend has dared to avow that there is a moral obligation upon the Christian minister of a Christian country to exhaust every effort in the maintenance of peace, before incurring the risk, not to say the guilt, of war. But while he has not shrunk from the manly avowal of that opinion, I will, in justice to him, add this—and it is perfectly consistent with that opinion, as to the moral obligation of maintaining peace while peace can be maintained with honour—that there never was a minister less inclined to sacrifice any essential interest, or to abate anything from the dignity and honour of this country, even for the purpose of securing that inestimable blessing. Sir, I do confidently trust that we leave the foreign relations of this country in a satisfactory state—that, speaking not only of France, but of the other great Powers of Europe, there is entire confidence in the honourable intentions of this country, and a real desire on the part of the Governments of other Powers to co-operate with us in the maintenance of peace. Sir, it is the spirit of mutual confidence on the part of public men, the ministers of great countries, which most facilitates the maintenance of general peace. Let it be remembered that we necessarily and frequently come in contact with France in various, and sometimes very distant, quarters of the world—that there are on both sides employed in the public service warm partisans, naturally, perhaps justly, jealous of the honour of their respective countries—that grounds of quarrel, small in themselves, inflamed by the spirit of rivalry and keen sense of national honour might easily be fomented into the causes of war, desolating nations, unless the counsels of the great Powers were presided over by ministers of comprehensive views, who, feeling peace to be in the true interest of the civilized world, are determined that trifling disputes, and the excited passions of angry partisans, shall not involve their respective countries in the calamities of war.

Sir, if anything could have induced me to regret that decision on the part of the House, which terminates the existence of the Government, it would have been the wish that we could survive the day when intelligence might be received from the United States as to the

result of our last attempt to adjust the differences with that country—differences which, unless speedily terminated, must probably involve both countries in the necessity of an appeal to arms. The House will probably recollect that, after we had offered to leave the dispute respecting the territory of the Oregon to arbitration, and that offer had been rejected, the President of the United States sent a message to Congress, which led to discussions with regard to the termination of the convention entered into several years since, which provided for a temporary adjustment of our differences—at least for a temporary avoidance of quarrel—and enabled the two countries jointly to occupy the territory of the Oregon. The two Houses of the American Congress advised the President of the United States to exercise his unquestionable power, and to signify to this country the desire of the United States to terminate after the lapse of a year the existing convention. They, however, added to that advice, which might, perhaps, otherwise have been considered of an unsatisfactory or hostile character, the declaration that they desired the notice for the termination of the convention to be given, in order that an amicable adjustment of the dispute between the two countries might therefore be facilitated. It appeared to us, that the addition of that conciliatory declaration—the expression of a hope that the termination of the convention might the more strongly impress upon the two countries the necessity of amicable adjustment—removed any barrier which diplomatic punctilios might have raised to a renewal by this country of the attempt to settle our difficulties with the United States. We did not hesitate, therefore, within two days after receipt of that intelligence—we did not hesitate, although the offer of arbitration made by us had been rejected, to do that which, in the present state of the protracted dispute, it became essential to do—namely, not to propose renewed and lengthened negotiations, but to specify frankly and without reserve what were the terms on which we could consent to a partition of the country of the Oregon. Sir, the President of the United States met us in a corresponding spirit. Whatever might have been the expressions heretofore used by him, however strongly he might have been personally committed to the adoption of a different course, he most wisely and patriotically determined at once to refer our proposals to the Senate—that authority of the United States, whose consent is requisite for the conclusion of any negotiation of this kind, and the Senate, acting also in the same pacific spirit, has, I have the heartfelt satisfaction to state, at once advised acquiescence in the terms we offered. From the importance of the subject, and considering that this is the last day I shall have to address the House as a minister of the Crown, I may, perhaps, be allowed to state what

are the proposals we made to the United States for the final settlement of the Oregon question. In order to prevent the necessity for renewed diplomatic negotiations, we prepared and sent out a form of convention, which we trusted the United States would accept. The first article of that convention was to this effect, that: "From the point on the 49th parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of Her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the said 49th parallel of north latitude, to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean; provided, however, that the navigation of the said channel and straits, south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties."

Those who remember the local conformation of that country will understand that that which we proposed is in continuation of the 40th parallel of latitude, till it strikes the straits of Fuca; that that parallel should not be continued as a boundary across Vancouver's Island, thus depriving us of a part of Vancouver's Island, but that the middle of the channel shall be the future boundary, thus leaving us in possession of the whole of Vancouver's Island with equal right to the navigation of the straits. Sir, the second article of the convention we sent for the acceptance of the United States was to this effect, that: "From the point at which the 49th parallel of north latitude shall be found to intersect the great northern branch of the Columbia river, the navigation of the said branch shall be free and open to the Hudson's Bay Company, and to all British subjects trading with the same, to the point where the said branch meets the main stream of the Columbia, and thence down the said main stream to the ocean, with free access into and through the said river or rivers, it being understood that all the usual postages along the line thus described, shall in like manner be free and open. In navigating the said river or rivers—British subjects, with their goods and produce, shall be treated on the same footing as citizens of the United States; it being, however, always understood, that nothing in this article shall be construed as preventing, or intended to prevent the Government of the United States from making any regulations respecting the navigation of the said river or rivers not inconsistent with the present treaty."

Sir, I will not occupy the attention of the House with the mere details of this convention. I have read the important articles. On this very day, on my return from my mission to Her Majesty, to

offer the resignation of Her Majesty's servants, I had the satisfaction of finding an official letter from Mr. Pakenham, intimating in the following terms the acceptance of our proposals, and giving an assurance of the immediate termination of our differences with the United States:—

“ WASHINGTON, June 13, 1846.

“ My Lord,—In conformity with what I had the honour to state in my dispatch, No. 68, of the 7th instant, the President sent a message on Wednesday last to the Senate, submitting for the opinion of that body the draught of a convention for the settlement of the Oregon question, which I was instructed by your lordship's dispatch, No. 19, of May 18, to propose for the acceptance of the United States.

“ After a few hours' deliberation on each of the three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the Senate, by a majority of 38 votes to 12, adopted yesterday evening a resolution advising the President to accept the terms proposed by Her Majesty's Government. The President did not hesitate to act on this advice, and Mr. Buchanan accordingly sent for me this morning, and informed me that the conditions offered by Her Majesty's Government were accepted by the Government of the United States, without the addition or alteration of a single word.—I have the honour to be, etc.

“ R. PAKENHAM.

“ The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., etc.”

Thus, sir, the Governments of the two great nations, impelled, I believe, by the public opinion of each country in favour of peace—by that opinion which ought to guide and influence statesmen—have, by moderation, by mutual compromise, averted the dreadful calamity of a war between two nations of kindred origin and common language, the breaking out of which might have involved the civilized world in general conflict. A single year, perhaps a single month of such a war, would have been more costly than the value of the whole territory that was the object of dispute. But this evil has been averted consistently with perfect honour on the part of the American Government, and on the part of those who have at length closed, I trust, every cause of dissension between the two countries. Sir, I may add, to the credit of the Government of this country, that, so far from being influenced in our views in regard to the policy of termination of these disputes of the Oregon by the breaking out of the war between the United States and with Mexico, we distinctly intimated to Mr. Pakenham, knowing the real wishes and views of his Government, having a discretionary power in certain cases to withhold the proposals we had instructed him to make, wisely thought the occurrence of Mexican hostilities with the United States, was not one of the cases which would justify the exercise of that discretionary power, and therefore most wisely did he tender the offer

of peace to the United States on the impulse of his own conviction and in the full confidence in the pacific policy of his own Government. Let me add, also, and I am sure this House will think it to the credit of my noble friend, that on the occurrence of these hostilities between Mexico and the United States, before we were aware of the reception which the offer on our part in respect to the Oregon would meet with, the first packet that sailed tendered to the United States the offer of our good offices, for the purpose of mediation between them and the Mexican Government. Sir, I do cordially rejoice, that in surrendering power at the feet of a majority of this House, I have the opportunity of giving them the official assurance that every cause of quarrel with that great country on the other side of the Atlantic is amicably terminated.

Sir, I have now executed the task which my public duty imposed upon me. I trust I have said nothing which can lead to the revival on the present occasion of those controversies which I have deprecated. Whatever opinions may be held with regard to the extent of the danger with which we were threatened from the failure in one great article of subsistence, I can say with truth that Her Majesty's Government, in proposing those measures of commercial policy which have disintituled them to the confidence of many who heretofore gave them their support, were influenced by no other motive than the desire to consult the interests of this country. Our object was to avert dangers which we thought were imminent, and to terminate a conflict which, according to our belief, would soon place in hostile collision great and powerful classes in this country. The maintenance of power was not a motive for the proposal of these measures; for, as I said before, I had not a doubt, that whether these measures were accompanied by failure or success, the certain issue must be the termination of the existence of this Government. It is, perhaps, advantageous for the public interests that such should be the issue. I admit that the withdrawal of confidence from us by many of our friends was the natural result. When proposals are made, apparently at variance with the course which ministers heretofore pursued, and subjecting them to the charge of inconsistency—it is perhaps advantageous for this country, and for the general character of public men, that the proposal of measures of that kind, under such circumstances should entail that which is supposed to be the fitting punishment, namely, expulsion from office. I, therefore, do not complain of that expulsion. I am sure that it is far preferable to the continuance in office without the full assurance of the confidence of this House. I said before, and I said truly, that in proposing our measures of commercial policy, I had no wish to rob others of the

credit justly due to them. I must say, with reference to hon. gentlemen opposite, as I say with reference to ourselves, that neither of us is the party which is justly entitled to the credit of them. There has been a combination of parties, generally opposed to each other, and that combination, and the influence of Government, have led to their ultimate success; but the name which ought to be associated with the success of those measures is not the name of the noble lord, the organ of the party of which he is the leader, nor is it mine. The name which ought to be, and will be, associated with the success of these measures, is the name of one who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned: the name which ought to be chiefly associated with the success of those measures, is the name of Richard Cobden.

Sir, I now close the observations which it has been my duty to address to the House, thanking them sincerely for the favour with which they have listened to me in performing this last act of my official career. Within a few hours, probably, that power that I have held for a period of five years will be surrendered into the hands of another—without repining—without complaint on my part—with a more lively recollection of the support and confidence I have received during several years, than of the opposition which during a recent period I have encountered. In relinquishing power, I shall leave a name, severely censured, I fear, by many who, on public grounds, deeply regret the severance of party ties—deeply regret that severance, not from interested or personal motives, but from the firm conviction that fidelity to party engagements—the existence and maintenance of a great party—constitutes a powerful instrument of government: I shall surrender power severely censured also, by others who, from no interested motive, adhere to the principle of Protection, considering the maintenance of it to be essential to the welfare and interests of the country; I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who, from less honourable motives, clamours for Protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abode of those whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.

THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918

LORD GREY OF FALLODON

Grey of Fallodon had a remarkable career. He held the record of having served as Foreign Secretary for a longer consecutive period than any of his predecessors, for he was in office from 1905 until his retirement in 1916. To him, more than to any other single person, should be given the credit for Britain's very real endeavour to avert the catastrophe of 1914. In this remarkable speech which Sir Edward Grey, as he was then, made in the House of Commons on August 3, he explained the position of Great Britain, and announced that he saw no way in which, honourably, she could refrain from war. The statement, coming as it did from Sir Edward Grey, stilled practically all dissentient opinion. The nation accepted the inevitability of war.

THE EVE OF AUGUST 4

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

AUGUST 3, 1914

LAST week I stated that we were working for peace not only for this country, but to preserve the peace of Europe. Today events move so rapidly that it is exceedingly difficult to state with technical accuracy the actual state of affairs, but it is clear that the peace of Europe cannot be preserved. Russia and Germany, at any rate, have declared war upon each other.

Before I proceed to state the position of His Majesty's Government, I would like to clear the ground so that, before I come to state to the House what our attitude is with regard to the present crisis, the House may know exactly under what obligations the Government is, or the House can be said to be, in coming to a decision on the matter. First of all, let me say, very shortly, that we have consistently worked with a single mind, with all the earnestness in our power, to preserve peace. The House may be satisfied on that point. We have always done it. During these last years, as far as His Majesty's Government are concerned, we would have no difficulty in proving that we have done so. Throughout the Balkan crisis, by general admission, we worked for peace. The co-operation of the Great Powers of Europe was successful in working for peace in the Balkan crisis. It is true that some of the Powers had great difficulty in adjusting their points

of view. It took much time and labour and discussion before they could settle their differences, but peace was secured, because peace was their main object, and they were willing to give time and trouble rather than accentuate differences rapidly.

In the present crisis, it has not been possible to secure the peace of Europe; because there has been little time, and there has been a disposition—at any rate in some quarters on which I will not dwell—to force things rapidly to an issue, at any rate, to the great risk of peace, and, as we now know, the result of that is that the policy of peace, as far as the Great Powers generally are concerned, is in danger. I do not want to dwell on that, and to comment on it, and to say where the blame seems to us to lie—which Powers were most in favour of peace, which were most disposed to risk or endanger peace—because I would like the House to approach this crisis in which we are now, from the point of view of British interests, British honour and British obligations, free from all passion as to why peace has not been preserved. . . .

For many years we have had a long-standing friendship with France. I remember well the feeling in the House—and my own feeling—for I spoke on the subject, I think, when the late Government made their agreement with France—the warm and cordial feeling resulting from the fact that these two nations, who had had perpetual differences in the past, had cleared these differences away. I remember saying, I think, that it seemed to me that some benign influence had been at work to produce the cordial atmosphere that had made this possible. But how far that friendship entails obligation—it has been a friendship between the nations and ratified by the nations—how far that entails an obligation, let every man look into his own heart, and his own feelings, and construe the extent of the obligation for himself. I construe it myself as I feel it, but I do not wish to urge upon any one else more than their feelings dictate as to what they should feel about the obligation. The House, individually and collectively, may judge for itself. I speak my personal view, and I have given the House my own feeling in the matter.

The French fleet is now in the Mediterranean, and the northern and western coasts of France are absolutely undefended. The French fleet being concentrated in the Mediterranean, the situation is very different from what it used to be, because the friendship which has grown up between the two countries has given them a sense of security that there was nothing to be feared from us.

The French coasts are absolutely undefended. The French fleet is in the Mediterranean, and has for some years been concentrated

there because of the feeling of confidence and friendship which has existed between the two countries. My own feeling is that if a foreign fleet, engaged in a war which France had not sought, and in which she had not been the aggressor, came down the English Channel and bombarded and battered the undefended coasts of France, we could not stand aside and see this going on practically within sight of our eyes, with our arms folded, looking on dispassionately, doing nothing! I believe that would be the feeling of this country. There are times when one feels that if these circumstances actually did arise, it would be a feeling which would spread with irresistible force throughout the land.

But I also want to look at the matter without sentiment, and from the point of view of British interests, and it is on that that I am going to base and justify what I am presently going to say to the House. If we say nothing at this moment, what is France to do with her fleet in the Mediterranean? If she leaves it there, with no statement from us as to what we will do, she leaves her northern and western coasts absolutely undefended, at the mercy of a German fleet coming down the Channel, to do as it pleases in a war which is a war of life and death between them. If we say nothing, it may be that the French fleet is withdrawn from the Mediterranean. We are in the presence of a European conflagration; can anybody set limits to the consequences that may arise out of it? Let us assume that today we stand aside in an attitude of neutrality, saying: "No, we cannot undertake and engage to help either party in this conflict." Let us suppose the French fleet is withdrawn from the Mediterranean; let us assume that the consequences—which are already tremendous in what has happened in Europe even to countries which are at peace, in fact, equally whether countries are at peace or at war—let us assume that out of that come consequences unforeseen, which make it necessary at a sudden moment that, in defence of vital British interests, we should go to war: and let us assume—which is quite possible—that Italy, who is now neutral because, as I understand, she considers that this war is an aggressive war, and the Triple Alliance being a defensive alliance her obligation did not arise—let us assume that consequences which are not yet foreseen—and which, perfectly legitimately consulting her own interests, make Italy depart from her attitude of neutrality at a time when we are forced in defence of vital British interests ourselves to fight: what then will be the position in the Mediterranean? It might be that at some critical moment those consequences would be forced upon us because our trade routes in the Mediterranean might be vital to this country.

Nobody can say that in the course of the next few weeks there is any particular trade route the keeping open of which may not be vital to this country. What will be our position then? We have not kept a fleet in the Mediterranean which is equal to dealing alone with a combination of other fleets in the Mediterranean. It would be the very moment when we could not detach more ships to the Mediterranean, and we might have exposed this country from our negative attitude at the present moment to the most appalling risk. I say that from the point of view of British interests. We feel strongly that France was entitled to know, and to know at once, whether or not in the event of attack upon her unprotected northern and western coasts she could depend upon British support. In that emergency, and in these compelling circumstances, yesterday afternoon I gave to the French Ambassador the following statement:—

I am authorized to give an assurance that if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against the French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. This assurance is, of course, subject to the policy of His Majesty's Government receiving the support of Parliament, and must not be taken as binding His Majesty's Government to take any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place.

I read that to the House, not as a declaration of war on our part, not as entailing immediate aggressive action on our part, but as binding us to take aggressive action should that contingency arise. Things move very hurriedly from hour to hour. Fresh news comes in, and I cannot give this in any very formal way; but I understand that the German Government would be prepared, if we would pledge ourselves to neutrality, to agree that its fleet would not attack the northern coast of France. I have only heard that shortly before I came to the House, but it is far too narrow an engagement for us. And, sir, there is the more serious consideration—becoming more serious every hour—there is the question of the neutrality of Belgium. . . .

It now appears from the news I have received today—which has come quite recently, and I am not yet quite sure how far it has reached me in an accurate form—that an ultimatum has been given to Belgium by Germany, the object of which was to offer Belgium friendly relations with Germany on condition that she would facilitate the passage of German troops through Belgium. Well, sir, until one has these things absolutely definitely, up to the last moment, I do not wish to say all that one would say if one were in

a position to give the House full, complete and absolute information upon the point. We were sounded in the course of last week as to whether, if a guarantee were given that, after the war, Belgian integrity would be preserved, that would content us. We replied that we could not bargain away whatever interests or obligations we had in Belgian neutrality.

Shortly before I reached the House I was informed that the following telegram had been received from the King of the Belgians by our King—King George:—

Remembering the numerous proofs of your Majesty's friendship and that of your predecessors and the friendly attitude of England in 1870, and the proof of friendship she has just given us again, I make a supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of your Majesty's Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium.

Diplomatic intervention took place last week on our part. What can diplomatic intervention do now? We have great and vital interests in the independence—and integrity is the least part—of Belgium. If Belgium is compelled to submit to allow her neutrality to be violated, of course the situation is clear. Even if by agreement she admitted the violation of her neutrality, it is clear she could only do so under duress. The smaller States in that region of Europe ask but one thing. Their one desire is that they should be left alone and independent. The one thing they fear is, I think, not so much that their integrity but that their independence should be interfered with. If in this war which is before Europe the neutrality of one of those countries is violated, if the troops of one of the combatants violate its neutrality and no action be taken to resent it, at the end of the war, whatever the integrity may be, the independence will be gone. . . .

If it be the case that there has been anything in the nature of an ultimatum to Belgium, asking her to compromise or violate her neutrality, whatever may have been offered to her in return, her independence is gone if that holds. If her independence goes, the independence of Holland will follow. I ask the House from the point of view of British interests, to consider what may be at stake. If France is beaten in a struggle of life and death, beaten to her knees, loses her position as a Great Power, becomes subordinate to the will and power of one greater than herself—consequences which I do not anticipate, because I am sure that France has the power to defend herself with all the energy and ability and patriotism which she has shown so often—still, if that were to happen, and if Belgium fell under the same dominating influence, and then Holland, and then Denmark, then would not Mr. Gladstone's words come true, that

just opposite to us there would be a common interest against the unmeasured aggrandizement of any Power?

It may be said, I suppose, that we might stand aside, husband our strength, and that, whatever happened in the course of this war, at the end of it intervene with effect to put things right, and to adjust them to our own point of view. If, in a crisis like this, we run away from those obligations of honour and interest as regards the Belgian Treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material force we might have at the end, it would be of very much value in face of the respect that we should have lost. And I do not believe, whether a Great Power stands outside this war or not, it is going to be in a position at the end of it to exert its superior strength. For us, with a powerful fleet, which we believe able to protect our commerce, to protect our shores, and to protect our interests—if we are engaged in war, we shall suffer but little more than we shall suffer even if we stand aside.

We are going to suffer, I am afraid, terribly in this war, whether we are in it or whether we stand aside. Foreign trade is going to stop, not because the trade routes are closed, but because there is no trade at the other end. Continental nations engaged in war—all their populations, all their energies, all their wealth, engaged in a desperate struggle—they cannot carry on the trade with us that they are carrying on in times of peace, whether we are parties to the war or whether we are not. I do not believe for a moment that at the end of this war, even if we stood aside and remained aside, we should be in a position, a material position, to use our force decisively to undo what had happened in the course of the war, to prevent the whole of the west of Europe opposite to us—if that had been the result of the war—falling under the domination of a single Power, and I am quite sure that our moral position would be such as to have lost all respect. I can only say that I have put the question of Belgium somewhat hypothetically, because I am not yet sure of all the facts, but, if the facts turn out to be as they have reached us at present, it is quite clear that there is an obligation on this country to do its utmost to prevent the consequences to which those facts will lead if they are undisputed. There is but one way in which the Government could make certain at the present moment of keeping outside this war, and that would be that it should immediately issue a proclamation of unconditional neutrality. We cannot do that. We have made the commitment to France . . . which prevents us from doing that. We have got the consideration of Belgium which prevents us also from any unconditional neutrality, and, without those conditions absolutely satisfied and satisfactory,

we are bound not to shrink from proceeding to the use of all the forces in our power. If we did take that line by saying: "We will have nothing whatever to do with this matter" under no conditions—the Belgian Treaty obligations, the possible position in the Mediterranean, with damage to British interests, and what may happen to France from our failure to support France—if we were to say that all those things mattered nothing, were as nothing, and to say we would stand aside, we should, I believe, sacrifice our respect and good name and reputation before the world, and should not escape the most serious and grave economic consequences.

My object has been to explain the view of the Government, and to place before the House the issue and the choice. I do not for a moment conceal, after what I have said, and after the information, incomplete as it is, that I have given to the House with regard to Belgium, that we must be prepared, and we are prepared, for the consequences of having to use all the strength we have at any moment—we know not how soon—to defend ourselves and to take our part. We know, if the facts all be as I have stated them, though I have announced no intending aggressive action on our part, no final decision to resort to force at a moment's notice, until we know the whole of the case, that the use of it may be forced upon us. As far as the forces of the Crown are concerned, we are ready. I believe the Prime Minister and my right honourable friend the First Lord of the Admiralty have no doubt whatever that the readiness and the efficiency of those forces were never at a higher mark than they are today, and never was there a time when confidence was more justified in the power of the navy to protect our commerce and to protect our shores. The thought is with us always of the suffering and misery entailed, from which no country in Europe will escape by abstention, and from which no neutrality will save us. The amount of harm that can be done by an enemy ship to our trade is infinitesimal, compared with the amount of harm that must be done by the economic condition that is caused on the Continent.

The most awful responsibility is resting upon the Government in deciding what to advise the House of Commons to do. We have disclosed our mind to the House of Commons. We have disclosed the issue, the information which we have, and made clear to the House, I trust, that we are prepared to face that situation, and that should it develop, as probably it may develop, we will face it. We worked for peace up to the last moment, and beyond the last moment. How hard, how persistently, and how earnestly we strove for peace last week, the House will see from the papers that will be before it.

But that is over, as far as the peace of Europe is concerned. We

are now face to face with a situation and all the consequences which it may yet have to unfold. We believe we shall have the support of the House at large in proceeding to whatever the consequences may be and whatever measures may be forced upon us by the development of facts or action taken by others. I believe the country, so quickly has the situation been forced upon it, has not had time to realize the issue. It perhaps is still thinking of the quarrel between Austria and Servia and not the complications of this matter which have grown out of the quarrel between Austria and Servia. Russia and Germany we know are at war. We do not yet know officially that Austria, the ally whom Germany is to support, is yet at war with Russia. We know that a good deal has been happening on the French frontier. We do not know that the German Ambassador has left Paris.

The situation has developed so rapidly that technically, as regards the condition of the war, it is most difficult to describe what has actually happened. I wanted to bring out the underlying issues which would affect our own conduct, and our own policy, and to put them clearly. I have put the vital facts before the House, and if, as seems not improbable, we are forced, and rapidly forced, to take our stand upon those issues, then I believe, when the country realizes what is at stake, what the real issues are, the magnitude of the impending dangers in the west of Europe, which I have endeavoured to describe to the House, we shall be supported throughout, not only by the House of Commons, but by the determination, the resolution, the courage, and the endurance of the whole country.

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Few Prime Ministers have had to face so many grave issues as Asquith. In 1908, when he first became Prime Minister, serious industrial unrest was sweeping over the country. From 1910 to 1911 he had to contend with the grave problem presented by the House of Lords throwing out a Bill passed by the House of Commons and with the obvious weight of public opinion behind it. Not until the king threatened to create sufficient peers to support the Government would the peers give way. The Irish question, too, had reached one of its worst crises during his time of office. Finally the ever-threatening European situation had culminated in war. When he rose in the House of Commons on this occasion to ask for £100,000,000 for the conduct of the war, Asquith, who had borne many burdens, left the members in no doubt that he, at any rate, knew the war to be the greatest calamity in his lifetime. At a time when people were optimistic that it would "all be over by Christmas," the Prime Minister's solemn words showed how clearly he realized what lay before the country.

THIS IS WAR

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
AUGUST 6, 1914

IN asking the House to agree to the resolution which Mr. Speaker has just read from the Chair, I do not propose, because I do not think it is in any way necessary, to traverse the ground again which was covered by my right hon. friend the Foreign Secretary two or three nights ago. He stated—and I do not think any of the statements he made are capable of answer and certainly have not yet been answered—the grounds upon which with the utmost reluctance and with infinite regret His Majesty's Government have been compelled to put this country in a state of war with what, for many years and indeed generations past, has been a friendly Power. But, sir, the papers which have since been presented to Parliament, and which are now in the hands of hon. members, will, I think, show how strenuous, how unremitting, how persistent, even when the last glimmer of hope seemed to have faded away, were the efforts of my right hon. friend to secure for Europe an honourable and a lasting peace. Every one knows in the great crisis which occurred last year in the east of Europe, it was largely, if not mainly, by the acknowledgment of all Europe, due to the steps taken by my right hon. friend that the area

of the conflict was limited, and that, so far as the Great Powers are concerned, peace was maintained. If his efforts upon this occasion have, unhappily, been less successful, I am certain that this House and the country, and I will add posterity and history, will accord to him what is, after all, the best tribute that can be paid to any statesman: that, never derogating for an instant or by an inch from the honour and interests of his own country, he has striven, as few men have striven, to maintain and preserve the greatest interest of all countries—universal peace. . . .

I am entitled to say, and I do so on behalf of this country—I speak not for a party, I speak for the country as a whole—that we made every effort any Government could possibly make for peace. But this war has been forced upon us. What is it we are fighting for? Every one knows, and no one knows better than the Government, the terrible incalculable suffering, economic, social, personal and political, which war, and especially a war between the Great Powers of the world, must entail. There is no man amongst us sitting upon this bench in these trying days—more trying perhaps than any body of statesmen for a hundred years have had to pass through—there is not a man amongst us who has not, during the whole of that time, had clearly before his vision the almost unequalled suffering which war, even in a just cause, must bring about, not only to the peoples who are for the moment living in this country and in the other countries of the world, but to posterity and to the whole prospects of European civilization. Every step we took, we took with that vision before our eyes, and with a sense of responsibility which it is impossible to describe. Unhappily, if—in spite of all our efforts to keep the peace, and with that full and overpowering consciousness of the result, if the issue be decided in favour of war—we have, nevertheless, thought it to be the duty as well as the interest of this country to go to war, the House may be well assured it was because we believe, and I am certain the country will believe, we are unsheathing our sword in a just cause.

If I am asked what we are fighting for, I reply in two sentences. In the first place to fulfil a solemn international obligation, an obligation which, if it had been entered into between private persons in the ordinary concerns of life, would have been regarded as an obligation not only of law but of honour, which no self-respecting man could possibly have repudiated. I say, secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle—which in these days when force, material force, sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind—we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of

international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and over-mastering Power. I do not believe any nation ever entered into a great controversy—and this is one of the greatest history will ever know—with a clearer conscience and stronger conviction that it is fighting, not for aggression, not for the maintenance even of its own selfish interest, but that it is fighting in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to the civilization of the world. With a full conviction, not only of the wisdom and justice, but of the obligations which lay upon us to challenge this great issue, we are entering into the struggle. . . .

Sir, I will say no more. This is not an occasion for controversial discussion. In all that I have said, I believe I have not gone, either in the statement of our case or in my general description of the provision we think it necessary to make, beyond the strict bounds of truth. It is not my purpose—it is not the purpose of any patriotic man—to inflame feeling, to indulge in rhetoric, to excite international animosities. The occasion is far too grave for that. We have a great duty to perform, we have a great trust to fulfil, and confidently we believe that Parliament and the country will enable us to do it.

THE RT. HON.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M.

The most outstanding personality among the British politicians during the Great War was undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George. He is remembered as the man who vigorously pressed that a stronger and more active policy should be pursued in the conduct of the war, and especially in the supply of munitions. In May, 1915, the Cabinet was reorganized, and Mr. Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions. At the end of 1916 he became Prime Minister and continued in power until after the peace was signed. Mr. Lloyd George is also counted as one of the finest orators of his time. This speech, delivered to a meeting of his own countrymen during the very early days of the war was a fine example of his stirring oratory.

THE "SCRAP OF PAPER"

DELIVERED AT QUEEN'S HALL, SEPTEMBER, 1914

I HAVE come here this afternoon to talk to my fellow countrymen about this great war and the part we ought to take in it. I feel my task is easier after we have been listening to the greatest battle song

in the world. (This was a reference to "Men of Harlech," which was sung before he rose.) There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospects of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance, with greater repugnance, than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. There is no man either inside or outside of this room more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonour. I am fully alive to the fact that whenever a nation has engaged in any war she has always invoked the sacred name of honour. Many a crime has been committed in its name; there are some crimes being committed now. But all the same, national honour is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. Why is our honour as a country involved in this war? Because in the first place we are bound in an honourable obligation to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity of a small neighbour that has lived peaceably, but she could not have compelled us because she was too weak. The man who declines to discharge his debt because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard.

We entered into this treaty, a solemn treaty, a full treaty, to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the document. Our signatures do not stand alone. This was not the only country to defend the integrity of Belgium. Russia, France, Austria and Prussia—they are all there. Why did they not perform the obligation? It is suggested that this treaty is purely an excuse on our part. It is our low craft and cunning just to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilization which we are attempting to destroy. Our answer is the action we took in 1870. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. Lord Granville, I think, was Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it alleged to their charge that they were ever jingoës. That treaty bond was this: We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect that treaty. We called upon France, we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger to Belgium came from France and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. We are proceeding exactly in the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received the thanks at that time of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. This is a document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention:—

"The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside have

just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards this country. The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms. It has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude to the people of Great Britain."

That was in 1870. Three or four days after that document of thanks, the French Army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut up by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape—by violating the neutrality of Belgium. The French on that occasion preferred ruin and humiliation to the breaking of their bond. The French emperor, French marshals, 100,000 gallant Frenchmen in arms preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemy rather than dishonour the name of their country. It was the last French Army defeat. Had they violated Belgian neutrality the whole history of that war would have been changed. And yet it was the interest of France to break the treaty. She did not do it. It is the interest of Prussia to break the treaty, and she has done it. She avowed it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says treaties only bind you when it is to your interest to keep them. What is a treaty? says the German Chancellor. "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? I'm not calling for them. Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. What are they made of? Rags. What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire. "Scraps of paper." I have been dealing with scraps of paper within the last month. We suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. I will tell you why. We discovered, many of us for the first time, that the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them—wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy—and yet wretched little scraps of paper move great ships, laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo from one end of the world to the other. What was the motive power behind them? The honour of commercial men. Treaties are the currency of international statesmanship. Let us be fair. German merchants and German traders have the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world; but if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of that of her statesmanship, no trader, from Shanghai to Valparaiso, will ever look at a German signature again.

This doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is proclaimed by Bernhardi, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is

to its interest, goes under the root of all public law. It is the straight road to barbarism. It is just as if you removed the magnetic Pole whenever it was in the way of a German cruiser. The whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult, impossible, and the whole machinery of civilization will break down if this doctrine wins in this war. We are fighting against barbarism, and there is only one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say that they will only respect treaties when it is to their interests to do so we must make it to their interests to do so for the future.

Just look at the interview which took place between our ambassador and great German officials. When their attention was called to this treaty to which they were parties, they said: "We cannot help that." Rapidity of action was the great German asset. There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is honest dealing. What are her excuses? She says that Belgium was plotting against her; that Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and with France to attack her. Not merely is it not true, but Germany knows it is not true. What is her other excuse? France meant to invade Germany through Belgium. Absolutely untrue. France offered Belgium five army corps to defend her if she were attacked. Belgium said: "I don't require them, I have got the word of the Kaiser. Shall Cæsar send a lie?"

All these tales about conspiracy have been vamped up since. A great nation ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt. It is not true what she says. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we were in honour bound to stand by Belgium. Belgium has been treated brutally—how brutally we shall not yet know. We know already too much. What had she done? Had she sent an ultimatum to Germany? Had she challenged Germany? Was she preparing to make war on Germany? Had she inflicted any wrong upon Germany which the Kaiser was bound to redress? She was one of the most unoffending little countries in Europe. There she was peaceable, industrious, thrifty, hardworking, giving offence to no one. Her cornfields have been tramped down. Her villages have been burned to the ground. Her art treasures have been destroyed. Her men have been slaughtered: yes, and her women and children, too. What had she done? Hundreds and thousands of her people, their neat, comfortable little homes burnt to the dust, wandering homeless in their own land. What was their crime? The crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian king.

I do not know what the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war. I have a shrewd idea what he will accomplish, but one thing is made certain, that no nation in future will ever commit that crime again.

I am not going to enter into these tales. Many of them are untrue; war is a grim, ghastly business at best, and I am not going to say that all that has been said in the way of tales of outrage is true. I will go beyond that, and say that if you turn two millions of men, forced, conscripted, and compelled and driven into the field, you will certainly get among them a certain number of men who will do things that the nation itself will be ashamed of. I am not depending on them. It is enough for me to have the story which the Germans themselves avow, admit, defend, proclaim. The burning and massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because according to the Germans they fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? Belgium was acting in pursuance of a most sacred right, the right to defend your own home. But they were not in uniform when they shot. If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, shot down his servants, ruined his art treasures, especially those he made himself—burned his precious manuscripts, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? They were dealing with those who had broken into their households. But their perfidy has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name.

But Belgium is not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation—the case of Servia. The history of Servia is not unblotted. What history in the category of nations is unblotted? The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Servia—a nation trained in a horrible school. But she won her freedom with her tenacious valour, and she has maintained it by the same courage. If any Servians were mixed up in the assassination of the grand duke, they ought to be punished. Servia admits that. The Servian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claimed that. The Servian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. Servia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect?

What were the Austrian demands? She sympathized with her fellow countrymen in Bosnia. That was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria. They must do so no longer. That is the Austrian spirit. You had it in Zabern. How dare you criticize a Prussian official? And if you laugh it is a capital offence. The colonel threatened to shoot them if they repeated it. Servian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened had we taken

up the same line about German newspapers. Servia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must not criticize Austria in future, neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs." Who can doubt the valour of Servia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? She promised not to sympathize with Bosnia, promised to write no critical articles about Austria. She would have no public meetings at which anything unkind was said about Austria. That was not enough. She must dismiss from her army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. But these officers had just emerged from a war where they were adding lustre to the Servian arms—gallant, brave, efficient. I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action. Servia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army—the names to be sent on subsequently. Can you name any country in the world that would have stood that? Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country. "You must dismiss from your army and from your navy all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener would go. Sir John French would be sent about his business. General Smith-Dorrien would be no more, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe would go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts.

It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power who could put five or six men in the field for every one she could; and that Power supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Servia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it. And Servia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty and are proved to be guilty I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity.

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Servia. She has a special interest in Servia. Russians have shed their blood for Servian independence many a time. Servia is a member of her family, and she cannot see Servia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew that, and Germany turned round to Russia and said: "I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death." What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. He turned to Austria and said: "You lay hands on that little fellow and I will tear your ramshackle empire limb from limb." And he is doing it.

That is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations and to little men. This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations. She will only allow six-feet-two nations to stand in the ranks. But all the world owes much to the little five-feet-high nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which he carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith, and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages.

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a low civilization upon a higher. Well, as a matter of fact the attack was begun by the civilization which calls itself the higher one. Now, I am no apologist for Russia. She has perpetrated deeds of which no doubt her best sons are ashamed. But what empire has not? And Germany is the last empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. But Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. You remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen. Who listened to the cry? The only answer of the “higher civilization” was that the liberty of Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rude barbarians of the north, they sent their sons by the thousand to die for Bulgarian freedom.

What about England? You go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany and France and all these lands could point out to you places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of these countries. France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which the modern Prussian has ever sacrificed a single life? The test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization, is the readiness to sacrifice for others. I would not say a word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people; they have great qualities of head of hand and of heart. I believe, in spite

of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world, but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization—efficiency, capability. But it is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization; it is a material civilization. They could not comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. They say so. “France,” they say, “we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory—Alsace-Lorraine. Russia, she is fighting for mastery, she wants Galicia.” They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence to protect a little nation that seeks for its defence.

God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in his region of the spirit. German civilization would re-create him in the image of a Diesler machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the high civilization. What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser’s speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it; they will soon be out of print—and you won’t have any more of the same sort again. They are full of the clatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armour. Poor old mailed fist—its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour—the shine is being knocked out of it. But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the *British Weekly* this week. It is a very remarkable product, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:—

“Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.”

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mohammed. Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous, and when you get it manifested in the head of the State and it has become the policy of a great empire it is about time it should be ruthlessly put away. I do not believe he meant all these speeches, it was simply the martial straddle which he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of it. This was their religion: Treaties; they tangle the feet of Germany in her advance; cut them with the sword. Little nations: they hinder the advance of Germany; trample them in the mire under the German heel. The Russian Slav: he challenges the supremacy of Germany in Europe; hurl your legions at

him and massacre him. Britain: she is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world; wrest the trident out of her hand.

More than that, the new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity—sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others, poor pap for German mouths. We will have the new diet, we will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone; the honour of nations gone; liberty gone. What is left? Germany—Germany is left—*Deutschland über Alles*. That is all that is left. That is what we are fighting, that claim to predominancy of a civilization, a material one, a hard one, a civilization which, if once it rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue and her sons it will be a dark day for humanity.

We are not fighting the German people. The German people are just as much under the heel of this Prussian military caste, and more so, thank God, than any other nation in Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant and artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. You know his pretensions. He gives himself the airs of a demi-god walking the pavement—civilians and their wives swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of the great Prussian Junker. Men, women, nations—they have all got to go. He thinks all he has got to say is: "We are in a hurry." That is the answer he gave to Belgium. "Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset"; which means: "I am in a hurry. Clear out of my way." You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads with a 60-h.p. car. He thinks the roads are made for him, and anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile is knocked down. The Prussian Junker is the road hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheels of his cruel car; Britain ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts that bull will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that befell democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy.

They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities, every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory—in all things faith, and we shall win. It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent, degenerate nation. They proclaim it to the world, through their professors, that

we are an unheroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we are egging on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given to us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already, and there are half a million of young men of Britain who have already registered the vow to their king that they will cross the seas and hurl that insult to British courage against its perpetrators in the battlefields of France and of Germany, too. And we want half a million more, and we shall get them.

But Wales must continue doing her duty. I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in a struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race go and give a taste of its quality in this great struggle in Europe. And they are going to do it. I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the army. But I have marched, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still, our turn will come. It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come today to you—it has come today to us all in the form of the glory and thrill of a great movement for liberty that compels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed and terror.

Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their lives, they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. Those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe—a new world. I can see signs of it coming through the glare of the battlefield. The people of all lands will gain more by this struggle than they comprehend at the present moment. They will be rid of the greatest menace to their freedom.

That is not all. There is another blessing, infinitely greater and more enduring, which is emerging already out of this great contest—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old. I see a new recognition amongst all classes high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honour of a country does not depend merely upon the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It

is a new patriotism which is bringing a new outlook over all classes. The great flood of luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that had been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in the north of Wales between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blast. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill tops, and by the great spectacle of that valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honour we had forgotten—Duty, Patriotism, and—clad in glittering white—the great pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are not shaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

HERR ADOLF HITLER

This is the speech of the German Fuehrer which the world will always remember—will remember and despise the man who uttered it. No one can forget the circumstances of September, 1938. Herr Hitler had made territorial demands upon Czecho-Slovakia, and the Czechs, under their gallant president, Dr. Benes, were preparing to resist to the last man. Great Britain and France promised their aid. While the whole world stood in helpless horror, Herr Hitler declared, in this speech, his unshakable determination to press his claim. In this speech he laid down specifically that he claimed only that part of Czecho-Slovakia inhabited by Germans. The world will remember, too, the tragic end of the story—the efforts of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, that saved, then, the peace of the world and the sacrifice of the Czechs, which was, indeed, in vain, for the ruthless despot seized the whole of Czecho-Slovakia, and placed that freedom-loving people under such a rule of terror and oppression as has never been recounted in the darkest periods of history. For a few months the world lived in an uneasy peace until, in the face of the words recorded here: "It is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe," Herr Hitler marched into Poland. In accordance with the pledges they had given to that country, Great Britain and France declared war on Nazi Germany.

"OUR PATIENCE IS AT AN END!"

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE SPORTS PALACE, BERLIN,

SEPTEMBER 26, 1938

MEN and women of the German race, on February 22 before the members of the German Reichstag I stated for the first time a fundamental demand of an irrevocable nature. The nation heard me and understood. One statesman failed to understand. He has been removed, and my promise of that time is redeemed.

I spoke before the party congress for the second time about this same demand. Again the nation heard me. Today I come before the nation and speak to the people as in the great period of struggle, and you know what that means. Now it is not one man, or leader who speaks, but the whole German people. And if I am now the mouthpiece of the German people, I know that in this hour the

whole people, millions strong, agree with every one of my words. This strengthens the nation and makes my oath their oath. Let other statesmen ask themselves whether this is also their case.

You all know the question which has exercised us during the last weeks and months. It is not so much Czecho-Slovakia; its real name is Herr Benes. In this name is reunited today all that which moves millions, which fills them either with despair or fanatical determination. How did this question reach such importance? My people, I will now repeat to you, as I have done before, the nature and aims of German foreign policy.

German foreign policy differs from that of many democratic countries in so far as it is based on a world political doctrine which primarily aims at maintaining the German people and safeguarding its existence. We are not interested in suppressing other nations. We do not want to see other nations among us. We want to live our own life and we want other peoples to do the same. This doctrine leads to a limitation and restriction of our foreign policy. Our foreign political aims are consequently not unlimited. They are not defined from case to case. They are firmly laid down in the determination that they must exclusively serve the German people, to preserve it as such in the world, and to work for its existence.

What is now the situation? You know that once upon a time the people was filled with a belief in help coming from outside the State under the motto of self-determination of the peoples, and they were thus made to renounce the use of their own strength. You know that this weak German faith of that time was deceived in the meanest way. You know the result was the Treaty of Versailles. You still remember how they stole our weapons and how this unarmed people was later ill-treated. You know the horrible fate which pursued us for one and a half decades; you know that now if Germany, in spite of this, has grown great again, free and thus strong, it is entirely due to her own strength. The outside world tried as long as possible to blackmail us and oppress us. From our own people a strength has emerged to end this unworthy existence, and to show the German people a way, which is worthy of a great and free people. In spite of the fact that we are now free and strong, we are swayed by no hatred of other nations. We bear no grudge for the past; we know that the other people are not responsible. It is a small international clique of self-seekers, who do not recoil from yoking whole peoples into their service when necessary for their mean interests. We bear in us no hatred for the outside world, and we have proved this. The German love of peace has been hardened by the facts.

Shortly after we had begun the restoration of Germany's equality of

status I proposed to the world a number of agreements as a visible sign that we harboured no wish for revenge. I proposed a limitation of armaments. My first proposal was the demand for equality. I said that Germany was ready—if all other countries would join in—to limit all arms and weapons, to disarm in general, and, if necessary, to the last machine gun. The world did not think it worth while to discuss my proposals. Then came my second proposal that Germany was ready to limit her army to 200,000 men, if all others would do the same, and equip it with similar weapons as other armies would have. The proposal was declined. Germany was ready, if others would do the same, to renounce all heavy weapons, all so-called aggressive weapons including tanks, bombers, and, if necessary, also aeroplanes as well as heavy and heaviest artillery.

I went even further. I proposed an international settlement with armies of 300,000 men for each European State. This was again rejected. I made further proposals: limitation of air fleets, abolition of bombing, complete abolition of gas warfare, safety of the homeland which does not lie in the zone of war, abolition at least of the heaviest artillery, abolition of heaviest tanks.

That, too, was rejected. It was all in vain.

After two years of making offer upon offer to the world and achieving refusal upon refusal, I gave the order to place the German Army in the best state we could reach. And I can now frankly admit we have completed our rearmament in such a way as the world has never seen before. I offered disarmament as long as humanly possible. After this had been rejected I took no harsh decisions. In this I am a National Socialist and an old German front line soldier. In the last five years I have indeed rearmed. I have used milliards of marks for this purpose. The German people must now know this. I have said that a modern army should be built up, equipped with the most modern equipment in existence. I gave my friend Goering the command: "Create for me an air arm which will protect the German people from every attack." Thus we built up an army of which the German people can be proud, and which the world will respect whenever it appears. We have built ourselves the best air force in the world and the best tank service.

In one single sphere I have succeeded in bringing about an understanding. Of this I will speak later. However, I retained the ideas of my policy of disarmament in politics. During these years I have followed a practical peace policy. I have approached all the seemingly impossible problems with a firm determination to solve them, if conceivably possible, in a peaceful way, even when entailing greater or less danger of serious renunciations by the German people. I myself

am a first-line soldier and know how hard war is. I know the seriousness of war. I wanted to spare the German people from it.

The most serious problem with which I was confronted was our relations with Poland. There was a danger of running into fits of hysteria. There was the danger that the Poles and Germans would regard each other as arch enemies. I wanted to prevent this. I know that I should not have been successful if there had been in Poland a democracy on Western lines. These democracies, which are indulging in phrases about peace, are the most sanguinary war agitators. There was no democracy in Poland, but a man, and with him I succeeded within one year in coming to an understanding, which for the first ten years removed the danger of clashes. We are all determined that this agreement shall have in its wake a lasting pacification, because the problems with which we are confronted are in eight years the same as now. We do not expect anything from one another. We recognize this. We are two nations, and these nations will live, and neither of them will be able to do away with the other. I recognized all this, and we all must recognize that a people of 33,000,000 will always strive for an outlet to the sea. A way for an understanding in this respect had to be found and has been found. And this way will be further and further extended. Certainly, things became hard in this area. The nationalities and small national groups frequently quarrel among themselves, but the main fact is the two State leaderships, and all reasonable and astute persons among the two peoples and countries possess the firm will and determination to improve relations. It was a great action on my part, and a really peaceful action, which is of more worth than all that chattering in the Geneva League.

I have attempted during this period gradually to bring about better and lasting relations with other nations, also. We have given guarantees for the States in the west. We have assured all our immediate neighbours of the integrity of their territory as far as Germany is concerned. That is now hollow praise; it is our sacred will. We have no interest in breaking the peace. We want nothing from these peoples. It is a fact that these offers of ours met with ever-increasing acceptance and growing understanding. Bit by bit the peoples are freeing themselves from the blinding Geneva madness, which I should call not collective obligation to peace but collective obligation to war. They are freeing themselves from this, and begin to see problems soberly, and to be ready for understanding and desirous of peace.

I went further. I offered my hand to Britain. I voluntarily renounced ever again entering upon a naval armaments competition

in order to give the British Empire a feeling of security, not because I could no longer build—let no one deceive himself about this—but simply to secure a lasting peace between the two peoples. But one thing is a preliminary condition here. It will not do that one party says: "I never want to wage war with you, and for this reason I offer you voluntarily to restrict my arms to thirty-five per cent"; and the other party declares from time to time: "I shall wage war again when it suits me." This will not do. Such an agreement is only morally justified if both nations promise one another solemnly never again to want to wage war against one another.

Germany has this will. Let us all hope that those who are of the same will will gain the upper hand in the British people.

I went further. I immediately told France after the return of the Saar districts to Germany, which was to be decided by a plebiscite, there exists no more differences between France and us. I said that Alsace Lorraine did not exist for us. This people has not been asked for its opinion during the last ten years. We feel that this people is the most happy people, that the inhabitants of these regions are a joyous people so long as no one thinks of conquering them. We all do not want a war with France. We do not want anything in France. When, thanks to a loyal interpretation of the treaties by France, the Saar region was returned to the Reich, I at once assumed frankly that now all territorial differences with France had been settled, and we have no longer any differences with France. Alsace Lorraine does not exist any more for us. The best relations will prevail between France and Germany so long as the two people are working together.

After this definite renunciation of Alsace Lorraine, I turned to another problem. This was easier to solve as their world-political doctrines had a common basis, which offered a way to a quick mutual understanding. I refer here to the relations between Germany and Italy. The solution of this problem is only partly due to me. For the rest it is due to that unique and great man, which to have as its leader is the fortune of the Italian people. Our relations have left the sphere of purely economic or political utility; they have outclassed treaties and alliances and have become a real and strong union of affections. An axis has formed itself represented by two peoples, which have found themselves in a close and indissoluble friendship. Also in this respect I have removed from the world a problem which no longer exists for us. It may be bitter for individual people, but above all there stands the interests of the whole German people, and this is to be able to work in peace.

Two problems remained. Here I had to make a reservation.

Ten million Germans were outside the frontiers of the Reich in two self-contained areas—Germans who wanted to return to the Reich as their home. This figure of ten millions represents no trifle. It represents a quarter of the inhabitants of France. And if France had not for forty years given up her claim upon the few millions of French in Alsace Lorraine, then, before God and the world, we have the right to maintain our claim upon these ten millions. And somewhere there is a point, my racial comrades, at which concessions must stop, because otherwise it becomes weakness. I had no right to stand before German history if ten millions were to be simply sacrificed as unimportant. I should, then, have had no moral right to be the leader of the German people. I have, indeed, taken upon myself enough sacrifices. Here was a point beyond which I could not go. How right that was has been proved, first by the plebiscite in Austria and by the story of the reunion of Austria with the German Reich.

A glowing avowal was made at that time, an avowal such as the rest of the world certainly did not hope for. To the democracies a plebiscite is superfluous, even pernicious in the moment in which it does not lead to that result for which the democracies hoped. Nevertheless, this problem was solved for the good fortune of the whole greater German people, and now the last problem which must be solved and which will be solved, confronts us.

It is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe, but it is the claim from which I do not recede, and which I shall fulfil, God willing.

The history of this problem is this. In 1918, Central Europe was torn to pieces under the motto, "Self-determination of the people," and was remodelled by a few foolhardy or mad statesmen. Without paying consideration to history or to the origin of nations, to their national will, their economic necessities, Central Europe was atomized at that time and the so-called new nations were formed at will. The Czech State owed to this its existence. This Czech State began with one original lie. The name of the father of that lie was Benes. Then Herr Benes appeared at Versailles and gave the assurance that there existed a Czecho-Slovak nation. He had to invent this lie in order to give his insignificant number of compatriots a somewhat bigger, and thus more justified volume; and the Anglo-Saxon statesmen who, in matters of geography and race are not always so well informed, did not consider it necessary to examine Herr Benes's statement. Otherwise they would have seen at once that there was no such thing as a Czecho-Slovak nation, but that there are Czechs and Slovaks and that the Slovaks do not want to have anything to do with the Czechs. So these Czechs finally, through Dr. Benes, annexed Slovakia. As

this State did not appear to be capable of life, they took without a second thought 3,500,000 Germans, despite their right to self-determination and their will to self-determination. As this was not enough, a million Hungarians must be added, then Carpathian Russians, and finally a few hundred thousand Poles.

That is how the State, which was later called Czecho-Slovakia, was brought into being against the rights of self-determination of the people and against the will of the outraged nationalities.

As I speak to you here and now I naturally sympathize with the fate of these oppressed peoples. I sympathize with the fate of the Hungarians, Slovaks, Poles and Ukranians. But I am naturally only the mouthpiece of the fate of my Germans. When Herr Benes brought this State together with lies, he solemnly promised to divide the State according to the Swiss system of cantons, for amongst the democracy statesmen there were some who had qualms of conscience. We now know how Herr Benes put into force this system of cantonization. He now began his system of terror. Even in those days the Germans tried to protest against this oppression and outrage. They were shot down, and since then a war of extermination has been carried on. In these years of Czecho-Slovak peaceful development, well nigh 600,000 Germans had to leave Czecho-Slovakia for a very simple reason—because they otherwise would have had to perish from starvation. The whole development, from 1918 to 1938, alone showed one thing quite clearly: Benes was determined simply to exterminate solely the German element. He succeeded in doing this to a certain degree. He cast innumerable people into the deepest distress. He managed to make millions of people timid and cowed under the continual employment of terror. He slowly succeeded in closing up the mouths of millions. At the same time a clarification began with regard to the task of the State as seen from an international angle. It was no longer concealed in the least that the nation was destined to be used if necessary against Germany. A French Air Minister, M. Cot, bluntly stated it a few weeks ago: "We need the State because German economy and German industry could be best destroyed by bombs from this State." It was not we who sought contact with Bolshevism, but Bolshevism made use of this State in order to gain a channel into Central Europe.

And now a shameless action began. This State, which had only a minority Government, compelled the national groups to follow a policy, which some day will force them to fire upon their own brethren. Herr Benes stood up and demanded from the Sudeten Germans: "When I make war on Germany, you have to shoot at the Germans. If you refuse to do it you are a traitor, and I will have

you shot." He demanded the same from the Hungarians, the Poles, the Slovaks, whom he used for aims to which the Slovak people are indifferent. The Slovak people want peace and not an adventure, but Herr Benes is able to make all these people either into traitors to the nation or traitors to their own people. They must do one of two things: either they must betray their own people and be ready to shoot at them, or Herr Benes says: "You are traitors and must therefore be shot." That is the greatest piece of shamefulness that is thinkable. To force alien men under certain circumstances to shoot their own compatriots, just because a rotten, decaying and criminal State regime insists on such action.

I can assure you as we occupied Austria my first order was: "No Czech needs even dare serve in the German Army." I will not place him before a conflict of conscience. Now, whoever sets himself against the whole aims of Dr. Benes is persecuted. And the democratic world apostles cannot pretend that it does not all exist. In this State of Herr Benes the consequences for the nationalities have been cruel. Again I speak here for the Germans. They have the greatest death rate; their lack of children is the greatest, and unemployment most terrible; suicides are most numerous.

There is only one problem, and that is how long is this to last? For twenty years the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia looked upon all this. For twenty years the German people has done the same. It could not help it because it was defenceless, and it could not help them to free themselves from their tormentors. Now look at those world democracies. If a traitor is being locked up, if a man is taken into preventive arrest for agitating from a pulpit against the State, Britain gets excited, America is outraged; but if hundreds of thousands of people are driven from their homes, tens of thousands are thrown into prison, if thousands are slaughtered, those brave democracies are not moved in the least.

We have learned in these years to despise them most truly. In the whole time and today we never found a single State, a single great Power in Europe with a man at its head who has as much understanding for the distress of our people as my great friend, Benito Mussolini. We shall never forget what he has done in this time or the attitude of the Italian people. If similar distress should ever befall Italy, I shall go to the German people and ask them to do for the Italians what the Italians have done for us. Then there will not be two States who are defending themselves, but one bloc.

I explained on February 22 of this year in the Reichstag that this condition in Czecho-Slovakia must be altered. I explained on February 22 of this year in the Reichstag that this (the condition of

the Sudetens in Czecho-Slovakia) must be altered. The only result was that a more radical suppression was introduced. A still greater terrorism began, and the day of dissolutions, prohibitions, confiscations, etc. dawned. This went on until, finally, May 21 dawned, and you really cannot deny it, my racial comrades, it was a really eternal German patience that we showed at that time. This May 21 was already unbearable.

I have already recently presented, at the Reich Party Day, the history of that month. In Czecho-Slovakia the elections were at last to take place. They were no longer to be postponed. Then along comes Herr Benes and discovers a means of intimidating the Germans there—namely the military occupation of the territories. He even now wants to continue to maintain that military occupation in the hope that so long as his minions are there no one will dare to oppose him. It was that impudent lie—that Germany had mobilized—which had to do duty as a cover for the Czech mobilization, to palliate it and to provide a motive for it.

What happened then you all know—an infamous international world campaign of provocation. Germany had not called up a single man. It had absolutely no thought of solving this problem by any military means. I still retained the hope that, at the very last moment, the Czechs would realize that this tyrannical regime could not be maintained. But Herr Benes maintained the standpoint that anything is permissible with Germany; because he was protected by France and England nothing could happen to him. And because, above all, when all other help failed, he had behind him Soviet Russia. That was the answer of this man: shoot down, arrest and imprison all those whom he does not like for some reason or other.

Thus there came finally my demands made at Nuremberg. The demands were quite clear. Now I have for the first time stated that the self-determination for these 3,500,000 at last—almost twenty years after Mr. Wilson—must come into force, and that we won't wait any longer. And again Herr Benes has given his answer: more dead, more imprisonment and more arrests. The German element (in Czecho-Slovakia) gradually began to flee.

Then came England. I clearly stated to Mr. Chamberlain what we now see as the sole possibility of a solution. It is the most natural thing one can imagine. I know that all nationalities do not wish to remain with this Herr Benes. I myself am, in the first place, the mouthpiece of the Germans. On behalf of these Germans I have spoken and have now given the assurance that I am not willing any more to stand by calmly and without acting and see these madmen, who believe they can simply mishandle 3,500,000 people, and I have

left no doubt German patience is at last at an end. I have left no doubt that it is the nature of the German mentality to be passive and patient, but then the moment comes when one must say: that is enough. And now England and France must place before Czecho-Slovakia the only possible demand, to set the German area free at last and to give it up to the Reich.

However we are acquainted today with regard to the conversations which Herr Benes conducted at that time. We arrived at a decision, confronted with the threats of England and France, no longer to back Czecho-Slovakia, if the fate of the people were not changed and the regions liberated. Confronted with this statement, Herr Benes found a way out. He admitted: "Yes, these regions must be seceded." That was his statement. And what did he do? It was not the region which he seceded but the Germans he now drives out. And that is now a matter where the game ends. Herr Benes had scarcely said this when his military subjugation once more set in and in a more severe manner. And now we see the figures: One day 10,000, on the following day 20,000, on the next 37,000, again two days later 42,000, 78,000, now they are 90,000, 137,000 and today they are 214,000. Whole regions are being depopulated, villages are being burned down and an attempt is made to smoke out the Germans there with shells and gas. And Herr Benes sits in Prague and is convinced that "nothing can happen to me. And behind me there stands England and France."

I believe, my racial comrades, that the time has now come when we must speak most plainly. If any one suffers for twenty years such a shame, such a disgrace and such misfortune, nobody will be able to say that he is not peace loving. If any one shows intelligence as we have done nobody can say that we are eager for war. Herr Benes is backed by 7,000,000, but here stand a people of 75,000,000.

I have now placed at the disposal of the British Government a memorandum with the last and final German proposal. This proposal is nothing else than the realization of that which Dr. Benes has already promised. The contents of this proposal are very simple: That region which is German according to the people and wants to go to Germany in accordance with the wishes of the people will now come to Germany. And that is not at a time when Benes has succeeded in driving out perhaps one or two million Germans, but now, and that is immediately. I have stipulated only that border line which is just on the grounds of the material—in existence for many decades—of national and linguistic distribution in Czecho-Slovakia. Nevertheless, I am more just than Herr Benes. I do not want to exploit the power which we possess. Therefore, I fixed right from the beginning that

this region will be placed under German rule, because on the whole it is populated by Germans. The final drawing of the border line, however, will rest on the racial comrades themselves who live there. I have determined that despite this a plebiscite shall then take place in this region. And in order that no one shall say that this plebiscite will not be just, I have chosen the Saar Statute as a basis.

I was willing and am willing to let there be a plebiscite in the whole region of Czecho-Slovakia. However, Benes turned against this and his friends, too, turned against this. Only in individual sections. All right, I gave in here. If you want on principle that a plebiscite should be taken only in some disputed districts, well and good, but then on both sides of the language frontier, so that no one could say that the plebiscite was not correct. I was ready to agree that an international commission should control the plebiscite. I was ready to leave the drawing of this frontier to a mixed German-Czech commission. Mr. Chamberlain asked whether it could not be done by an international committee. I was ready to agree to this. I was ready to withdraw the troops during this plebiscite. I have today declared my willingness to invite the British Legion for this period—while the plebiscite was going on. I was also prepared that an international commission should draw up a definite frontier and I was prepared to leave the formalities to a commission consisting of Germans and Czechs. What are the contents of this memorandum? They are the practical execution of what Herr Benes has promised under the strongest international guarantees. But something is unacceptable to Herr Benes. Herr Benes says: "This memorandum creates a new situation." What is this new situation? Is it because I asked that that which Herr Benes had promised must for once be fulfilled?

That is what Herr Benes says is the new situation. What has that man not promised during his life! And he has held to nothing. And now for the first time he is to keep to something. Herr Benes says: "We cannot leave this area." So that Herr Benes understood the cession of this area as meaning that it should be accredited to the Reich as a legal title and at the same time oppressed by Czechs. That is over. I have now demanded that after twenty years Herr Benes shall be forced to face the truth. He will have to hand over this area to us on October 1. Herr Benes now places his hopes in the world. He makes no secret of this, nor his diplomats, either.

They explain: "This is our hope, that Chamberlain will fall, that Daladier will be removed, that all over the world there will be upheavals, and Soviet Russia is also our hope." He still thinks he can evade a fulfilment of his duty. I can only say, two men

face one another—there is Herr Benes and here am I—and we are two different people. When Herr Benes was scrimshanking through the great struggle of the peoples, I was doing my duty as a decent soldier. And today, once more, I stand before this man as a soldier of my people. I have little to explain. I am grateful to Mr. Chamberlain for all his efforts, and I have assured him that the German people want nothing but peace—simply that I cannot go back once beyond the limits of our patience. I have further assured him, and I stress it now, that when this problem is solved Germany has no more territorial problems in Europe. I have further assured him that at the moment when Czecho-Slovakia has solved its other problems—that is, when the Czechs shall have come to an understanding with their other minorities—that I shall not be interested in the Czech State any more, and that, so far as I am concerned, I can guarantee it. We do not want any Czechs any more. At the same time I now declare to the German people that so far as the Sudeten German problem is concerned my patience is at an end.

I have made Herr Benes an offer. It is nothing more than the execution of that which he has already accepted. Now he has war or peace in his hands. He will either accept this offer now and give the Germans their freedom at last, or we shall go and fetch this freedom.

One thing the world should note. During four and a half years of war and in the long years of my political life they have never been able to say I have ever been a coward. I now come before my people as its first soldier and behind me the world must know marches a nation, and a very different nation from the nation of 1918. Whereas democratic scholars then managed to infect our people with the poison of democratic phrases, the German people today is not the German people of those days. Such phrases today are like wasp stings to us. We are now immune against them. In this hour the whole German nation will unite itself with me. It will follow my will as its will, just as I regard its future and destiny as the measure of all my actions, and we will strengthen this united will just as we did in the fighting period—in that period in which as an unknown, lonely soldier, I went out to conquer a Reich. I never doubted the final success and victory. A group of brave men and courageous women gathered round me and went with me, and thus I beg my German people “stand now behind me, man and man, and woman and woman.” In these hours we all will become one sacred, united will. It will be stronger than all distress and every danger. And when this will is stronger than distress and danger, then will it break down distress and danger. We are determined. Herr Benes can now choose.

THE RT. HON.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

In the early hours of September 1, 1939, Herr Hitler gave his army orders to march into Poland, despite world-wide protests. Poland gallantly and stubbornly resisted the invaders. In accordance with the solemn pledges made to Poland to assist her in protecting herself against aggression, Britain and France, on September 3, sent an ultimatum to Germany that if fighting in Poland did not cease by 11 a.m., war would be declared. At the expiration of that time, Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, broadcast to the whole nation this speech, which will always rank as one of the most memorable in history. A statement such as this, has on previous occasions been made only to the House of Commons and the House of Lords. But by the aid of wireless, the Prime Minister was able to speak to the hushed, waiting millions of the nation's people and to tell them that in honourable accordance with their solemn pledge, Great Britain and France had declared war on Nazi Germany.

THE NATION AT WAR

SPEECH BROADCAST TO THE BRITISH NATION,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1939

I AM speaking to you from the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street. This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government a final Note stating that, unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were prepared at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you now that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany.

You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me that all my long struggle to win peace has failed. Yet I cannot believe that there is anything more or anything different that I could have done and that would have been more successful.

Up to the very last it would have been quite possible to have arranged a peaceful and honourable settlement between Germany and Poland, but Hitler would not have it. He had evidently made up his mind to attack Poland whatever happened, and although he now says he put forward reasonable proposals which were rejected by the Poles, that is not a true statement.

The proposals were never shown to the Poles, nor to us, and, though they were announced in a German broadcast on Thursday

night, Hitler did not wait to hear comments on them, but ordered his troops to cross the Polish frontier. His action shows convincingly that there is no chance of expecting that this man will ever give up his practice of using force to gain his will. He can only be stopped by force.

We and France are today, in fulfilment of our obligations, going to the aid of Poland, who is so bravely resisting this wicked and unprovoked attack on her people. We have a clear conscience. We have done all that any country could do to establish peace. The situation in which no word given by Germany's ruler could be trusted, and no people or country could feel themselves safe, has become intolerable. And now that we have resolved to finish it, I know that you will all play your part with calmness and courage.

At such a moment as this the assurances of support that we have received from the Empire are a source of profound encouragement to us.

When I have finished speaking, certain detailed announcements will be made on behalf of the Government. Give these your closest attention. The Government have made plans under which it will be possible to carry on the work of the nation in the days of stress and strain that may be ahead. But these plans need your help.

You may be taking your part in the fighting services or as a volunteer in one of the branches of civil defence. If so you will report for duty in accordance with the instructions you have received. You may be engaged in work essential to the prosecution of war for the maintenance of the life of the people—in factories, in transport, in public utility concerns, or in the supply of other necessities of life. If so, it is of vital importance that you should carry on with your jobs.

Now may God bless you all. May He defend the right. It is the evil things that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution—and against them I am certain that the right will prevail.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

At the outbreak of war in September, 1939, America announced her firm resolve to remain neutral. President Roosevelt did, however, lead the movement agitating for the repeal of the Neutrality Act of 1935 which banned the sale of armaments of any sort to belligerent countries. The repeal of this Act would greatly favour the Allies, since they had command of the seas, while Germany, suffering from the blockade, would gain little or nothing by it. The Act was repealed in October, 1939, while it was again stressed that America would keep her neutrality.

Addressing the third session of the seventy-sixth Congress, President Roosevelt declared that the impact of wars abroad made it natural to approach "the state of the Union" through a discussion of foreign affairs; he emphasized, however, that domestic politics was by no means being overlooked.

AMERICA LOOKS AT THE WAR

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF CONGRESS,

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 3, 1940

THE social and economic forces which have been mismanaged abroad until they have resulted in revolution, dictatorship and war, are the same as those which we here are struggling to adjust peacefully at home. You are well aware that dictatorships and the philosophy of force which justifies dictatorships originated in almost every case in the necessity of drastic action to improve internal conditions where democratic action for one reason or another had failed to respond to modern needs and modern demands.

President Roosevelt referred to the warning contained in previous messages to Congress that the daily lives of American citizens would feel the shock of events on other continents and declared that the warning was no longer mere theory for it had been definitely proved.

The President also warned wishful thinkers who insisted that the United States, as a self-contained unit, could live happily and prosperously, its future secure inside a high wall of isolation while outside the rest of civilization and the commerce and culture of mankind were shattered.

I can understand the feelings of those who warn the nation that they will never again consent to the sending of American youth on the soil of Europe. But as I remember nobody has asked them to consent, for nobody expects such an undertaking. The overwhelming

majority of my fellow citizens do not abandon in the slightest their hope and expectation that the United States will not become involved in military participation in the war. I can also understand the wishfulness of those who over-simplify the situation by repeating that all we have to do is to mind our own business and keep the nation from war. But there is a vast difference between keeping from war and pretending this war is none of our business. We have not to go to war with other nations, but at least we can strive with other nations to encourage the kind of peace that will lighten the troubles of the world, and by so doing help our own nation as well.

It becomes clearer and clearer that the future world will be a shabby and dangerous place to live in, yes, even for Americans to live in, if it is ruled by force in the hands of a few.

Already swiftly moving events all over Europe have made us pause to think in a longer view. Fortunately that thinking cannot be controlled by partisanship. The time is long past when any political party or any particular group can curry or capture public favour by labelling itself "the Peace Party," or "the Peace Bloc." That label belongs to the whole of the United States and to every right-thinking man, woman and child within it.

Out of all the military and diplomatic turmoil, out of all the propaganda and counter-propaganda of the present conflict, there are two facts which stand out and which the whole world acknowledges. The first is that never before has the Government of the United States done so much as in our recent efforts to establish and maintain the policy of the good neighbour with its sister nations. And the second is that in almost every nation in the world today there is a true public belief that the United States have been and will continue to be a potent and active factor in seeking the re-establishment of world peace.

Yes, in these recent years we have had a clean record of peace and goodwill. It is an open book—a book that cannot be twisted or defamed. It is a record that must be continued and enlarged. So I hope that Americans everywhere will work out for themselves the several alternatives which lie before world civilization and which necessarily includes our own. We must look ahead and see the possibilities for our children if the rest of the world comes to be dominated by concentrated force alone, even though today we are a very great and a very powerful nation.

We must look ahead and see the effect on our own future if all the small nations of the world have their independence snatched from them or become mere appendages to relatively vast and powerful military systems. We must look ahead and see the kind of lives

our children would have to lead if a large part of the rest of the world were compelled to worship a god imposed by a military ruler or were forbidden to worship God at all: if the rest of the world were forbidden to read and hear the facts but only rules for their own and all nations; and if they were deprived of the truth that makes man free. We must look ahead and see the effect on our future generations if world trade is controlled by any nation or group of nations which sets up that control through military force.

It is true, of course, that the record of past centuries includes the destruction of many small nations; and includes the enslavement of people and the building of empires on the foundation of force. But quite apart from the greater international morality which we seek today we recognize the practical fact that, with modern weapons and modern conditions, modern man can no longer lead a civilized life if we are to go back to the practice of wars of conquest of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Summing up, this need for looking ahead and in words of common sense and good American citizenship, I hope that we will have fewer American ostriches in our midst. It is not good for the ultimate health of ostriches to bury their heads in the sand. Only an ostrich would look upon these wars through the eyes of cynicism or ridicule.

Of course, the peoples of other nations have the right to choose their own form of government, but we of this nation still believe that such choice should be predicated on certain freedoms—freedoms which we think are essential everywhere. We know that we ourselves will never be very safe at home unless other Governments recognize such freedoms. Twenty-one American republics, expressing the will of 250,000,000 people to preserve peace and freedom in this hemisphere, are displaying unanimity of ideas and practical relationship which gives hope that what is being done here can be done on other continents. We and all the Americas are coming to the realization that we can retain our respective nationalities without, at the same time, threatening the national existence of our neighbours.

For many years after the World War, as we know today, blind economic selfishness in most countries, including our own, resulted in a destructive minefield of trade restrictions which blocked the channels of commerce among nations. Indeed, this policy was one of the contributing causes of the existing wars. It jammed up vast and unsaleable surpluses, helping to bring about unemployment and suffering in the United States and everywhere else. To point the way to the break-up of that log-jam our Trade Agreement Act was passed, based upon a policy of equality of treatment among nations

and of mutually profitable arrangements of trade. Our present trade agreement method provides a temporary flexibility and is therefore practical in the best sense. It should be kept alive to serve our trade interests, agricultural and industrial, in many valuable ways during the existing war. But what is more important, the Trade Agreements Act can be extended as an indispensable part of the foundations of any stable and enduring peace. The old conditions of world trade made for no enduring peace. When the time comes the United States must use its influence to open up the trade channels of the world for all nations in order that no one nation need feel compelled in later days to seek by force of arms what it can well gain by peaceful conference. And so for that purpose, too, we need the Trade Agreements Act even more today than when it was passed.

I emphasize the leadership which this nation can take when the time comes for a renewal of world peace. Such an influence would be greatly weakened if this Government becomes a dog in the manger of trade selfishness. The first President of the United States warned us against entangling foreign alliances. The present President of the United States subscribes to and follows that precept. And I hope that most of you will agree that trade co-operation with the rest of the world does not violate that precept in any way. Even as through these trade agreements we prepare to co-operate in a world that wants peace, we hope, we must likewise be prepared to take care of ourselves if the world cannot attain peace. For several years past we have been compelled to strengthen our own national defence. That has created a very large portion of our treasury deficit. This year, in the light of continuing world uncertainty, I am asking the Congress for army and navy increases which are based not on panic but on common sense. They are not as great as enthusiastic alarmists think. They are not as small as unrealistic persons, claiming superior private information, would demand. As will appear in the annual Budget tomorrow, the only important increase in any part of the Budget is the estimate for national defence. Practically all other important items show a reduction. But you know you cannot eat your cake and have it too. Therefore, in the hope that we can continue in these days of increasing economic prosperity to reduce the federal deficit, I am asking the Congress to levy sufficient additional taxes to meet the emergency spending for national defence.

Behind our army and navy, of course, lies our ultimate line of defence, the general welfare of our people. We cannot report, despite all the progress we have made in our domestic problems and despite the fact that production is back to the 1929 level, that all our problems are solved. The fact of the unemployment of

millions of men and women remains a symptom of a number of difficulties in our economic system which have not yet been adjusted. While the number of the unemployed has decreased very greatly, while their immediate needs for food and clothing, as far as the Federal Government is concerned, have been largely met, and while their morale has been kept alive by giving them useful public work, we have not yet found a way to employ the surplus of our labour which the efficiency of our industrial services has created.

We refuse the European solution of using the unemployed to build up excessive armaments which eventually result in dictatorship and war. We encourage an American way through an increase of our national income, which is the only way in which we can be sure we will take up the slack. Much progress has been made and much remains to be done. We recognize that we must find an answer in terms of work and opportunity. The unemployment problem today has become very definitely a problem of youth as well as of old age. As each year has gone by hundreds and thousands of boys and girls have become of working age. They now form an army of un-used youth. They must be a special concern of democratic government. We must continue, above all things, to look for the solution of their especial problem for they, looking ahead today, are entitled to action on our part and not merely to admonitions or lectures on economic law. . . . In 1933 we met a problem of real fear and real defeatism. We faced the facts with action and not with words alone. The American people will reject that doctrine of fear, confident that in the '30s we have been building soundly a new order of things—different from the '20s. And in this dawn of the decade of the '40s with our progress and social improvements started, we will continue to carry on the process of recovery so as to preserve our gains and to provide jobs at living wages.

There are, of course, many other items of great public interest which could be enumerated in this message. The continued conservation of our national resources, the improvement of health, the bettering of education, the extension of social security to larger groups, the freeing of large areas from restrictive transportation discrimination, the extension of the merit system and many others. Our continued progress in the social and economic field is important not only for the significance of each part of it but for the total effect which it has upon that most valuable asset of a nation in dangerous times—its national unity.

The permanent security of America in the present crisis does not lie in armed force alone. What we face is a set of world-wide forces of disintegration, vicious, ruthless, destructive of all the moral, all

the religious and all the political standards which mankind, after centuries of struggle, has come to cherish most. In these moral values, in these forces which have made our nation great, we must actively and practically reassert our faith. These words "national unity" must not be allowed to become merely a high-sounding phrase, a vague generality, a pious hope to which every one can give lip service. They must be made to have real meaning in terms of the daily thoughts and acts of every man, woman and child in our land during the coming year and during the years that lie ahead. For national unity is in a very real and deep sense the fundamental safeguard of all democracy. Doctrines that set group against group, faith against faith, race against race, class against class, fanning the fires of hatred in men, too despondent, too desperate to think for themselves—those doctrines were used as rabble-rousing slogans on which dictators could rise to power, and once in power they could saddle their tyrannies on whole nations, saddle them on their weaker neighbours.

Yes, this is the danger to which we in America must begin to be more alert. Apologists for foreign aggressors, and equally those selfish and partisan groups at home who wrap themselves in a false mantle of Americanism to promote their own financial or political advantage, are now seeking to muddy the spring of our national thinking, weakening us in the face of danger by trying to set our own people to fight amongst themselves. We must combat such tactics as we would the plague if American integrity and American security are to be preserved. We cannot afford to face the future as a disunited people. We must as a united people keep ablaze on this continent the flames of human liberty, of reason, of democracy and of fair play as living things to be preserved for the better world that is to come. All this bitterness, vituperation and the beating of drums—they have contributed mightily to ill-feelings and wars between nations; if these unnecessary and unpleasant actions are harmful in the international field they are also harmful in the domestic scene. . . . In the long run history amply demonstrates that angry controversy surely wins less than calm discussion. In the spirit, therefore, of greater unselfishness, recognizing that the world, including the United States, is passing through perilous times, I am very hopeful that the closing session of the seventy-sixth Congress will consider the needs of the nation and of humanity with calmness, with courage and with co-operative wisdom.

May the year 1940 be pointed to by our children as another period when democracy justified its existence as the best instrument of government yet devised by mankind.

CAIUS CASSIUS

This speech, which was delivered in the Roman Senate in A.D. 61, marks the turning point in the state of public opinion towards the position of slaves. Some time previously a City Prefect had been murdered by his slave. There was a strong suspicion that the murderer had acted only under extreme provocation. According to Roman law, all the other slaves in the household had to be put to death. On this occasion, however, for the first time, popular indignation was apparent at what was regarded as a barbarous punishment. Nevertheless the traditional conservatism of the senate prevailed and, largely owing to this speech, the slaves were actually executed.

SPEECH ON THE PUNISHMENT OF SLAVES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AT ROME, A.D. 61

I HAVE frequently been present, senators, when the House has been required to pass fresh legislation contrary to the spirit of our institutions and contrary to our traditional code of laws. Often I have avoided opposing these measures, not because I was in any doubt that in all matters the established precedent of the law is best and that any change must be for the worse, but to avoid the appearance of giving overmuch importance to my own profession by clinging too conservatively to the rules of our traditional customs. Also I wished any influence I possess to remain unhampered, and feared to impair it by offering continual opposition. I was not regarding my own self-interest, but rather wished to be at the service of the State whenever it might require my counsel.

Precisely that has happened today. A man of consular rank has been murdered in his own home through the treachery of his slaves. Not one of them prevented the consummation of the plot; not one of them betrayed it to his master although they were all aware of the penalty which awaited them, since until now no move has been made to undermine the decree which lays down death as the punishment for the whole establishment of slaves. Allow them to go unpunished—who will then be protected by his position, seeing that the city prefecture has not availed to protect its holder? Who will find safety in the number of his slaves when forty were not sufficient to assure the life of Pedanius Secundus? Who will be protected by his establishment when, even under the threat of death,

our slaves have no regard for the dangers to which we are exposed? Suppose it is true, as some do not blush to suggest, that the murderer acted to avenge wrongs which had been done him, because, forsooth, he had made a bargain about some money which had belonged to his father, or because he had been refused his freedom. Let us go farther and make the solemn pronouncement that it was *just* for the slave to murder his master.

Do you wish to search for arguments in a matter which has already been decided by wiser men than ourselves? Even if we were required to make the decision for the first time, do you really think that a slave decided to murder his master without speaking some threatening word or uttering some rash statement? Doubtless you will say that he concealed his design; that he obtained the instrument with which to commit the crime without any of his fellows discovering the fact. Even so, is it possible that he could have got past the slaves who guard the bedroom, or have opened the door of his master's bedchamber with a light in his hand and have accomplished the murder without any one being the wiser?

Crimes invariably cast their shadows before them. So long as our slaves point them out to us we can live safely in our households. We sleep peacefully while others keep watch and, in the last event, if die we must, we can be assured of vengeance on the guilty. In days gone by, the goodwill of slaves was suspected even if they were born on the estate, or in the very house of their masters, and even if from the day of their birth they had shown affection for them. Now we have men of many strange nations in our households, men of different customs from our own, worshipping strange gods or none at all. Is there any way of keeping such dregs of humanity in check except by the exercise of fear?

No doubt it will be said that the innocent will perish with the guilty. That is not surprising seeing that when every tenth man in a defeated army is put to death the victims are chosen by lot and the lot sometimes falls on the brave. Every great precedent involves some injustice, but its effect on individuals is compensated by the benefit which it confers on the whole State.

EDMUND BURKE

Edmund Burke came to England from Ireland as a young man, penniless and unknown. His brilliant intellect gave him entrance into circles where he found powerful friends, and in 1765 he entered Parliament as a Whig under the patronage of Lord Rockingham. His speeches on the Stamp Act and the American War made him famous as an orator, and in a few years he was the outstanding speech maker. Chiefly he is remembered as the man who was as passionately against the French Revolution as Fox was in favour of it—in fact, their difference of opinion on this question caused bitter enmity between the two men who formerly had been firm friends. Burke was altogether a passionate upholder of the existing order of things and, in a way, this speech was something of a departure for him, for in pleading for civil retrenchment, and a check to parliamentary corruption, he was asking that the old order be changed.

A PLEA FOR REFORM

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

FEBRUARY 11, 1780

I RISE, in acquittal of my engagement to the House, in obedience to the strong and just requisition of my constituents, and, I am persuaded, in conformity to the unanimous wishes of the whole nation, to submit to the wisdom of Parliament, "A Plan of reform in the Constitution of several parts of the public economy."

I have endeavoured that this plan should include in its execution a considerable reduction of improper expense; that it should effect a conversion of unprofitable titles into a productive estate; that it should lead to, and indeed almost compel, a provident administration of such sums of public money as must remain under discretionary trusts; that it should render the incurring debts on the civil establishment (which must ultimately affect national strength and national credit) so very difficult, as to become next to impracticable.

But what, I confess, was uppermost with me, what I bent the whole force of my mind to, was the reduction of that corrupt influence, which is itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder; which loads us, more than millions of debt; which takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our Constitution.

Sir, I assure you, very solemnly, and with a very clear conscience, that nothing in the world has led me to such an undertaking, but my zeal for the honour of this House, and the settled, habitual, systematic affection I bear to the cause and to the principles of government.

I enter perfectly into the nature and consequences of my attempt; and I advance to it with a tremor that shakes me to the inmost fibre of my frame. I feel that I engage in a business, in itself most ungracious, totally wide of the course of prudent conduct; and, I really think, the most completely adverse that can be imagined to the natural turn and temper of my own mind. I know, that all parsimony is of a quality approaching to unkindness; and that (on some person or other) every reform must operate as a sort of punishment. Indeed the whole class of the severe and restrictive virtues are at a market almost too high for humanity. What is worse, there are very few of those virtues which are not capable of being imitated, and even outdone, in many of their most striking effects, by the worst of vices. Malignity and envy will carve much more deeply, and finish much more sharply, in the work of retrenchment, than frugality and providence. I do not, therefore, wonder that gentlemen have kept away from such a task, as well from good nature as from prudence. Private feeling might, indeed, be overborne by legislative reason; and a man of a long-sighted and a strong-nerved humanity, might bring himself, not so much to consider from whom he takes a superfluous enjoyment, as for whom in the end he may preserve the absolute necessities of life. . . .

Besides this, sir, the private enemies to be made in all attempts of this kind are innumerable; and their enmity will be the more bitter, and the more dangerous, too, because a sense of dignity will oblige them to conceal the cause of their resentment. Very few men of great families, and extensive connexions, but will feel the smart of a cutting reform, in some close relation, some bosom friend, some pleasant acquaintance, some dear, protected dependant. Emolument is taken from some; patronage from others; objects of pursuit from all. Men, forced into an involuntary independence, will abhor the authors of a blessing which in their eyes has so very near a resemblance to a curse. When officers are removed, and the offices remain, you may set the gratitude of some against the anger of others; you may oppose the friends you oblige against the enemies you provoke. But services of the present sort create no attachments. The individual good felt in a public benefit is comparatively so small, comes round through such an involved labyrinth of intricate and tedious revolutions; whilst a present, personal detriment is so

heavy where it falls, and so instant in its operation, that the cold commendation of a public advantage never was, and never will be, a match for the quick sensibility of a private loss: and you may depend upon it, sir, that when many people have an interest in railing, sooner or later, they will bring a considerable degree of unpopularity upon any measure. So that, for the present at least, the reformation will operate against the reformers; and revenge as against them at the least, will produce all the effects of corruption. . . .

There have been, sir, and there are, many who choose to chicanery with their situation, rather than be instructed by it. Those gentlemen argue against every desire of reformation, upon the principles of a criminal prosecution. It is enough for them to justify their adherence to a pernicious system, that it is not of their contrivance; that it is an inheritance of absurdity, derived to them from their ancestors; that they can make out a long and unbroken pedigree of mismanagers that have gone before them. They are proud of the antiquity of their House; and they defend their errors, as if they were defending their inheritance: afraid of derogating from their nobility, and carefully avoiding a sort of blot in their scutcheon, which they think would degrade them for ever.

It was thus that the unfortunate Charles the First defended himself on the practice of the Stuart who went before him, and of all the Tudors; his partisans might have gone to the Plantagenets. They might have found bad examples enough, both abroad and at home, that could have shown an ancient and illustrious descent. But there is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time, when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence, nor obtain protection. . . .

I do most seriously put it to administration to consider the wisdom of a timely reform. Early reformations are amicable arrangements with a friend in power; later reformations are terms imposed upon a conquered enemy: early reformations are made in cool blood; late reformations are made under a state of inflammation. In that state of things the people behold in government nothing that is respectable. They see the abuse, and they will see nothing else. They fall into the temper of a furious populace provoked at the disorder of a house of ill-fame; they never attempt to correct or regulate; they go to work by the shortest way. They abate the nuisance, they pull down the house.

This is my opinion with regard to the true interest of government. But as it is the interest of government that reformation should be

early, it is the interest of the people that it should be temperate. It is their interest, because a temperate reform is permanent; and because it has a principle of growth. Whenever we improve, it is right to leave room for a further improvement. It is right to consider, to look about us, to examine the effect of what we have done. Then we can proceed with confidence, because we can proceed with intelligence. Whereas in hot reformatations, in what men, more zealous than considerate, call *making clear work*, the whole is generally so crude, so harsh, so indigested; mixed with so much imprudence, and so much injustice; so contrary to the whole course of human nature, and human institutions, that the very people who are most eager for it are among the first to grow disgusted at what they have done. Then some part of the abdicated grievance is recalled from its exile in order to become a corrective of the correction. Then the abuse assumes all the credit and popularity of a reform. The very idea of purity and disinterestedness in politics falls into disrepute and is considered as a vision of hot and inexperienced men; and thus disorders become incurable, not by the virulence of their own quality, but by the unapt and violent nature of the remedies. A great part, therefore, of my idea of reform is meant to operate gradually; some benefits will come at a nearer, some at a more remote period. We must no more haste to be rich by parsimony than by intemperate acquisition. . . .

First, with regard to the sovereign jurisdictions, I must observe, sir, that whoever takes a view of this kingdom in a cursory manner will imagine that he beholds a solid, compacted, uniform system of monarchy, in which all inferior jurisdictions are but as rays diverging from one centre. But on examining it more nearly you find much eccentricity and confusion. It is not a monarchy in strictness. But, as in the Saxon times this country was an heptarchy, it is now a strange sort of *pentarchy*. It is divided into five several distinct principalities, besides the supreme. There is indeed this difference from the Saxon times, that as in the itinerant exhibitions of the stage, for want of a complete company, they are obliged to throw a variety of parts on their chief performer; so our sovereign condescends himself to act not only the principal, but all the subordinate, parts in the play. He condescends to dissipate the royal character, and to trifle with those light, subordinate, lacquered sceptres in those hands that sustain the ball representing the world, or which wield the trident that commands the ocean. Cross a brook, and you lose the King of England; but you have some comfort in coming again under His Majesty, though "shorn of his beams," and no more than Prince of Wales. Go to the north, and you find

him dwindled to a Duke of Lancaster; turn to the west of that north, and he pops upon you in the humble character of Earl of Chester. Travel a few miles on, the Earl of Chester disappears; and the king surprises you again as Count Palatine of Lancaster. If you travel beyond Mount Edgcumbe, you find him once more in his incognito, and he is Duke of Cornwall. So that, quite fatigued and satiated with this dull variety, you are infinitely refreshed when you return to the sphere of his proper splendour, and behold your amiable sovereign in his true, simple, undisguised, native character of majesty.

In every one of these five principalities, duchies, palatinates, there is a regular establishment of considerable expense, and most domineering influence. As His Majesty submits to appear in this state of subordination to himself, his loyal Peers and faithful Commons attend his royal transformations; and are not so nice as to refuse to nibble at those crumbs of emoluments which console their pretty metamorphoses. Thus every one of those principalities has the apparatus of a kingdom, for the jurisdiction over a few private estates; and the formality and charge of the exchequer of Great Britain for collecting the rents of a country squire. . . .

For what plausible reason are these principalities suffered to exist? . . . Do they answer any purpose to the king? The principality of Wales was given by patent to Edward the Black Prince, on the ground on which it has since stood. Lord Coke sagaciously observes upon it: "That in the charter of creating the Black Prince Edward Prince of Wales, there is a *great mystery*—for *less* than an estate of inheritance, so *great* a prince *could* not have, and an *absolute estate of inheritance* in so *great* a principality as Wales (this principality being *so dear* to him) he *should* not have; and therefore it was made, *sibi et heredibus suis regibus Angliæ*, that by his decease, or attaining to the Crown, it might be extinguished in the Crown."

For the sake of this foolish *mystery*, of what a great prince *could* not have *less*, and *should* not have *so much*, of a principality which was too *dear* to be given, and too *great* to be kept—and for no other cause that ever I could find—this form and shadow of a principality, without any substance, has been maintained. That you may judge in this instance (and it serves for the rest) of the difference between a great and a little economy, you will please to recollect, sir, that Wales may be about the tenth part of England in size and population; and certainly not an hundredth part in opulence. Twelve judges perform the whole of the business, both of the stationary and itinerant justice of this kingdom; but for Wales there are eight

judges. There is in Wales an exchequer, as well as in all the duchies, according to the very best and most authentic absurdity of form. There are, in all of them, a hundred more difficult trifles and laborious fooleries, which serve no other purpose than to keep alive corrupt hope and servile dependence.

These principalities are so far from contributing to the ease of the king, to his wealth, or his dignity, that they render both his supreme and his subordinate authority perfectly ridiculous. . . .

I propose, therefore, to unite all the five principalities to the Crown, and to its ordinary jurisdiction—to abolish all those offices that produce an useless and chargeable separation from the body of the people—to compensate those who do not hold their offices (if any such there are) at the pleasure of the Crown—to extinguish vexatious titles by an act of short limitation—to sell those unprofitable estates which support useless jurisdictions, and to turn the tenant-right into a fee, on such moderate terms as will be better for the State than its present right, and which it is impossible for any rational tenant to refuse. . . .

I come next to the great supreme body of the civil Government itself. I approach it with that awe and reverence with which a young physician approaches to the cure of the disorders of his parent. Disorders, sir, and infirmities, there are—such disorders, that all attempts towards method, prudence, and frugality, will be perfectly vain, whilst a system of confusion remains, which is not only alien, but adverse to all economy, a system which is not only prodigal in its very essence, but causes everything else which belongs to it to be prodigally conducted. . . .

Coming upon this ground of the civil list, the first thing in dignity and charge that attracts our notice is the *Royal household*. This establishment, in my opinion, is exceedingly abusive in its constitution. It is formed upon manners and customs that have long since expired. In the first place, it is formed, in many respects, upon *feudal principles*. In the feudal times it was not uncommon, even among subjects, for the lowest offices to be held by considerable persons; persons as unfit by their incapacity, as improper from their rank, to occupy such employments. They were held by patent, sometimes for life, and sometimes by inheritance. If my memory does not deceive me, a person of no slight consideration held the office of patent hereditary cook to an Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Warwick's soups, I fear, were not the better for the dignity of his kitchen. I think it was an Earl of Gloucester, who officiated as steward of the household to the archbishops of Canterbury. Instances of the same kind may in some degree be found in the

Northumberland house book, and other family records. There was some reason in ancient necessities, for these ancient customs. Protection was wanted; and the domestic tie, though not the highest, was the closest.

The king's household has not only several strong traces of this *feudality*, but it is formed also upon the principles of a *body corporate*; it has its own magistrates, courts and by-laws. This might be necessary in the ancient times, in order to have a government within itself, capable of regulating the vast and often unruly multitude which composed and attended it. This was the origin of the ancient court called the *Green Cloth*—composed of the marshal, treasurer and other great officers of the household, with certain clerks. The rich subjects of the kingdom who had formerly the same establishments (only on a reduced scale) have since altered their economy; and turned the course of their expense from the maintenance of vast establishments within their walls, to the employment of a great variety of independent trades abroad. Their influence is lessened; but a mode of accommodation, and a style of splendour, suited to the manners of the times, has been increased. Royalty itself has insensibly followed; and the royal household has been carried away by the resistless tide of manners: but with this very material difference—private men have got rid of the establishments along with the reasons of them; whereas the royal household has lost all that was stately and venerable in the antique manners, without retrenching anything of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment. It is shrunk into the polished littleness of modern elegance and personal accommodation; it has evaporated from the gross concrete into an essence and rectified spirit of expense, where you have tuns of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.

But when the reason of old establishments is gone, it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burthen of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcase not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oils in the tomb; it is to offer meat and drink to the dead—not so much an honour to the deceased, as a disgrace to the survivors. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls. There the bleak winds, there “Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud,” howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of deserted guard rooms, appal the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants—the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane; the stern Edwards and fierce Henries—who stalk from desolation to desolation, through the dreary vacuity, and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers. When this tumult subsides, a dead and still more frightful silence would

reign in this desert, if every now and then the tacking of hammers did not announce that those constant attendants upon all courts in all ages, Jobs, were still alive; for whose sake alone it is that any trace of ancient grandeur is suffered to remain. These palaces are a true emblem of some governments; the inhabitants are decayed, but the governors and magistrates still flourish. . . .

I do not say, sir, that all these establishments, whose principle is gone, have been systematically kept up for influence solely: neglect had its share. But this I am sure of, that a consideration of influence has hindered any one from attempting to pull them down. For the purposes of influence, and for those purposes only, are retained half at least of the household establishments. No revenue, no not royal revenue, can exist under the accumulated charge of ancient establishment, modern luxury, and parliamentary political corruption. . . .

At the beginning of His Majesty's reign, Lord Talbot came to the administration of a great department in the household. I believe no man ever entered into His Majesty's service, or into the service of any prince, with a more clear integrity, or with more zeal and affection for the interest of his master; and, I must add, with abilities for a still higher service. Economy was then announced as a maxim of the reign. This noble lord, therefore, made several attempts towards a reform. In the year 1777, when the king's civil list debts came last to be paid, he explained very fully the success of his undertaking. He told the House of Lords that he had attempted to reduce the charges of the king's tables, and his kitchen. The thing, sir, was not below him. He knew that there is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention. "Love," says one of our old poets, "esteems no office mean"; and with still more spirit, "entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Frugality, sir, is founded on the principle that all riches have limits. A royal household, grown enormous even in the meanest departments, may weaken and perhaps destroy all energy in the highest offices of the State. The gorging of a royal kitchen may stint and famish the negotiations of a kingdom. Therefore the object was worthy of his, was worthy of any man's attention.

In consequence of this noble lord's resolution (as he told the other House), he reduced several tables, and put the persons entitled to them upon board wages, much to their own satisfaction. But unluckily, subsequent duties requiring constant attendance, it was not possible to prevent their being fed where they were employed—and thus this first step towards economy doubled the expense.

There was another disaster far more doleful than this. I shall

state it, as the cause of that misfortune lies at the bottom of almost all our prodigality. Lord Talbot attempted to reform the kitchen; but such, as he well observed, is the consequence of having duty done by one person, whilst another enjoys the emoluments, that he found himself frustrated in all his designs. On that rock his whole adventure split—his whole scheme of economy was dashed to pieces; his department became more expensive than ever; the civil list debt accumulated. Why? It was truly from a cause, which, though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed. It was because the *turnspit* in the king's kitchen was a *Member of Parliament*. The king's domestic servants were all undone; his tradesmen remained unpaid, and became bankrupt—*because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a Member of Parliament*. His Majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken—*because the king's turnspit was a Member of Parliament*. The judges were unpaid; the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way; the foreign ministers remained inactive and unprovided; the system of Europe was dissolved; the chain of our alliances was broken; all the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped—*because the king's turnspit was a Member of Parliament*.

Such, sir, was the situation of affairs, and such the cause of that situation, when His Majesty came a second time to Parliament, to desire the payment of those debts which the employment of its members in various offices, visible and invisible, had occasioned. I believe that a like fate will attend every attempt at economy by detail, under similar circumstances and in every department. A complex, operose office of account and control is, in itself, and even if Members of Parliament had nothing to do with it, the most prodigal of all things. The most audacious robberies, or the most subtle frauds, would never venture upon such a waste, as an over-careful, detailed guard against them would infallibly produce. In our establishments we frequently see an office of account, of a hundred pounds a year expense, and another office of an equal expense, to control that office; and the whole upon a matter that is not worth twenty shillings.

To avoid, therefore, this minute care which produces the consequences of the most extensive neglect, and to oblige Members of Parliament to attend to public cares, and not to the servile offices of domestic management, I propose, sir, to *economize by principle*, that is, I propose to put affairs into that train which experience points out as the most effectual, from the nature of things, and from the constitution of the human mind. . . .

There is a great deal of uneasiness among the people upon an article which I must class under the head of pensions. I mean the *great patent offices in the Exchequer*. They are in reality and substance no other than pensions, and in no other light shall I consider them. They are sinecures. They are always executed by deputy. The duty of the principal is as nothing. They differ, however, from the pensions on the list, in some particulars. They are held for life. I think, with the public, that the profits of those places are grown enormous; the magnitude of those profits, and the nature of them, both call for reformation. . . .

It may be expected, sir, that when I am giving my reasons why I limit myself in the reduction of employments, or of their profits, I should say something of those which seem of eminent inutility in the State; I mean the number of officers who, by their places, are attendant on the person of the king. Considering the commonwealth merely as such, and considering those officers only as relative to the direct purposes of the State, I admit that they are of no use at all. But there are many things in the constitution of establishments which appear of little value on the first view, which, in a secondary and oblique manner, produce very material advantages. It was on full consideration that I determined not to lessen any of the offices of honour about the Crown, in their number, or their emoluments. These emoluments, except in one or two cases, do not much more than answer the charge of attendance. Men of condition naturally love to be about a Court; and women of condition love it much more. But there is in all regular attendance so much of constraint, that if it were a mere charge, without any compensation, you would soon have the Court deserted by all the nobility of the kingdom.

Sir, the most serious mischiefs would follow from such a desertion. Kings are naturally lovers of low company. They are so elevated above all the rest of mankind that they must look upon all their subjects as on a level. They are rather apt to hate than to love their nobility, on account of the occasional resistance to their will, which will be made by their virtue, their petulance or their pride. It must indeed be admitted that many of the nobility are as perfectly willing to act the part of flatterers, tale bearers, parasites, pimps, and buffoons, as any of the lowest and vilest of mankind can possibly be. But they are not properly qualified for this object of their ambition. The want of a regular education, and early habits and some lurking remains of their dignity, will never permit them to become a match for an Italian eunuch, a mountebank, a fiddler, a player, or any regular practitioner of that tribe. The Roman emperors, almost from the beginning, threw themselves into such

hands; and the mischief increased every day till the decline and final ruin of the empire. It is therefore of very great importance (provided the thing is not overdone) to contrive such an establishment as must almost, whether a prince will or not, bring into daily and hourly offices about his person a great number of his first nobility; and it is rather a useful prejudice that gives them a pride in such a servitude. Though they are not much the better for a Court, a Court will be much the better for them. I have, therefore, not attempted to reform any of the offices of honour about the king's person. . . .

I have not, sir, the frantic presumption to suppose that this plan contains in it the whole of what the public has a right to expect in the great work of reformation they call for. Indeed it falls infinitely short of it. It falls short even of my own ideas. I have some thoughts, not yet fully ripened, relative to a reform in the customs and excise, as well as in some other branches of financial administration. There are other things, too, which form essential parts in a great plan for the purpose of restoring the independence of Parliament. The Contractors Bill of last year it is fit to revive, and I rejoice that it is in better hands than mine. The Bill for suspending the votes of custom house officers, brought into Parliament several years ago by one of our worthiest and wisest members (would to God we could along with the plan revive the person who designed it). But a man of very real integrity, honour and ability, will be found to take his place, and to carry his idea into full execution. You all see how necessary it is to review our military expenses for some years past, and, if possible, to bind up and close that bleeding artery of profusion: but that business also, I have reason to hope, will be undertaken by abilities that are fully adequate to it. Something must be devised (if possible) to check the ruinous expense of elections.

Sir, all or most of these things must be done. Every one must take his part.

If we should be able by dexterity, or power, or intrigue, to disappoint the expectations of our constituents, what will it avail us? We shall never be strong or artful enough to parry, or to put by, the irresistible demands of our situation. That situation calls upon us, and upon our constituents too, with a voice which *will* be heard. I am sure no man is more zealously attached than I am to the privileges of this House, particularly in regard to the exclusive management of money. The lords have no right to the disposition, in any sense, of the public purse; but they have gone further in self-denial than our utmost jealousy could have required. A power of

examining accounts, to censure, correct and punish, we never, that I know of, have thought of denying to the House of Lords. It is something more than a century since we voted that body useless; they have now voted themselves so. The whole hope of reformation is at length cast upon *us*: and let us not deceive the nation, which does us the honour to hope everything from our virtue. If *all* the nation are not equally forward to press this duty upon us, yet be assured, that they will equally expect we should perform it. The respectful silence of those who wait upon your pleasure ought to be as powerful with you as the call of those who require your service as their right. Some, without doors, affect to feel hurt for your dignity, because they suppose that menaces are held out to you. Justify their good opinion by showing that no menaces are necessary to stimulate you to your duty. But, sir, whilst we may sympathize with them, in one point, who sympathize with us in another, we ought to attend no less to those who approach us like men, and who, in the guise of petitioners, speak to us in the tone of a concealed authority. It is not wise to force them to speak out more plainly what they plainly mean. But the petitioners are violent. Be it so. Those, who are least anxious about your conduct, are not those that love you most. Moderate affection, and satiated enjoyment, are cold and respectful; but an ardent and injured passion is tempered up with wrath, and grief, and shame, and conscious worth, and the maddening sense of violated right. A jealous love lights his torch from the firebrands of the furies. They who call upon you to belong *wholly* to the people are those who wish you to return to your *proper* home; to the sphere of your duty, to the post of your honour, to the mansion house of all genuine, serene, and solid satisfaction. We have furnished to the people of England (indeed we have) some real cause of jealousy. Let us leave that sort of company which, if it does not destroy our innocence, pollutes our honour; let us free ourselves at once from everything that can increase their suspicions, and inflame their just resentment; let us cast away from us, with a generous scorn, all the love tokens and symbols that we have been vain and light enough to accept; all the bracelets, and snuff boxes, and miniature pictures, and hair devices, and all the other adulterous trinkets that are the pledges of our alienation, and the monuments of our shame. Let us return to our legitimate home, and all jars and all quarrels will be lost in embraces. Let the Commons in Parliament assembled be one and the same thing with the Commons at large. The distinctions that are made to separate us are unnatural and wicked contrivances. Let us identify, let us incorporate ourselves with the people. Let us cut all the cables and snap the chains

which tie us to an unfaithful shore, and enter the friendly harbour that shoots far out into the main its moles and jetties to receive us. "War with the world, and peace with our constituents." Be this our motto, and our principle. Then, indeed, we shall be truly great. Respecting ourselves we shall be respected by the world. At present all is troubled, and cloudy, and distracted, and full of anger and turbulence, both abroad and at home; but the air may be cleared by this storm, and light and fertility may follow it. Let us give a faithful pledge to the people that we honour, indeed, the Crown; but that we *belong* to them; that we are their auxiliaries and not their task masters; the fellow labourers in the same vineyard, not lording over their rights, but helpers of their joy: that to tax them is a grievance to ourselves; but to cut off from our enjoyments to forward theirs is the highest gratification we are capable of receiving. I feel with comfort that we are all warmed with these sentiments, and while we are thus warm I wish we may go directly and with a cheerful heart to this salutary work.

Sir, I move for leave to bring in a Bill, "For the better regulation of His Majesty's civil establishments, and of certain public offices; for the limitation of pensions, and the suppression of sundry useless, expensive, and inconvenient places; and for applying the monies saved thereby to the public service."

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE

Lawyer, statesman and orator, Maximilien Marie Isidore de Robespierre (1758-94) achieved the powers of a dictator during the French Revolution and was responsible for the Reign of Terror. In 1793, Great Britain, Spain, Holland, Austria and Prussia formed the first coalition against the French Republic. The speech below, delivered on December 5, 1793, was Robespierre's answer to the manifestos against the republic issued by the coalition.

A CHALLENGE TO KINGS

SPEECH DELIVERED ON DECEMBER 5, 1793

THE kings who have formed a coalition against the republic are making war upon us with armies, with intrigues and with calumnies. We shall oppose their armies with braver armies, their intrigues with the vigilance and ruthlessness of national justice, and their calumnies with the truth.

Always prompt in repairing the meshes of their evil snares, however quickly these are broken by the hand of the patriot; always skilful in turning the weapons of liberty against liberty herself, the agents of France's enemies are now attempting to overthrow the republic by "republicanism" and to rekindle the flames of civil war by means of systems of false philosophy. This vast plan of subversion coincides marvellously with a perfidious scheme of defamation aimed at the National Convention, and at the nation herself.

While treachery or imprudence sapped the energy of revolutionary measures essential to the safety of the fatherland, now leaving them in abeyance, now with malice exaggerating them, or enforcing them in a sense contrary to that intended; while, in the midst of this confusion, the emissaries of foreign Powers were setting all their devices in motion, and were luring our attention away from the real dangers and urgent needs of the republic towards the questions of religion, so as to divert into other channels the mind of the people and the vigour of the patriot; while these very men, attacking in public every form of worship, were secretly inciting the spread of fanaticism; while at the same time as they were making all France re-echo to the absurdities of their oratory, they dared to revile the name of the National Convention in their endeavours to justify the deliberate excesses of an aristocracy that concealed its true nature

beneath the mantle of frivolity; the enemies of France were again bargaining away your ports, your generals, and your armies, were encouraging the monster of federalism, and were contriving in every country of Europe to increase the number of your adversaries. They were enlisting against you the priests of every land, opposing the empire of religious opinions to the free and natural growth of your moral and political principles and the manifestos of all Governments were denouncing us as a nation of madmen and atheists.

It is for the National Convention to intervene between the fanaticism that is being aroused and the patriotism that might be led astray, and to rally our citizens to the standards of liberty, reason and justice. Legislators who love their fatherland and who are brave enough to rescue it from peril, ought not to be like reeds trembling at every gust from alien factions. It is the duty of the Committee of Public Safety to unmask these to you, and to propose to you the measures whereby they may be extinguished; the committee will no doubt fulfil this duty. Meanwhile, it has ordered me to present to you the outline of an address which is intended to nullify the cowardly impostures of the tyrants leagued against the republic and to unveil the foulness of their hypocrisy before the eyes of all the world.

In this struggle between tyranny and liberty, our advantage is so great that it would be folly on our part to avoid it; and since the oppressors of the human race are rash enough to want to submit their cause to the judgment of the world, let us hasten to follow them before this awful tribunal, so that the sentence which must inevitably fall upon them be not long delayed.

The reply of the National Convention to the manifestos of the kings united against the republic.

Shall the National Convention deign to answer the manifestos of the tyrants leagued against the French Republic? It is natural to despise them, but expediency demands that they should be confounded, and justice that they should be requited.

A manifesto of tyranny against liberty! What a travesty of nature! How can they have dared to summon mankind as judges between them and us? Why did they not fear that the subject of dispute might remember their wrongdoing and rush to destroy them?

What are the charges they bring against us? Their own crimes.

They accuse us of rebellion. Slaves who have risen against the sovereignty of the peoples, do ye not know that such a blasphemy can be justified only by victory? Behold the scaffold on which perished the last of our tyrants, behold the people of France, armed to punish his like. There is our answer!

The kings accuse the people of France of immorality. O peoples, lend an attentive ear to the teachings of these worthy tutors of mankind. The morality of kings, gracious heaven! and the virtue of courtiers! Peoples, admire the candour of Tiberius and the naïveté of Louis XVI; honour the good sense of Claudius and the wisdom of George; acclaim the temperance and the justice of William and of Leopold; exalt the chastity of Messalina, the faithfulness of Catherine, and the modesty of Antoinette; applaud the invincible loathing of all tyrants, past, present and future, for usurpations and dictatorships, praise the tenderness of their concern for the innocent victims of persecution, and command their reverence for the rights of humanity.

They accuse us of hostility to religion, they announce that we have declared war on God Himself. How edifying is the piety of tyrants! And how pleasing in the sight of heaven must be the virtues that scintillate in their courts, the bounties they scatter o'er the earth. Who is this God they invoke for us? Do they know any other deities than arrogance, debauchery and the rest of the thearchy of vice? They call themselves images of the Creator! Are they trying to persuade the world to forsake its altars? They claim that their authority is from Him. No, God makes tigers, but kings are the masterpieces of a corrupt mankind. When they magnify heaven, it is because they want to seize the earth. When they prate about God, it is in order to put themselves in His place. The prayers of the poor, the groans of the wretched, they remit to Him; they themselves are the gods of the rich, the oppressors and the assassins of the people. Honour God and punish the kings—it is one and the same. And what people has ever created a form of worship purer than our adoration of the Supreme Being, under whose auspices we have proclaimed those principles which must direct every type of human society for all time. The laws of eternal justice used to be cynically described as the dreams of the well-to-do; we have made them powerful realities. Morality was to be found only in works of philosophy; we have brought it into the government of nations. The death sentence for tyrants slept forgotten in the hearts of the timid and forlorn; we have put it into effect. The earth belonged to a few races of tyrants, even as the deserts of Africa belong to tigers and serpents; we have restored it to humankind.

Peoples, if you lack the strength to regain your share of this common heritage, if it is not in your power to make good the titles we have given back to you, then at least take care neither to violate our rights nor to slander our courage. Frenchmen are not afflicted in the slightest with the mania for compelling other nations to become as free and happy as one's own. All the kings in creation might

have vegetated or died unharmed on their thrones, had they known how to respect the independence of the French people.

Your masters inform you that the French nation has proscribed every form of religion, and that she has substituted the worship of a few men for that of the Deity; they portray us in your eyes as a race of idolaters or lunatics. They lie. The people of France and its representatives respect the freedom of every form of worship, and outlaw none. They honour—without either infatuation or idolatry—the virtue of all who have died for the sake of mankind; they abhor intolerance and persecution under any and every guise; they denounce the absurdities of false philosophy as the follies of superstition and the crimes of fanaticism. Your tyrants charge us with a number of disorders that were bound to occur during the storms of a great revolution; they are really accusing us of the results of their own intrigues and the misdeeds of their own hirelings. Everything wise or sublime created by the French Revolution is the work of the people; everything that bears another stamp belongs to our enemies. All men of sense and goodwill support the cause of the republic; it is only the knaves and rogues who are in the service of your tyrants. Would you revile a star that illumines the earth, merely because of the clouds that obscure for a moment its radiance? Shall the divine charms of liberty no longer command our reverence, now that tyranny's reptiles would seek to profane her? Your sufferings, and ours too, are the crimes of the enemies of all mankind. Is that a reason for hating us? No, it is a reason for punishing them.

The cowards venture to denounce to you the founders of the French Republic. Yes, these Tarquins of our time have dared to say that the Roman Senate was a horde of brigands. The very servants of Porsenna treated Scaevola as a madman. If we are to believe the evidence of Xerxes, Aristides pillaged the treasury of Greece. With their hands full of spoils and reeking with the blood of Romans, Octavius and Anthony ordered the entire world to accept them alone as merciful, them alone as upright, them alone as virtuous. Tiberius and Sejanus regarded Brutus and Cassius merely as butchers, or even rogues.

Frenchmen, and men of every clime, it is you whom they outrage when they insult liberty in the person of your representatives and your defenders. Several members of the convention have been accused of crimes, others of sins of omission. Well, what have the people of France to do with all this? What have the representatives of the nation in common with these matters, unless it be the force they instil into the weak, and the punishment they inflict upon the guilty? All the armies of the tyrants of Europe hurled back, and this

in spite of five years of betrayals, conspiracies and civil wars; a scaffold for unworthy representatives erected beside that of the last despot of France; immortal charters on which the hands of the people's representatives engraved, in the midst of tempests, a constitution for the French; every man equal in the sight of the law; every scoundrel quaking before the seat of justice; innocence, helpless and forlorn, joyfully finding sanctuary with the tribunals; the love of fatherland supreme; triumphing over the vices of slaves and over all the treachery of our enemies; the people, wise and energetic, formidable and just, rallying to the voice of reason and learning to detect its foes under the mask of patriotism itself; the French people running to arms in order to defend the magnificent work of its courage and its virtue—here is the atonement we offer to the world both for our own mistakes and for the crimes of our opponents.

If need be, we can make other claims for approbation. We, too, have shed our blood for the fatherland. The National Convention can show honourable scars and glorious wounds to the friends and the enemies of France.

Here, two illustrious foes of tyranny* succumbed to the murderous blows of a mob of desperadoes; there, a worthy rival† to these great republicans, who found himself trapped in a beleaguered town, resolutely planned with a few comrades to force a passage through the hostile ranks. This noble soul fell a victim to the basest treachery; he was captured by Austria's hirelings, and now expiates in torment his sublime devotion to the cause of liberty! Other representatives fought their way through rebel districts in the south. Escaping as if by a miracle from the hands of infuriated renegades, they rescued the French Army that had been surrendered by its base commanders, and flung terror and rout into the hordes of the satellites of Austria, Spain and Piedmont.

In that vile city‡ which is the curse of France, Baille and Beauvais, exhausted by tyranny's outrages, died for their fatherland and its sacred laws. Before the walls of that hateful town, Gasparin, about to loose the thunderbolt of justice upon it, Gasparin, inflaming the republican valour of our soldiers, fell a sacrifice to his own courage and to the machinations of the most despicable of all our enemies.

The north and the south, the Alps and the Pyrenees, the Rhone

* Lepelletier de Saint-Farjean, murdered, Jan. 20, 1793; Marat, murdered, July, 13, 1793.

† Jean Baptiste Drouet, taken prisoner on Oct. 5, 1793, while trying to escape from besieged town of Maubeuge, then imprisoned in fortress of Spitzberg in Moravia.

‡ Toulon.

and the Escaut, the Rhine and the Loire, the Moselle and the Sambre—all have seen the battalions of the republic rally to the voice of the people's representatives, under the banners of liberty and victory. Some of them perished; others triumphed.

Ye famous champions of the cause of kings, princes, ministers, generals and courtiers, let us know your worth as citizens, let us hear what marvels you have accomplished in the service of mankind. Tell us of the fortresses you have conquered by armies of guineas. Boast the cunning of your agents, and the readiness of your soldiers to flee before the defenders of the republic; boast your noble disdain for the rights of the peoples, and of common humanity; boast the slaughter of your prisoners in cold blood, the maiming of our women-folk by your mercenaries, the infants massacred on the bosoms of their mothers; boast the murderous fangs of Austrian tigers, rending their bleeding limbs; boast your exploits in America, Genoa and Toulon; boast above all your unrivalled skill in the arts of poison and assassination. Tyrants, these are your virtues!

Sublime Parliament of Great Britain, recite to us the muster of your heroes. You have an opposition.

In your country, patriots do indeed oppose, but the despots always win. It is the minority who oppose, therefore the majority must be corrupt. Vile and insolent people, in your own eyes and by your own avowal, the Parliament of which you are so proud is for sale to the highest bidder. You yourselves are not ashamed to repeat its favourite maxim: Let the powers of members be articles of commerce even as the wool of your sheep and the steel of your factories. And you would dare to speak to us of morality and liberty! What is this strange warrant for talking nonsense which the patience and stupidity of the peoples seem to accord to tyrants? Heavens above! it is these pigmies, whose chief merit consists in knowing the price list of British consciences, who export to France the vices and venalities of their own country, who make war, not with arms, but with crimes; it is these pigmies who dare to accuse the National Convention of corruption, and who slander the fair name of the French people! O my great-hearted countrymen, we swear by your own soul that you shall be avenged! Before we make war upon ourselves, we shall annihilate all our foes; the House of Austria, not France, shall first crash in ruins; London will be free ere Paris becomes once more a slave. The fortunes of the republic and those of the tyrants of the world have been weighed in the balance of eternity; and the tyrants have been found wanting.

Frenchmen, let us forget our quarrels and march against the oppressors. Let us crush them, you by your weapons, we by our

laws. Traitors, tremble! Craven hirelings of our enemies, the last of you must flee! Patriotism shall triumph, innocence shall be safe! Frenchmen, to battle! your cause is sacred, your courage invincible! Your representatives know how to die, more, they know how to conquer!

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

The writings and speeches of Giuseppe Mazzini (1805-72) inspired the great revolutionary movement that liberated nineteenth-century Italy from the oppressor and united her warring parties into a nation. The address below was given on July 25, 1847, at Milan, to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the brothers Bandiera and their followers after their abortive rising at Cosenza, in 1844.

THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA

SPEECH DELIVERED AT MILAN, JULY 25, 1847

WHEN I was entrusted, young men, with the task of proffering to you in this temple a few words devoted to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I felt that some of those who listened to me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Why should we grieve for our dead? The martyrs of freedom are honoured in their due only by winning the struggle they have begun. Cosenza, the land in which they fell, is enslaved. Venice, the city of their birth, is girt by alien foes. Deliver them! and until that moment let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose, and said to me: "Why then have we not conquered? Why, even as we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, does liberty perish in the south? A war that should have sprung with the bound of a lion to the Alps, has dragged itself along throughout four months, and is now as slow and uncertain in its movements as a scorpion encompassed by a ring of fire. Why? What can have transformed the swift and mighty vision of a people born anew—into the weary, futile chimeras of a sick man turning from side to side?"

Ah! if we had all arisen in the sanctity of the *idea* for which our martyrs died! If the holy standard of their faith had gone before our youths to battle. If we had attained the unity of life so powerful in them! If our every thought had been a deed, our every deed a thought! If the last of their words, reverently gathered to our

hearts, had taught us that freedom and independence are one, that God and the people, the fatherland and humanity, are rubrics inseparable on every banner of a folk that is striving to become a nation; that Italy can never come to life until she be one, hallowed by the equality and love of all her children, magnificent in her worship of eternal truth, dedicated to an exalted mission—a moral priesthood among the countries of Europe! We should have had now not war, but victory! Cosenza would not have been forced to worship the memory of her martyrs in secret. Venice would not have been restrained by the fear of alien and profane hands from glorifying them with a monument. And we who are assembled here might call upon their sacred names in gladness, without a tremor for our destiny, without a nimbus of sorrow on our brows, proclaiming to those souls that have lighted the way for us: *Rejoice! for your spirit lives on in your brethren, and they are worthy of you.*

The vision that made them humble, young men, does not shine yet pure and whole upon your banners. The sublime future which they, dying, bequeathed to the new generation of Italy, is yours indeed, but it is mutilated, shattered, by lying doctrines that have been vanquished elsewhere only to find refuge with us. Around me I see the turmoil of a people at odds with itself. I see at one moment the fury of chivalrous hearts in flood, at another the ebbs and shallows in which cravens and sluggards have found repose. I hear shouts for liberty throughout the peninsula—interrupted by the affirmation of precepts that forge the manacles of slaves.

Where is the soul of our land? Where, amid all these movements and counter-movements, can we find unity? Where is the word that should dominate the hundred and one diverse, nay opposing, counsels, that hinder or mislead the masses? I hear phrases which usurp the omnipotence of our nation: "The Italy of the North—the League of the States—Federative pacts between princes." But Italy, where is she? Where is the country that belongs to each and every one of us, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice the harbinger of a new era in the civilization of Europe?

Intoxicated by our first victories, recking naught of the future, we lost sight of the idea that God has revealed to those who suffered. And God has scourged us for this negligence by deferring our triumph.

The rebirth of Italy, my brothers, is that of Europe. So Providence has ordained. We rise as guarantors of moral progress for all the peoples of Europe. But neither the fictions of politics, nor the aggrandizements of dynasties, nor the mirages of "expediency" can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and

moves through faith. Great principles are the stars that guide Europe towards its destiny. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs. Let us seek inspiration from those who have died for us all—and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers. One looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glances meet between earth and heaven, that creation is beautified with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle, or the tomb, as an evangelist or a prophet.

Young men, I will reveal to you in a few words this faith of our martyrs. Their lives on earth are known to you all; they are now a matter of history, and I need not summon them to your minds again.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was—and is—our own, arose from a few simple and incontrovertible truths. Not many people would venture to deny them, yet they are forgotten or betrayed by most:—

God and the people. God is at the apex of the edifice of society; the people—the universality of our brethen—is at the base. God is the Father and Educator; the people gains enlightenment only as the interpreter of His law.

There can be no true society without a common belief and a common purpose. Religion manifests and defines this belief and this purpose. Politics directs society towards the realization of the belief and prepares the means whereby the purpose can be achieved. Religion represents the principle, politics the application of the principle.

There is only one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is only one law for all who inhabit the earth. This law is the same for the life of the individual and the life of humanity. We are not placed here below in order to give free play to our faculties. Our freedom and our faculties are the *means*, not the end. We are not here to work for our own happiness on earth. Happiness can only be achieved elsewhere, and there God works for us. We are here to consecrate our lives to the discovery of a part of the Divine Law, to practise it in so far as our circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse our knowledge and our love of it among our brethren. We are here to work in brotherhood at the task of building up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it shall represent *a single sheepfold with a single shepherd*—the Spirit of God, the law.

To aid our search for truth, God has given us tradition—the life of mankind before us—and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord, is truth; wheresoever these disaccord, is error. To attain this harmony and uniformity between the conscience of the

individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the fatherland and humanity, are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of self-abnegation towards the achievement of this great aim.

God surveys from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time He raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of His truth and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles—made known by their letters, their speeches and their conversations—together with a profound sense of the mission entrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the pathfinder and comforter of a weary life. When men and events alike had betrayed them, it was these principles that sustained them in death with a calm that was indeed religious, and with the certainty that their immortal hopes for the future of Italy would be realized. The titanic energy of their souls sprang from the love, ardent and vivid, which animated their faith. And believe me, young men, could they now arise out of the grave and speak to you, they would address you—though with a power very different from that which is granted to me—in counsel not unlike this I now offer to you.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the great, the beautiful, the sublime, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and your sorrows; love the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you in turn were dear. But let your love be the love taught to you by Dante—and by us—the love of souls that aspire together; do not grovel on the earth in quest of a happiness which it is not the destiny of God's creature to reach here below; do not yield to the shame that must degrade you into selfishness.

To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has vouchsafed us love, that the weary spirit may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty; but it cannot alter the course of duty. Purify, strengthen and improve yourselves by loving. Act always—even at the price of increasing her sorrows on earth—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to redden with shame because of you, or for you. The time will come when you will look down from the height of a new life, envisaging all that is past and comprehending its secret, and smile at the grief you have suffered together, the trials you have endured.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your fathers are at rest, and where is spoken the language in which the chosen

of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love. It is given to you by God as the home in which you may strive to perfect yourselves, and thus make ready to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your ensign among the peoples. Lavish upon it your thoughts, your guidance, your blood. Exalt it until it is as great and beautiful as was foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it unstained by the least vestige of falsehood or servility. Let it be one, even as the idea of God.

You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active and brilliant faculties, and heirs to a glory the envy of all the nations of Europe. An immense vista stretches down the years before you. You raise your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land, in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, frontiers traced out by the finger of God for a nation of giants; you are bound to be such or nothing. Let not a man of these twenty-five millions remain outside the brotherhood that is fated to unite you; let not a glance be lifted to that heaven which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your land. Has she not twice already been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds—the pagan and the papal—are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; fashion from them a third world greater than these twain. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love—Amor—the purest and wisest among you, elected and fortified by the inspiration of an entire people, shall define the pact that is to make us one, and shall represent us in the future alliance of the nations. But until then you will either have no country, or have her insulted and profaned.

Love humanity. You can discover your own mission in life only in the aim set by God before all mankind. God has given you your country as a cradle, and humanity as a mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle unless you love the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting, or girding themselves to fight, the holy war of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples are toiling along different roads towards the same goal—self-improvement, brotherhood, and the creation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and relink earth and heaven, an authority which mankind may love and obey without either remorse or humiliation. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Invoke not their aid where your arm alone is strong enough to conquer, but say to them that the hour is nigh for a life-and-death struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will always be found among those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and worship the ideal. The ideal is the word of God. High above every nation, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal being. And the baptism of this order is martyrdom. From that sublime land issue the *principles* that alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering, or from dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition and desire for the goods of this world, are weapons held in common by the peoples and their oppressors; even should you conquer by them today, you would fall by them tomorrow. But principles belong only to the peoples, and their oppressors can find no weapons that can withstand them.

Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, the visions of early youth, for these are a perfume of heaven which the soul retains as it leaves the hands of its Creator. Respect above all else your conscience. Have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your heart, and, while labouring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, for everything that tends to the emancipation of our soil, bear your own standard always erect and proclaim without fear the belief that inspires you.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living among you. And here, where it may be that, summoned by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather these words into your hearts, and make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you, storms which, with the names of our martyrs upon your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will conquer.

God be with you, and bless Italy.

HONOURING THE DEAD

DAVID OF BETHLEHEM—JUDAH

David, son of Jesse, had once been the favourite of Saul, King of Israel. But Saul, knowing that it was decreed that David, and not one of his own sons, should inherit the kingdom, sought to kill him, and David fled. Despite his father's anger, Jonathan, son of Saul, loved David, and the friendship between the young prince and the man who was to deprive him of a throne, was strong enough to break down any barrier Saul could devise. Then, in a great battle against the Philistines on the slopes of Gilboa, the three sons of Saul were killed, and Saul, in despair, ran on his own sword and killed himself. The news of the battle was brought to David, and thus he mourned for Saul his king and Jonathan his friend.

LAMENT FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN

AS RECORDED IN THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF SAMUEL IN THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

PERICLES

This speech was delivered by Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, in 431 B.C. at the State ceremony marking the end of the first campaign of the Peloponnesian War. The speech is recorded by the historian Thucydides and is generally considered one of the finest examples of Attic oratory, combining, as it does, simplicity of diction with the clearest expression of typical Greek ideals.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

SPEECH DELIVERED AT ATHENS, 431 B.C.

THE majority of those who have made a funeral oration have praised the man who set the precedent for this type of speech and have expanded on the theme that it is very right and proper to deliver a panegyric over the bodies of our soldiers who have been slain in war. My own view, however, is that it is sufficient that men who have proved their bravery in deeds should have honour shown them in deeds also. In this case you have done that, for this State funeral has been prepared at the public expense. But I do not think it appropriate that the valour of so many should be put to the peril of one man's ability to speak well. Your valuation of the dead warriors must depend on the competence of the orator chosen.

It is difficult to speak in suitable vein on an occasion when even the semblance of truth is hard to establish. Those of the audience who are acquainted with the facts and are well disposed towards the soldiers who have been killed may easily think that the speaker's words are inadequate to do justice to the theme judged by their own wishful thinking, while those of the audience who are ignorant of the facts are inclined to think that the speaker is exaggerating if he describes the prowess of the fallen as greater than their own. I believe that panegyrics are only tolerable so long as each man in the audience believes that he is capable of emulating the deeds which he hears described. As soon as that limit has been passed envy and mistrust make their appearance. Since, however, a long-established precedent has decided that this oration is appropriate, it is my duty to follow custom and to conform to the wishes and opinions of every one of you as far as that is possible.

I shall begin with a few remarks about our ancestors. I think it is just and fitting that at such a time we should offer a meed of praise to their memory. It is to their valour that we owe the freedom of our city. They have dwelt in it and protected it through many

generations without a change of sovereignty. Our fathers are still more worthy of praise, for they have bequeathed to us the great empire which we now hold in addition to the legacy bequeathed to them by our ancestors. Their glorious struggles were not concluded without infinite pain. For the rest, we, who are still alive and, most of us, in the prime of life, have made still further additions. We have, too, given every possible protection to our city and have made it self-sufficient in peace and in war.

I will say nothing of the warlike achievements by which our empire was gradually extended, when we or our fathers waged with the utmost spirit wars brought against us whether by barbarians or by Greeks. You are well aware of these facts and you do not wish to hear more from me. But before I proceed to my praise of the dead I shall sum up the ways of life which have brought us to our present position of power, and will show the type of government and the personal morals to which we owe our position. I believe that on this occasion especially it is appropriate that these things should be mentioned, and I think that it is to the advantage of the whole throng gathered here, whether citizens or aliens, to hear my words.

Our Constitution does not copy the laws of our neighbours; rather we set an example which others follow. Our Constitution is called a democracy because it is administered for the good of all the citizens rather than for the benefit of a few. It is laid down in the laws that equal consideration will be shown to every one in their private differences. As regards public recognition, a man is preferred for office if he has shown outstanding distinction in any activity in virtue of his merit rather than of his party. Poverty is no bar to preferment, providing that a man can prove his ability to benefit the State. Our public administration, therefore, is a model of freedom. Our private administration is on similar lines. We recognize that there is bound to be mutual suspicion in the daily business of life. We do not feel anger against our neighbour if he acts selfishly; nor do we regard him with sour looks which are harmless enough in themselves, but cause unnecessary pain. While we live together amicably enough in our private lives we are very careful to reverence the laws in our public activities. We obey implicitly the commands of those who hold the offices of State; we observe the spirit of the laws, particularly those which are designed for the relief of injustice, and those unwritten ones which bring acknowledged disgrace on any one who breaks them.

We have arranged numerous public holidays as a respite for our minds, by celebrating games and sacrifices which succeed one another throughout the year, and by maintaining grace and elegance in our

own homes so that the pleasure we take in them every day will dispel pain. Because of the great power of our empire every land sends us its exports, and it is our good fortune to enjoy the fruits of other lands with no more peculiar enjoyment than we do the products of our own country. The manner of our defence measures also differs from that of our enemies in the following ways. Our city offers sanctuary to all peoples and because we never deport aliens we do not prevent any stranger from learning or seeing military secrets which might profit our enemies. Our confidence does not rest so much in our actual measures or weapons of defence as in the knowledge that we have a great capacity for daring deeds.

Our educational system, too, compares favourably with that of other countries. *Their* young men seek manliness through toilsome practice, whilst we acquit ourselves just as well in the face of danger although we take life far less seriously. The proof of this is that the Spartans dare not attempt an invasion without the help of all their allies, whilst we, as a general rule, find no difficulty in inflicting defeat in battle on foreign soil upon armies which are defending their own fatherland. None of our enemies has yet felt the full brunt of our combined forces, because we send our land forces upon many diverse expeditions and at the same time concentrate on perfecting our navy. The truth is that whenever our enemies engage a small part of our forces, if they are successful in vanquishing one or two divisions, they boast that our whole army was put to flight by them; if they are vanquished, they say that they fought a losing battle against the whole Athenian Army. Yet, if we are willing to face danger after a life of ease instead of one of constant struggle; if our fortitude is based on our native disposition rather than on the results of oppressive legislation, we have the advantage of not going out to meet trouble while it is still distant. Nevertheless, when we are brought face to face with it we show no less courage than those who are perpetually in travail.

Our country is worthy of respect on all the counts which I have mentioned. It deserves admiration for many other reasons: we show good taste while observing strict economy; we have a thoughtful disposition without being effeminate; we can enjoy our wealth for action rather than for the sake of boasting; we do not admit that poverty is a disgrace, though we do regard it as a disgrace if a man is unwilling to escape it by hard work. It is possible for a citizen, too, to attend to his own affairs and to take part in the affairs of State. Those whose minds are occupied with business can in spite of that form a sound political opinion.

We are the only people who regard a man with no interest in

politics as useless, whereas other peoples regard such a man as unwilling to meddle in what does not concern him. The result is that we ourselves are the originators of the measures which rule our lives, or, if that is not possible, we are well aware of their need. We do not think that words hinder action, but rather the lack of adequate consideration before action is taken. We have pre-eminently the characteristic of courage in a high degree and also the ability to be calculating in everything we attempt. In other peoples, ignorance breeds daring; knowledge, fear; but it is obvious that men can most rightly be said to have spirit if they know the difference between pleasure and pain and are not deterred by their knowledge from the risk of danger.

Our charity, too, is in sharp contrast with that of other nations. We make friends among those on whom we have conferred kindness rather than among our benefactors. We consider that one who bestows a favour is the firmer friend because he wishes to maintain the obligation which his goodwill imposed, whilst the man who is under an obligation is a less trustworthy friend because he realizes the kindness must be repaid not as an act of grace, but as an obligation.

What is more, we are the only people whose charity is fearlessly based on a true spirit of liberality rather than on calculations of expediency.

In a word, I declare that Athens is a school for the whole of Greece. Individually, our citizens possess in full measure the ability of adapting themselves to many and varied forms of activity with the utmost grace and ease. The might of our State, which has been built up on ways like these, is an adequate proof that my words only do justice to the truth and are not vainglorious boasting to suit this solemn occasion. Athens is the only city in the world which acquits itself better than men expect, and it is the only city which makes an enemy who attacks us feel that he has been worsted by a worthy opponent. Finally, we are the only city which is regarded by its subjects as a fit master for their destinies.

We have earned the admiration of our contemporaries; equally we shall earn the admiration of posterity. It will be recorded that there are many positive signs of our strength and that our resources do not lack proof of their existence. We have no need of a Homer or any other poet to embroider our actions with pleasant words which our deeds might show to be untrue. We shall be known as a people which has compelled every sea and land to yield to our enterprise and which has bequeathed a legacy of records which will defy time—the records of our courage and beneficent influence.

Such is the city for which these dead warriors were fighting when

they proved their nobility of character by resolving not to have it taken away from them. I honestly believe that every one of the survivors is ready and willing to suffer a similar fate on its behalf. That is why I have spoken at length about the glory of our city. I wanted to prove that the goal for which we fight is greater than that for which other men fight who do not possess such blessings to an equal degree. At the same time I wanted to prove the truth of the praise which I accord to these heroes over whose bodies my words are spoken.

Most of the praise due to them is implicit in what I have said. The words of thanksgiving which I have offered to the city are given greater point by the brave deeds of these men and others like them. There are not many among the Greek-speaking peoples whose deeds, like theirs, would seem to deserve the greatest eulogy that could be given them. In my opinion the fate which has overtaken them is of a kind which proves their bravery, whether it is the first indication they have given or one of many to strengthen the view we hold of them. Even men whose characters are in other ways inferior may justly hold out, as a justification for their whole lives, bravery shown in the defence of their fatherland against the aggression of its enemies. By their conduct they have wiped out the memory of evil; their services to the common weal outweigh any wrongs which they may have committed in their private lives. Not a single one of these illustrious dead was turned from his purpose by a desire to enjoy his wealth longer nor shrank from danger by dwelling in the imagination on his hopes of growing wealthy in the future. Every one of them was convinced that vengeance on the country's foes was a more desirable goal than any of these things. They thought that this was the most noble of missions and they were willing to run any risk in order to be avenged on their enemies before they could turn to consider their private aims. They hoped for ultimate success, though they knew it was uncertain; they determined to trust to themselves in the dangers which they saw surrounding them; they thought that it was worthier of their traditions to resist and die than to escape by surrender. The only thing which they fled from was disgrace; their bodies they exposed to the peril of the action; they died in an instant as fate ordained at the crisis, not of fear, but of glory.

Such was the character which these men showed, a character in accordance with the spirit of their city. Those of us who are left must pray for a spirit in battle less fatal in its results, but no less full of daring. We must not count the material reward, though one could prove the value of that also. Why do so, when you know it and realize the inestimable benefit which accrues to you from repelling

the attacks of your enemies? Rather we must contemplate every day the power of our city; we must cultivate an attitude of reverence towards it and reflect when we admire its increasing power that the courage and patriotism and devotion to duty of our citizens have created it.

We owe all this to men who, if they ever failed to achieve their object, did not let their country be deprived of their valour, but gladly laid down their lives for the common good. Individually, they won a renown which will never grow old. They have earned the most distinguished tomb in the world. I do not mean so much the tomb in which they now lie as the much more honourable one in which resides their glory, a glory which will be resurrected in word or in deed on every fitting occasion. The whole earth is the tomb of illustrious men; the inscription which is written on columns in their own land is not the only thing which commemorates them; much more glorious is the unwritten memorial of their lives which is found in every land inscribed on men's minds instead of on a funeral column.

It is your duty to emulate the example which these men have set you. You must identify happiness with freedom and freedom with courage, and never allow the danger which threatens your State to cause you to allow your courage to forsake you. It is not reasonable that the evildoers of the world should be more ready to risk their lives than you, for they have no hope for the future; rather ought those to be unsparing of their lives who run the risk of a change for the worse if they continue to live and who feel the pain of any reverse most keenly. A man of spirit suffers more agony from the misery which comes of cowardice than from the painless death which strikes him down when he is in the full vigour of his strength and is still sharing the high hopes of his comrades.

That is why I feel little sorrow for those of you who are the parents of these fallen heroes. I feel rather that your hearts should be lifted up in gladness. You know well that life is full of hazards which cannot be foreseen; you know, too, that happiness is the lot of those whose reward is honour, as *their* lot was an honourable death and yours an honourable grief.

A life can be judged blessed if its measure of sorrow does not exceed its measure of happiness.

Yet I know how difficult it is not to grieve for those of whom you will be reminded so often by other men's good fortune like that which you enjoyed when they were still alive. It is not our nature to grieve for the blessings which we have never known, but only for those which are wrested from our grasp when we have grown

accustomed to their enjoyment. But you must be brave and you must console yourselves with the hope of other children if you are still young enough to procreate them. Your private sorrow for the departed will disappear in the joy which you take in the living. The sorrow of the State, too, will be compensated by the greater protection which your new children offer it. For it is not possible that men should be able to take their just part in the deliberations of the State if the lives of their children are not at stake.

Those of you whose age precludes you from further children must count the blessings of the long life which you have lived in prosperity and reflect that the rest of life, even if it is unhappy, will be short. You must console yourselves with the honour which your children have brought you. For honour is the only thing in human life which is immortal. In the helplessness of old age it is not material rewards which bring happiness, as some assert, but only the consciousness of deserved honour.

For those of you who are the sons or the brothers of the dead I foresee that life will be a great struggle. However outstanding your deeds, it will be difficult for you to win renown which is not inferior to the honour which they have earned. Living men are exposed to the envy of their rivals, while the dead, who are no man's rivals, are revered with a goodwill free from all malice.

It is my duty now to record the womanly virtue shown by those of you who must look forward to a life of widowhood. I will say everything that needs to be said in a brief exhortation. Great is your honour because you have acquitted yourselves well in accordance with your nature. For a woman's virtue is rewarded by not incurring other men's praise or censure.

My words, as the law demands, have fulfilled the need of this solemn occasion. Those who are being buried have already received a part of the honour which is due to them. For the rest, the State will bring up their children at the public expense until they reach manhood. Thus the dead themselves and their dependants are fittingly rewarded for their services. States which reward virtue with the highest prize are themselves rewarded by the loyalty of their citizens.

And now the time has come for all of you to end your mourning and to depart, each on his own way.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In July, 1863, General G. G. Meade, commanding Union Forces, defeated the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, General R. E. Lee, at Gettysburg. It was one of the most important victories of the American Civil War, though both armies suffered heavily. In November, President Lincoln himself came to Gettysburg for the dedication of part of the historic battlefield as a resting place for the honoured dead. His oration, considered the greatest speech Lincoln ever made, sums up in these few, simple yet stirring words all the aims of liberty and equality for which, for a second time, the American peoples had taken up arms.

THE GETTYSBURG ORATION

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 17, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

DANIEL O'CONNELL

In 1829 a Bill was passed by which, after long centuries of striving, the disabilities on Catholics were removed. From that date, Catholics were allowed to sit in Parliament and to hold office under the Crown. For this achievement the credit must chiefly be given to Daniel O'Connell, an Irish barrister, who is still called in his native country "The Liberator." It was he who formed the millions of Irish Catholics under their priests into the Catholic Association which, using their combined resources and presenting a united front, became a very formidable power. With O'Connell as their spokesman, tremendous pressure was brought to bear, and the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, brought in the Bill of 1829. O'Connell was a brilliant orator, and never better than when he was addressing his fellow countrymen on the cause so dear to them all.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

SPEECH DELIVERED AT DUBLIN, 1824

EMANCIPATION, he thought, might be attained by two means: first, by external means, in which he included the apprehension of war, and the effect of foreign policy upon domestic legislation; secondly, by internal wisdom, or a just application and disposition of the resources of those undiscovered mines which were latent in the body of our country.

As to external means, they should be repudiated and rejected as the last extreme of painful and inevitable necessity; although they were frequently taken advantage of to forge the fetters of the Catholic people of Ireland. The Duke of Marlborough's external victories had been taken advantage of in the enactment of the penal code. In the strength and plenitude of power, England, during the reign of Queen Anne, had enacted a great portion of that frightful and horrible code, violating that religious toleration on which the revolution had been founded—which revolution it was that changed the dynasty of the Stuarts, and placed the predecessors of the present family on the throne of these realms. And if England, in the security of triumph, and in the insolence of haughty dominion, had put her foot upon their necks, there was a time, too (and it might occur again), when she held out the hand of fellowship and friendship—when she "kept the word of promise to the ear," and wooed them into a convenient and profitable alliance.

In the experimental despotism which England fastened on Ireland, her mighty appetite for slavery was not gorged; and because our unfortunate country was proximate, and polite in the endurance of the burden so mercilessly imposed, it was inferred that slavery could be safely extended far and wide, and an attempt was therefore made on the American colonies. Despotism, in fact, was an all-craving and voracious animal; "increase of appetite did grow on what it fed"; until endurance became at length too vile; and the Americans—the great God of Heaven bless them for it!—shook off the thralldom which a Parliament, representing an inglorious and ignominious funding system, had sought to impose. Oh, it was a noble sight, to see them in open battle, contending for their liberties! The recollection of the circumstance cheered and invigorated him in his progress: it gave him an elasticity, which all the fatigues of the day could not depress.

The friends they tried were by their side—
The foes they dared before them.

Wives animated their husbands to the combat; they bid them contend for their children, for the dear pledges of their mutual love—mothers enjoined their sons to remember those who bore them—the younger sex bid their lovers earn their favours in a "well foughten field," and to return arrayed in glory. They did so—God of Heaven for ever bless them. Thanks to the valour and patriotism of Washington, a name dear to every lover of liberty, the Americans achieved their independence, and providence spared the instrument to witness it.

The independence of America was the first blush of dawn to the Catholic, after a long and dreary night of degradation. Seventy years had they been in a land of bondage; but like the chosen people, providence had watched over, and the progress of events had liberated them, and redeemed them for the service of their country. The same providence existed now, and why should they despair?

In 1778 Holland assumed a threatening aspect, and some wise friend whispered into the ear of England: "Search the rich resources of the Irish heart; give to their arms a stimulus to exertion; delude them with promises if you will, but convert their power into your strength and render them subservient to your purposes." England took the advice: the meteor flag was unfurled; the Danish, Spanish, and Dutch fleets peopled a wide waste of waters; but what of Ireland? Oh, although long neglected, she was faithful in the day of need: fifty thousand seamen were produced in a month—the Volunteers organized—a federate independence was created—and the Catholic

cause was debated. But, lo! peace came, and gratitude vanished; and justice was not abroad; and obligations remained unrequited; and the Catholics were forgotten.

Forgotten? No! Acts were passed against them.

Yes, strange as it might seem, the act taking from them the power to vote at vestries was passed at this very time; so that if the rectors agreed to build a church, the poor Catholics could not ask: "Who is to go into it?" Or, if taking cold, he required repairs, they could not order him fifty shillings to buy glass windows! Next came the French Revolution. The revolution produced some good, but it was not without alloy: it was mingled with much impiety. Liberty and religion were first separated. The experiment was a bad one. It had much of French levity in it, and a deal of what was much worse. The people of France should have remembered that liberty is the first instinct of a generous religion.

This position he would not concede to any saint or Bible distributor. The French, in folly, set religion at naught; they profaned the sanctuary, and they suffered for it. And if they are now settling into quiet, it is because they are settling into religion.

But he was trespassing on the time of the meeting and in some measure wandering. Well, he liked the subject, and would go on a little longer. He was saying the French Revolution produced much good. So it did. Dumouriez gained the Battle of Jemappe—the French crossed the Pyrenees—General Biron was in Italy—England looked benignant on Ireland—it served her interest, it was her policy to do so, and she passed another act in favour of the Irish Catholics. The Irish were made more thirsty for liberty by the drop that fell on their parched lips.

There was not one who heard him who did not mourn in affection, in dress, or in heart, for some relative or friend who fell in the field of battle. His own heart strings were torn asunder by the loss of a beloved brother, the companion of his youth, and the offspring of the same loins. A kinsman of his, too, died at the storming of St. Sebastian. Three times did he mount the breach, and he fell at last, covered with wounds and with glory. He was as gay and as lovely a youth as ever shed his blood in defence of his country, and as fair withal as ever trod on the green sward of Erin. He could not choose but name him. It was Lieutenant John O'Connell of the 43rd Regiment. And what did the relatives of these brave men gain by this?—what the Catholics of Ireland? Why, the Marquis of Douro was made Duke of Wellington!

The victories of Wellington might be compared to those of Marlborough. Both had perpetuated despotism at home and abroad.

Civil liberty was now extinct on the Continent. From the fair and classic shores of Naples to the Tanis and the Volga was one wide stretch of illimitable despotism. In Naples, where the king "swore, and swore, and swore again," he returned against his oath, and put to death those who spared him. Piedmont was under the hoofs of the despots. In Portugal liberty was extinct. In Germany, no breath of public spirit was heard—their chards had become corporations to "crib and cabin" the intellect of man. Brutal force controlled, for the present, the eternal empire of mind.

In France the cause of liberty found some advocates, but they were few: the enemies of the rights of man were the more numerous; but, nevertheless, France enjoyed much practical liberty, and her peasantry were happy and well fed.

In England, Toryism was triumphant. The forges were all employed; the funds were high and healthy; the cry of war had been abandoned; the navy was flourishing, and actively engaged; the army was numerous, well fed, and well paid; the Duke of York, their declared and open enemy, and who headed the Orange faction, was the commander-in-chief; Mr. Canning was in office, secured by a motley Cabinet, who opposed each other openly, but who covertly befriended themselves to the detriment of the country; Mr. Peel, their avowed enemy was firm in his place; Lord Liverpool still opposed them. Was it, therefore, at all wonderful that the Catholics were despised, and their cause abandoned?

In Ireland they had been blamed for being agitators. He (Mr. O'Connell) thanked his God for being one. Whatever little they had gained, they had gained by agitation, while they uniformly lost by moderation. The last word was repeated so often, that he was completely sick of it. He wondered some gentleman did not teach a parrot to repeat it. If we gained nothing by moderation, it cost us something. Our religion was reviled, and we thanked the revilers; they spit in our faces and we paid 'em for it. This reminded him of Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
On such a day you called me dog;
And for these *courtesies* I'll lend you so much monies.

The king came, and from the Catholics he reaped a rich harvest of gratitude. Anger and bigotry clothed their frightful forms in the garb of peace and conciliation, and became for a time allies to the throne. The feelings of the Catholics were, and he was not ashamed to say it, a little exaggerated by the natural ardour of the national temperament; by their innate sense of gratitude, and by the

sentiments of duty and respect, which warmed into enthusiastic love. The king had dismissed the whiskered and feathered tribe, the reds and the blues, who delighted in clothing themselves in all sorts of muffs and tippetts. He won the Irish, and he was received with one acclaiming shout from Dingle-o'-Cooch to the Giant's Causeway.

That most paltry of all paltry things, the Corporation of the City of Dublin, swallowed this as they would have a bitter pill. It was a very long time since he had taken physic, but he had some slight recollection of the taste of a pill from his boyish days. The cat, however, drew up its nails within its paw, and we met the velvet. We pledged as men and gentlemen, and we kept our words. The Orangemen accuse us of not keeping faith with heretics, but they have kept no faith with us, from the Treaty of Limerick to the dinner at the Mansion House. They never made a treaty with us that they did not violate, when it was their interest or pleasure to do so. The vile Press of London might taunt him for his observations today; but he would tell that Press that at the last time of which he was speaking, he bent his knee to his sovereign, in all the ardour of duty, allegiance, and love—that knee which he bent only to his God beside.

However, as he was saying, the Orangemen got alarmed—consultations were held—deputies came up to town, to preserve the Orange system. A representation was thereby established, and each county and city appointed some kind friend to act in behalf of the fraternity.

[Mr. O'Connell here called for a large package of books, letters and papers which, he said, an honest fellow in the North (and God bless him for it) transmitted to him.]

He would with the leave of the meeting proceed to read, but he would first exhibit to them the signs and seals of the dignitaries of Donegal. This document should be framed and glazed forthwith, and suspended from the walls of the Catholic Association. The county of Donegal was not regularly organized till 1813.

[Here Mr. B. Coyle stated that it was organized in 1796.]

Mr. O'Connell resumed. It was a very Catholic county, and although there might have been scattered Orangemen resident in it, still he had reason to think there was no organized lodge till the period he had mentioned.

The learned gentleman now proceeded to read the regulations for admission, as assigned by the notorious Jack Giffard. Those who wished to be of the brotherhood should enter naked and hood-winked. This part of the business was denominated the Royal Arch Mark. They were next made acquainted with the dialogue, which was represented by Giffard to be long, simple, and beautiful.

Mr. O'Connell next read a letter, signed "John Payne," of the Cambridge militia, who was admitted to Lodge 1,287. This person stated that the forms were indecent and absurd, and that he had suffered considerable injury and abuse, and many things degrading to a good and loyal man, in becoming an Orangeman. It was worthy of remark that these Orange Lodges met on the first Tuesday in every assizes. If there was a bit of an acre of ground between a Protestant and a bloody Papist, or if there was an Orange murder, to be sure these honest Orangemen would not say a word about the matter to those of the fraternity summoned on juries. No, no; it would be indelicate to suppose such a thing. It was further to be observed that Captain Nesbitt, after being one year in office, had resigned the grand-mastership of this lodge to Sir James Galbraith, the Crown solicitor for the county. Therefore, the stream of justice was sure to flow unpolluted. Oh (he said again), God bless the honest fellow who sent him these books! He was sure he was much obliged to him. It was in the recollection of many who heard him, that these selfsame gentry had petitioned the House of Commons against the respectable Jesuit establishment in Ireland.

The Jesuits were a body, the most enlightened in every age since their original formation. The tuition of the youth of Europe had been committed to them, and they had acquitted themselves nobly. There was no subject of science or elegant literature which they had not touched, and they certainly improved and adorned every subject on which they had written. At a time when bigotry was the epidemic of the age in England, efforts were certainly made by subornation of perjury to malign and traduce the character of this society; but the clear and steady light of history—" *temporum testis, lux veritatis* "—had pronounced a judgment not less severe than merited on these attempts.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This extract from Mr. O'Connell's speech has been reported verbatim, but in the third person.]

BEFORE THE BATTLE

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

In 1588 England lay under the threat of invasion from Philip of Spain. The Armada, under the Duke of Parma, was on its way to quell the proud English once and for all. While Drake, with his little fleet at anchor, were waiting at Plymouth, the army lay at Tilbury, ready to fight to the last man should the Spanish Fleet sail up the river and try to land at London itself. The Armada never reached England. A great storm arose, and the heavy Spanish galleons were blown out of their course, many being sunk. Those that survived and bore on towards England met the gallant Drake. "God blew with His wind, and they were scattered," was inscribed on the medal struck by Elizabeth's command. But now, while the danger of invasion was at its height, Elizabeth herself came to inspect her soldiers at Tilbury to hearten and inspire them with these famous and stirring words.

BEFORE THE ARMADA

SPEECH ADDRESSED TO HER TROOPS AT TILBURY, 1588

My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be

in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Ragged, famished and mutinous, a French army of 27,000, led into Italy by Napoleon during the spring of 1796, faced well-equipped Austrian and Sardinian troops of almost twice their number.

THE REWARDS OF VICTORY

TWO SPEECHES TO HIS SOLDIERS IN THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1796

“Soldiers,” Napoleon told them, “you are starving and almost naked. Your Government owes you much, but can do nothing for you. The patience and bravery you have shown in these mountains are superb, yet they have brought you no fame. I will lead you into the wealthiest plains in the world. Great towns, rich provinces, will fall into your hands. There you will find honour, glory and treasure. Soldiers of the Italian campaign, will you be lacking in courage and endurance?”

Inspired by these words, the French Army swept down from the Apennines and routed their enemies. But Turin and Milan still remained to be conquered. Napoleon therefore appealed to his troops for another heroic effort, in a proclamation made from his headquarters at Cherasco, ten miles from Turin, on May 17, 1796.

Soldiers! In fifteen days you have won six victories, captured twenty-one flags and fifty-five cannon, and stormed many fortresses. You have vanquished the wealthiest region of Piedmont. You have taken fifteen thousand prisoners and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men.

Hitherto you have fought only for barren mountains, immortalized by your valour, though useless to the fatherland. But your services to your country are as great as those of the conquering armies of Holland and the Rhine. You had nothing—and you have done everything; you have won battles without cannon, crossed rivers

without bridges, made forced marches barefoot, and camped without brandy, yes, often without bread. Only the phalanxes of the republic, the soldiers of liberty, could have endured what you have endured. May thanks be rendered unto you, soldiers, and if your victory at Toulon foretold the immortal campaign of 1793, your present triumphs are auguries of one even more glorious.

The two armies which threatened only a little while ago to attack you boldly, have fled in terror before you; the scoundrels who would have mocked your sufferings, and rejoiced in their hearts over the victories of your enemies, now tremble with fear and confusion.

But soldiers, I will not lie to you: you have achieved nothing, because there is even more to achieve. Neither Turin nor Milan are as yet in your power; the ashes of those who conquered the Tarquins are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville.

When you began this campaign you were starving and in rags; today you have supplies in abundance. Magazines in considerable number were captured from your enemies, and the siege and field artillery have arrived. Soldiers, the fatherland has the right to expect great things of you. Will you justify that expectation? The main obstacles have been overcome, it is true; but you still have battles to fight, cities to storm, rivers to cross. Is there a single one among you whose courage is beginning to soften? Is there one who would rather go back over the summits of the Apennines and the Alps, one who would endure in silence the insults of these slaves who call themselves soldiers? No, there is not such a one among the conquerors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego and Mondovi; all are burning to spread far and wide the glory of the French people; all are eager to humble the pride of kings—who would even dare to think of putting us in chains; all are eager to dictate an honourable peace, and one which will indemnify the fatherland for all the sacrifices it has made; all are eager to declare proudly, when they return to their homes: "I was a soldier in the army that conquered Italy."

Friends, I promise you this victory. But first there is one condition that you must swear to fulfil, namely, to respect the peoples whom you deliver from servitude, by checking those rascals who would pillage the helpless, and who are incited to their loathsome deeds by our enemies. Unless you fulfil this condition, you will not be the liberators of the peoples, but their scourges; you will not be the honour of the French nation—it will disown you; your triumphs, your courage, your successes, the blood of our brothers who have fallen in battle, even the renown and glory you have won, will be lost beyond recall. As for myself, and the generals who enjoy your confidence, we should blush with shame if we had to command an

army without discipline, without restraint, and which acknowledged no rule but that of force. But I am invested with the authority of the nation, I am fortified by its justice and by its laws, and I shall know how to deal with a handful of men who possess neither courage nor mercy: I shall teach them to respect the precepts of humanity and honour which they tread into the dust. No, I shall not allow these brigands to sully your laurels; any regiment which I have to call to order will be executed forthwith; spoilers will be shot out of hand; many, indeed, have already suffered this fate, and I have had occasion to notice with pleasure the readiness with which the true soldiers of the army have obeyed such orders.

People of Italy, the army of France is coming to break your chains. The French people is the friend of all other peoples; approach her, therefore, in trustfulness of heart; your property, religion and customs shall be inviolate.

We make war as generous enemies. We hate none save the tyrants who enslave you.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

G.B.S. has been providing the world with material for hard thinking for the last half-century at least. His plays, witty and contentious, have been acted and read over half the world. Over eighty, he still challenges the old order, the present order, and that which is to come. This broadcast address, one of a series on the same subject, is typically Shavian and raised the storm of argument and controversy which invariably follows his utterances.

FREEDOM

AN ADDRESS BROADCAST ON JUNE 17, 1935

Now remember, ladies and gentlemen, I have no time to talk the usual old nonsense about freedom, tonight. Let us come to business. What is a perfectly free person? Evidently a person who can do what he likes, when he likes and where he likes, or do nothing at all if he prefers it. Well, there is no such person; and there never can be any such person. Whether we like it or not, we must all sleep for one-third of our lifetime; wash and dress and undress; we must spend a couple of hours eating and drinking; we must spend nearly as much in getting about from place to place. For half the day we are slaves to necessities which we cannot shirk, whether we are monarchs with a thousand servants or humble labourers with no servants but their wives. And the wives must undertake the additional heavy slavery of child-bearing if the world is still to be peopled.

These natural jobs cannot be shirked. But they involve other jobs which can. As we must eat we must first provide food; as we must sleep we must have beds and bedding in houses with fireplaces and coals; as we must walk through the streets we must have clothes to cover our nakedness. Now, food and houses and clothes can be produced by human labour. But when they are produced they can be stolen. If you like honey you can let the bees produce it by their labour, and then steal it from them. If you are too lazy to get about from place to place on your own legs you can make a slave of a horse. And what you do to a horse or a bee you can also do to a man or a woman or a child if you can get the upper hand of them by force or fraud or trickery of any sort, or even by teaching them that it is their religious duty to sacrifice their freedom to yours.

So beware! If you allow any person, or class of persons, to get the

upper hand of you, they will shift all that part of their slavery to Nature that can be shifted on to your shoulders; and you will find yourself working from eight to fourteen hours a day when, if you had only yourself and your family to provide for, you could do it quite comfortably in half the time or less. The object of all honest Governments should be to prevent your being imposed on in this way. But the object of most actual Governments, I regret to say, is exactly the opposite. They enforce your slavery and call it freedom. But they also regulate your slavery, keeping the greed of your masters within certain bounds. When chattel slavery of the negro sort costs more than wage slavery, they abolish chattel slavery and make you free to choose between one employment, or one master, and another; and this they call a glorious triumph for freedom, though for you it is merely the key of the street. When you complain, they promise that in future you shall govern the country for yourself. They redeem this promise by giving you a vote, and having a general election every five years or so. At the election, two of their rich friends ask for your vote; and you are free to choose which of them you will vote for to spite the other—a choice which leaves you no freer than you were before, as it does not reduce your hours of labour by a single minute. But the newspapers assure you that your vote has decided the election, and that this constitutes you a free citizen in a democratic country. The amazing thing about it is that you are fool enough to believe them.

Now mark another big difference between the natural slavery of man to Nature and the unnatural slavery of man to man. Nature is kind to her slaves. If she forces you to eat and drink, she makes eating and drinking so pleasant that when we can afford it we eat and drink too much. We must sleep or go mad: but then sleep is so pleasant that we have great difficulty in getting up in the morning. And firesides and families seem so pleasant to the young that they get married and join building societies to realize their dreams. Thus, instead of resenting our natural wants as slavery, we take the greatest pleasure in their satisfaction. We write sentimental songs in praise of them. A tramp can earn his supper by singing "Home, Sweet Home."

The slavery of man to man is the very opposite of this. It is hateful to the body and to the spirit. Our poets do not praise it: they proclaim that no man is good enough to be another man's master. The latest of the great Jewish prophets, a gentleman named Marx, spent his life in proving that there is no extremity of selfish cruelty at which the slavery of man to man will stop if it be not stopped by law. You can see for yourself that it produces a state of continual

civil war—called the class war—between the slaves and their masters, organized as trade unions on one side and employers' federations on the other. Saint Thomas More, who has just been canonized, held that we shall never have a peaceful and stable society until this struggle is ended by the abolition of slavery altogether and the compulsion of every one to do his share of the world's work with his own hands and brains, and not to attempt to put it on any one else.

Naturally the master class, through its Parliaments, schools and newspapers, makes the most desperate efforts to prevent us from realizing our slavery. From our earliest years we are taught that our country is the land of the free, and that our freedom was won for us for ever by our forefathers when they made King John sign Magna Charta—when they defeated the Spanish Armada—when they cut off King Charles's head—when they made King William accept the Bill of Rights—when they issued and made good the American Declaration of Independence—when they won the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar on the playing fields of Eton—and when, only the other day, they quite unintentionally changed the German, Austrian, Russian and Ottoman Empires into republics. When we grumble, we are told that all our miseries are our own doing because we have the vote. When we say: "What good is the vote?" we are told that we have the Factory Acts, and the Wages Board, and free education, and the New Deal, and the dole; and what more could any reasonable man ask for? We are reminded that the rich are taxed a quarter, a third, or even a half and more, of their incomes; but the poor are never reminded that they have to pay that much of their wages as rent in addition to having to work twice as long every day as they would need if they were free.

Whenever famous writers protest against this imposture—say, Voltaire and Rousseau and Tom Paine in the eighteenth century, or Cobbett and Shelley, Karl Marx and Lassalle in the nineteenth, or Lenin and Trotsky in the twentieth—you are taught that they are atheists and libertines, murderers and scoundrels; and often it is made a criminal offence to buy or sell their books. If their disciples make a revolution, England immediately makes war on them and lends money to the other Powers to join her in forcing the revolutionists to restore the slave order. When this combination was successful at Waterloo, the victory was advertised as another triumph for British freedom;; and the British wage slaves, instead of going into mourning like Lord Byron, believed it all and cheered enthusiastically. When the revolution wins, as it did in Russia in 1922, the fighting stops; but the abuse, the calumnies, the lies, continue until the revolutionized State grows into a first-rate military Power. Then our

diplomats, after having for years denounced the revolutionary leaders as the most abominable villains and tyrants, have to do a right turn and invite them to dinner.

Now though this prodigious mass of humbug is meant to delude the enslaved class only, it ends in deluding the master class much more completely. A gentleman whose mind has been formed at a preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen, followed by a public school and university course, is much more thoroughly taken in by the falsified history and dishonest political economy and snobbery taught in these places than any worker can possibly be, because the gentleman's education teaches him that he is a very fine fellow, superior to the common run of men whose duty it is to brush his clothes, carry his parcels, and earn his income for him; and as he thoroughly agrees with this view of himself, he honestly believes that the system which has placed him in such an agreeable situation and done such justice to his merits is the best of all possible systems, and that he should shed his blood, and yours, to the last drop in its defence. But the great mass of our rack-rented, underpaid, treated-as-inferiors, cast-off-on-the-dole workers cannot feel so sure about it as the gentleman. The facts are too harshly against it. In hard times, such as we are now passing through, their disgust and despair sometimes lead them to kick over the traces, upset everything, and have to be rescued from mere gangsterism by some Napoleonic genius who has a fancy for being an emperor, and who has the courage and brains and energy to jump at the chance. But the slaves who give three cheers for the emperor might just as well have made a cross on a British or American ballot paper as far as their freedom is concerned.

So far I have mentioned nothing but plain, natural and historical facts. I draw no conclusions, for that would lead me into controversy; and controversy would not be fair when you cannot answer me back. I am never controversial over the wireless. I do not even ask you to draw your own conclusions, for you might draw some very dangerous ones unless you have the right sort of head for it. Always remember that though nobody likes to be called a slave, it does not follow that slavery is a bad thing. Great men, like Aristotle, have held that law and order and government would be impossible unless the persons the people have to obey are beautifully dressed and decorated, robed and uniformed, speaking with a special accent, travelling in first-class carriages or the most expensive cars or on the best-groomed and best-bred horses, and never cleaning their own boots or doing anything for themselves that can possibly be done by ringing a bell and ordering some common person to do it. And this means, of course, that they must be made very rich without any other obligation than to produce

an impression of almost godlike superiority on the minds of common people. In short, it is contended, you must make men ignorant idolaters before they will become obedient workers and law-abiding citizens.

To prove this, we are reminded that although nine out of ten voters are common workers, it is with the greatest difficulty that a few of them can be persuaded to vote for members of their own class. When women were enfranchised and given the right to sit in Parliament, the first use they made of their votes was to defeat all the women candidates who stood for the freedom of the workers and had given them years of devoted and distinguished service. They elected only one woman—a titled lady of great wealth and exceptionally fascinating personality.

Now this, it is said, is human nature; and you cannot change human nature. On the other hand, it is maintained that human nature is the easiest thing in the world to change if you catch it young enough, and that the idolatry of the slave class and the arrogance of the master class are themselves entirely artificial products of education and of a propaganda that plays upon our infants long before they have left their cradles. An opposite mentality could, it is argued, be produced by a contrary education and propaganda. You can turn the point over in your mind for yourself; do not let me prejudice you one way or the other. The practical question at the bottom of it all is how the income of the whole country can best be distributed from day to day. If the earth is cultivated agriculturally in vast farms with motor ploughs and chemical fertilizers, and industrially in huge electrified factories full of machinery that a girl can handle, the product may be so great that an equal distribution of it would provide enough to give the unskilled labourers as much as the managers and the men of the scientific staff. But do not forget that when you hear tales of modern machinery enabling one girl to produce as much as a thousand men could produce in the reign of good Queen Anne, that this marvellous increase includes things like needles and steel pens, and matches, which we can neither eat nor drink nor wear. Very young children will eat needles and matches eagerly—but the diet is not a nourishing one. And though we can now cultivate the sky as well as the earth, by drawing nitrogen from it to increase and improve the quality of our grass—and, consequently, of our cattle and milk and butter and eggs—Nature may have tricks up her sleeve to check us if the chemists exploit her too greedily.

And now to sum up. Wipe out from your dreams of freedom the hope of being able to do as you please all the time. For at least

twelve hours of your day Nature orders you to do certain things, and will kill you if you don't do them. This leaves twelve hours for working; and here again Nature will kill you unless you either earn your living or get somebody else to earn it for you. If you live in a civilized country your freedom is restricted by the laws of the land, enforced by the police, who oblige you to do this, and not to do that, and to pay rates and taxes. If you do not obey these laws the courts will imprison you and, if you go too far, kill you. If the laws are reasonable and are impartially administered you have no reason to complain, because they increase your freedom by protecting you against assault, highway robbery, and disorder generally.

But as society is constituted at present, there is another far more intimate compulsion on you: that of your landlord and that of your employers. Your landlord may refuse to let you live on his estate if you go to chapel instead of to church, or if you vote for anybody but his nominee, or if you practise osteopathy, or if you open a shop. Your employer may dictate the cut, colour and condition of your clothes, as well as your hours of work. He can turn you into the street at any moment to join the melancholy band of lost spirits called the unemployed. In short, his power over you is far greater than that of any political dictator could possibly be. Your only remedy at present is the trade union weapon of the strike, which is only the old Oriental device of starving on your enemy's doorstep until he does you justice. Now, as the police in this country will not allow you to starve on your employer's doorstep, you must starve on your own—if you have one. The extreme form of the strike—the general strike of all workers at the same moment—is also the extreme form of human folly, as, if completely carried out, it would extinguish the human race in a week. And the workers would be the first to perish. The general strike is trade unionism gone mad. Sane trade unionism would never sanction more than one big strike at a time, with all the other trades working overtime to support it.

Now let us put the case in figures. If you have to work for twelve hours a day, you have no freedom at all. If you work eight hours a day you have four hours a day to do what you like with, subject to the laws of the land and your possession of money enough to buy an interesting book or pay for a seat at the pictures, or, on a half-holiday, at a football match, or whatever your fancy may be. But even here Nature will interfere a good deal; for if your eight hours' work has been of a hard physical kind, and when you get home you want to spend your four hours in reading my books to improve your mind, you will find yourself fast asleep in half a minute, and your mind will remain in its present benighted condition.

I take it, then, that nine out of ten of us desire more freedom, and that this is why we listen to wireless talks about it. As long as we go on as we are—content with a vote and a dole—the only advice we can give one another is that of Shakespeare's Iago: "Put money in thy purse." But as we get very little money into our purses on pay day, and all the rest of the week other people are taking money out of it, Iago's advice is not very practical. We must change our politics before we can get what we want; and meanwhile we must stop gassing about freedom, because the people of England in the lump don't know what freedom is—never having had any. Always call freedom by its old English name of leisure; and keep clamouring for more leisure and more money to enjoy it in return for an honest share of work. And let us stop singing "Rule, Britannia," until we make it true. Until we do, let us never vote for a parliamentary candidate who talks about our freedom and our love of liberty; for whatever political name he may give himself, he is sure to be at bottom an anarchist who wants to live on our labour without being taken up by the police for it as he deserves.

And now suppose we at last win a lot more leisure and a lot more money than we are accustomed to. What are we going to do with them? I was taught in my childhood that Satan will find mischief still for idle hands to do. I have seen men come into a fortune and lose their happiness, their health, and finally, their lives by it as certainly as if they had taken daily doses of rat poison instead of champagne and cigars. It is not at all easy to know what to do with leisure unless we have been brought up to it.

I will therefore leave you with a conundrum to think over. If you had your choice, would you work for eight hours a day and retire with a full pension at forty-five, or would you rather work four hours a day and keep on working until you are seventy? Now, don't send the answer to me, please: talk it over with your wife.

EARL BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY

Earl Baldwin is still more thought of as the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin. He was Prime Minister from 1935 to 1937, when he resigned office to retire from active politics. It was then that he accepted a peerage. Baldwin was a fine political speaker; his many broadcast speeches made a deep impression on his hearers, but his very real gift of oratory was perhaps even better displayed when he was speaking on non-political subjects. He seemed happier, more at his ease, when he was able to frame his speech to meet one particular "kind" of person, be it the farmers of his beloved Worcestershire, or the students of a university, than when he had to address a crowd with nothing in common but a vote to give. This speech, however, was selected because it links his political activities with his very real interest in art.

ARTISTS AND POLITICIANS

SPEECH GIVEN AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY, MAY 2, 1925

I SHOULD like, if I may, on behalf of my colleagues who are here tonight, to congratulate you, Mr. President, on your election to the great office which you hold, and to express our sympathy with the academy in the loss they have sustained in the death of Mr. John Sargent—a great man, as well as a great artist. His memory will be cherished through his paintings, and his art will be a prized possession of posterity. And, sir, I should like to congratulate you on this singular achievement in getting together an assembly of such distinction in London on a Saturday night. I remember trying to secure an eminent Englishman as a much-desired trustee of the National Gallery. He was a master of English and a scholar, and so he was able to express himself as I could not when he declined that great honour. He wrote to me: "No; they have a damnable habit of holding their meetings on a Saturday."

Now I understand these are friendly gatherings at which confidences may be given and exchanged, and I should like to tell you something of the difficulties of a Prime Minister's life. A Prime Minister has to form a Cabinet. I reflected when I was making mine that I should have to appear tonight at Burlington House, and I thought the greatest compliment I could pay the academy would be to include, if possible, a painter in the Cabinet. I thought I would choose someone who could paint with a broad brush, and I regret extremely that he, at the last moment, had to cancel his engagement

here tonight. I need hardly say I refer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When I had secured my artist, the question was where to put him. I at once decided that the right place for him was where he would have problems to study of currency and exchange, and where he would be dealing with mathematics. Many of my critics were hostile, but they were not astonished. If they had known their Plato they would have known at once why I asked him to go to the Exchequer. Many here will remember what Plato said to the Delians. When the oracle set a problem, Plato said:—

It must be supposed not that the god specially wished this problem solved, but that he would have the Greeks desist from war and wickedness and cultivate the Muses, so that, their passions being assuaged by philosophy and mathematics, they might live in innocent and mutually helpful intercourse with one another.

It is an extraordinary thing how the solution of many of our difficulties was really found many years ago.

Now I said there were many points of resemblance between your careers and ours. Neither artists nor politicians can by any figure of speech be said to belong to organized labour. Labour, yes; organized, no. What power have we to strike? If every artist in this country laid down his brush tonight, would a ripple pass over the country? If I laid down my brush tonight, are there not fifty men who would be ready to take it up? But then, on the other hand, you cannot be nationalized, and neither can we. It is sometimes to your advantage, and sometimes the advantage rests with us. Now take criticism. We both either suffer or enjoy criticism. There I think the advantage is with us. We, if we think fit, can answer back. These canvases on the wall have to take it in contemptuous silence. Your instruments by which you work so well are dumb—pencils and paints. Ours are neither dumb nor inert, I often think that we rather resemble Alice in Wonderland, who tried to play croquet with a flamingo instead of a mallet.

Then, again, with both of us, to achieve success it is necessary to mix our colours, so as to produce a harmonious whole. But your colours have an advantage over those which are mixed on our palette. In the language of the trade, your colours are fast; ours are not so necessarily. You mix your colours to form a harmonious result, but it may be after four or five years some of the colours, which you thought the most beautiful, have faded and have been unable to stand the bright light of day, and those which you thought mixed well in the general scheme have come up hard and crude and dominate the whole picture. We politicians are, and must of necessity be, impressionists—impressionists, because we want to catch the public eye, and

we hope that we can make our meaning clear. We also trust—my colleagues and I—that people will not examine our workmanship too closely, lest they find defects in it which are not visible at a distance. But there is one thing in which you have a great advantage. If when you complete a piece of work you do not like it, you can put your boot through it. With us the boot is on the other leg.

I have noticed sometimes that advice is given to the artists of this country to make a clean sweep of the academy. It is always a revolutionary people who think a clean sweep must result in something which will give keen satisfaction. While in the last four years, the academy has remained without great change, we have made a clean sweep of three Governments, and we have a fourth in—and yet people are not satisfied. So may there not be something said even for keeping an academy or keeping a government?

There is one thing that we do have in common. No man in politics can ever hope to achieve his desire—he can never accomplish the veriest fragment of what he would will to do. In the same way, in the breast of every artist who is an artist—and it is not every one who uses a brush who is an artist—there is a secret known only to himself and spoken of to none—that ideal which he is ever seeking and ever following up, and never in this world captures. It is that which drives men on to their best and finest work. I doubt if any real artist has ever satisfied himself. Occasionally, there comes what Kipling has called the “magic,” whether it be in poetry, in prose, or in art, before which the voice of criticism is dumb—the art that speaks straight to the soul of the world. Few of us can hope to achieve that, and I think perhaps if I were to choose any words with which to conclude, I would choose those that may be taken either for your work or for ours—the words that Browning put into the mouth of Andrea del Sarto :—

I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

No other British monarch has possessed the genuine affection of his peoples to the same degree as did the late King George V. Like his grandmother, Queen Victoria, he, by example, upheld the traditions of family life, but while Queen Victoria tended to withdraw herself from her people as she grew older, King George seemed to come into closer contact with them. The bond between monarch and people was undoubtedly strengthened by the custom he himself introduced of speaking to all his people by means of the wireless. The broadcast message we publish here was the third of the king's Christmas messages.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO MY PEOPLE

MESSAGE BROADCAST TO THE NATION AND EMPIRE, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1934

ON this Christmas Day I send to all my people everywhere my Christmas greeting. The day, with its hallowed memories, is the festival of the family. I would like to think that you who are listening to me now, in whatever part of the world you may be, and all the peoples of this realm and empire, are bound to me and to one another by the spirit of one great family. The queen and I were deeply moved by the manner in which this spirit was manifested a month ago at the marriage of our dear son and daughter.*

My desire and hope is that the same spirit may become ever stronger in its hold and wider in its range. The world is still restless and troubled. The clouds are lifting, but we have still our own anxieties to meet. I am convinced that if we meet them in the spirit of one family we shall overcome them, for then private and party interests will be controlled by care for the whole community.

It is as members of one family that we shall today, and always, remember those other members of it who are suffering from sickness or from the lack of work and hope; and we shall be ready to do our utmost to befriend them.

I send a special greeting to the peoples of my dominions overseas. Through them the family has become a fellowship of free nations, and they have carried into their own homes the memories and traditions of the mother country. With them I bear in my heart today the peoples of my far-distant colonies. The bond of the one spirit knows no barrier of space.

* The marriage of George, Duke of Kent to Princess Marina of Greece.

If my voice reaches any of the peoples of India, let it bring the assurances of my constant care for them, and of my desire that they, too, may ever more fully realize and value their own place in the unity of the one family.

May I add very simply and sincerely that if I may be regarded as in some true sense the head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection, this will be a full reward for the long and sometimes anxious labours of my reign of well-nigh five and twenty years?

As I sit in my own home I am thinking of the great multitudes who are listening to my voice, whether they be in British homes or in far-off regions of the world. For you all, and especially for your children, I wish a happy Christmas. I commend you to "The Father of whom every family in heaven and on earth is named." God bless you all.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VIII

In the late months of 1936 it became known that King Edward VIII wished to marry a commoner, a Mrs. Simpson, who was an American citizen. The ministers of the Crown were opposed to the marriage for various reasons. The king was steadfast in his purpose but he also refused to force an issue that would be painful to his family and to those ministers who bore for him real affection. He decided, therefore, to renounce the throne in favour of his brother, the Duke of York. During the time consultations were going on between King Edward, his family and the ministers, the whole country, and much of the English-speaking world, were in a state of violent agitation. After his decision had been officially announced, King Edward desired to broadcast to the nation. His speech rang down the curtain on the most dramatic episode in the history of the British monarchy.

FAREWELL TO HIS PEOPLE

SPEECH BROADCAST DECEMBER 11, 1936

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything but, until now, it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that, in making up my mind, I did not forget the country or the empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as king, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as king as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried, up to the last, to persuade me to take a different course.

I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would, in the end, be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult for me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country, and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire.

He has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.

During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. Ministers of the Crown, and in particular, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration.

There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

Ever since I was Prince of Wales and, later on, when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the empire.

For that I am grateful. I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden.

It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and empire with profound interest and, if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

And now we all have a new king. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

God bless you all.

God save the King!

FAMOUS LETTERS

from

342 B.C. to A.D. 1939

HISTORICAL

ISOCRATES to ALEXANDER THE GREAT

This letter was written in 342 B.C. to Alexander, the young son of Philip, King of Macedon, just previous to the outbreak of war between Macedon and Athens. Alexander, later destined to become the sole ruler of the greatest empire which the ancient world had known, was at that time entering on the final stages of his education, probably under the tutorship of Aristotle. From the text it is clear, also, that Isocrates had some part in guiding his studies.

Dated 342 B.C.

WHEN I was writing to your father I thought it would be strange if I did not send you some fond greetings, especially as you are at present under your father's eye. I thought, too, that I must write something to show you that old age has not dulled my wits, nor have foolish words taken the place of my wisdom, but that the part of my ability which remains to me is not unworthy of the power which I showed when I was a younger man.

I hear from all sides that you are growing into a kindly young man, that you are a friend of Athens and a lover of wisdom, pursuing your career wisely and carefully. I hear, too, that you do not receive those of our citizens who have neglected the call of culture or who have no desire but for the wickedness of the material world. Rather it seems that you are choosing men whose society will not annoy you and in whom you can confide on matters of State without any possibility of suffering injury at their hands. I commend your choice, for that is the right type of companion for men of good taste.

I have been told that you pay no respect to the philosophy of the sophists, though you allow that it may be advantageous in private life, on the ground that it is out of harmony with the proper spirit of the leaders of a democracy and of absolute rulers alike. Quite obviously it is neither advantageous nor suitable that men who are wiser than their fellows should either take part in the wordy battles taught by the sophists (especially when these are directed against their assistants in statesmanship), or that they should allow others to argue against them. If my information is correct, you have no love for this kind of procedure, but choose rather the discipline which comes from

studying the philosophical arguments which are relevant to the acts of everyday life and which are also useful in discussing the affairs of State. If you follow this course, by now you are able to make reasonable inferences about the course of future events. You will know, when the time comes, how to instruct your subjects in the most reasonable and effective manner and how to judge what is beautiful and just, and to distinguish these clearly from their opposites. Moreover, you will know the circumstances in which it is appropriate to give honour or censure.

So I think you are very wise in your present studies. You arouse in your father and every one else hopes that if you maintain the same regime, when you grow older you will prove yourself as much superior to other men in wisdom as your father has proved himself to be superior to all men.

CICERO to HIS FRIEND ATTICUS

This letter was written in Rome during the early part of 61 B.C., immediately after the trial of Clodius. Clodius was a prominent young man in public life, strongly suspected of designs calculated to subvert the existing Constitution. In the December of the previous year he had been discovered in the disguise of a woman at the celebration of the rites connected with the Festival of the Goddess of Fertility from which all men were debarred. He had been brought to trial more for political reasons than on account of his escapade and had been acquitted by a majority of six.

Dated 61 B.C.

You ask me what happened to make our famous trial end in a way which was so contrary to public expectation. At the same time you want to know why I showed less fight than I usually do on these occasions. I will answer you, but I must put the cart before the horse, after the style of Homer.

To your second question, then, I shall reply that so long as it was my duty to defend the authority of the senate, I struggled so manfully and so vigorously that every one rallied to my side applauding me and covering me with the utmost honour. If you have ever thought me strong in the cause of the State you would certainly have redoubled your admiration of my efforts during that trial. When Clodius descended to making speeches in the public streets and to using my

name to throw discredit on me—ye gods, what a grand fight I put up! What desolation I spread around me; what a famous attack I made on Piso, Curio and all their gang! How I chastised the ribaldry of the old men and the indecent excesses of the young ones! I often wished that I could have had you beside me—I swear to God that this is the truth—partly because I needed your advice, but more because I should have liked you to have seen my struggles, for I know how much you would have admired them.)

Later, however, when Hortensius had persuaded Fufius, the tribune, to introduce a new religious measure which differed in one point only from the consul's proposal—I mean in respect of the class from which the jurors should be drawn, which of course made all the difference—and fought hard to get it passed because he and every one else was quite certain that Clodius could not possibly be acquitted by any ordinary jury, I furled in my sails because I realized how poor the jury would be. Consequently, I said nothing in my evidence which was not already so well known and so supported by testimony that it could not be passed over. Therefore, if you ask me the cause of Clodius's acquittal, to revert to my former theme, I shall tell you that it was the empty pockets of the jury and their complete lack of moral sense. The underlying reason, however, was the ill-advised counsel of Hortensius who was so afraid that Fufius would veto the measure before the senate that he failed to realize how much better it would have been to leave Clodius in his iniquity, dressed in mourning as it were, than to hand him over to a feeble jury. However, his indignation was so great that he did everything in his power to bring on the trial, and declared that even a sword of lead would be sufficient to cut the throat of a man like Clodius.

You would like to hear about the actual trial and how it came to its incredible end, an end so incredible that although at the beginning I was the only one to condemn Hortensius's plan, now every one else is joining in the chorus of censure. There was a great deal of disturbance when the examination and the rejection of the jurors began. The prosecutor, like a good censor, rejected a number of the most corrupt, while the prisoner, like a kind trainer of gladiators, was setting aside all the more respectable ones. As soon as the jury had finally taken its seat the spirits of every loyal citizen began to sink. Never would you find such a villainous collection in any common gaming house. There were senators of doubtful reputation; knights who had lost whatever money they once possessed, and tribunes whom it would be right to call men concerned with money than moneyed men themselves. Even so, a few decent men were left on the jury—those whom Clodius had not been able to get rid

To all ranks of the British Army in France

Three weeks ago today the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a 50 mile front. His objects were to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.

In spite of throwing already 106 Divisions into the battle and ~~suffering~~ enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting & self sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our Army under the most trying circumstances.

Many amongst us now are ~~convinced~~ tired. To those I would say that Victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly & in great force to our support - - - -

There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement - with our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the Freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment. ~~But be ye not deceived, the British Empire~~
~~stands at the stake.~~

Thursday
11 April 1918

D. Haig. Gen.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S FAMOUS MESSAGE

During the critical period of the spring offensive in 1918, Sir Douglas Haig sent this message to every fighting man in the army. Here is the original draft in his own hand.



CROMWELL'S CAR

Cromwell's letter to his wife, written nine years before the Restoration, shows a different side of him from that portrayed in this satirical print. But even then his rule was unpopular.

of during the examination) They looked distressed, as indeed they were, to be sitting among people who were so different from themselves. One could see that they were terribly afraid of being infected by so much vice. As each point was referred to the jury during the preliminary proceedings their uprightness was amazing; there was not the slightest difference of opinion. The prisoner failed to gain a single point; the prosecutor gained more than he asked. Hortensius (need I say it) was congratulating himself on his perspicacity; not a person in court but imagined that the prisoner was already condemned a hundred times over.

When I was called to the witness box I suppose you have heard how the supporters of Clodius made a disturbance and how all the jurors rose from their chairs to give me their support, and how they showed, without a shadow of doubt, that they were willing to give their lives to defend me from Clodius. This actually, in my opinion, was a greater compliment to me than the one you have told me about when your Athenian citizens would not allow Democrates to give his evidence on oath, or when our Roman jurors refused to inspect the accounts of Metellus when they were being circulated in accordance with established precedent. This honour, I say, which was paid me at the trial was far greater than either of those.

The prisoner became a broken man, utterly defeated by the jurymen's brief words when I was thus being defended by them as the saviour of the country. Every one of the prisoner's friends had broken with him, but round me on the following day there were gathered almost as many people as the applauding throng which saw me home the day I laid down my consulship. Our fine senators were jealous. They said that they could not attend further stages of the trial unless they were accompanied by a bodyguard like myself. The matter was brought before the jury. Only one vote was cast against the proposal; the next step was to introduce a motion into the senate. It was passed with many weighty compliments to myself. The jury, too, received praise and the appropriate authority was given to the magistrates. No one supposed that the creature had a word to say in his own defence. To quote Homer: "Inspire me, O Muses, that I may tell how first fire fell from heaven."

You know old Bald Pate, one of Nannius's friends, I mean the one who praised me so lavishly, of whose panegyric I have already written to you. Before two days had passed he had fixed the whole business with the help of a single slave whom he brought from one of the schools of gladiators. He summoned the jury to meet him. He made an offer, gave security and finally paid the bribe, and then (O God, that such a thing could happen), for some of the jurymen he procured

certain respectable women, while for others he arranged introductions to youths of noble family to make the bribe more attractive.

So it happened that although every loyal citizen had gone home and the forum was full of slaves, only twenty-five jurymen were courageous enough, in the face of dire threats, to choose possible death before dishonour. There were thirty-one whose cupidity was greater than their self-respect. Catulus happened to meet one of them after the end of the trial. When he saw him he said: "Why did you ask for a bodyguard from the senate? Were you afraid that your filthy lucre would be stolen from you?"

I have told you as shortly as I can how the trial went and the reason for Clodius's acquittal. Your next question is: "How are things generally, and how, in particular, am I faring?" I would have you know that the whole equilibrium of the republic which you ascribe to my provision but which I refer to God's providence (a providence which I think was finally established by the union of all loyal citizens as well as by the magnificence of my own consulship), has been made to slip through our fingers by this single trial unless God again looks with favour upon us—that is, if you can call this mockery a trial, at which thirty scoundrels culled from the utmost dregs of Roman society accepted a paltry bribe to destroy all law and honour and put it on record that the prisoner was guiltless when, I do not say all men, but even swine like Thalna and Plautus and Spongia and other excrescences of similar ilk knew in fact from the very beginning he was guilty.

Now I will console you on the subject of the body politic. Wickedness is not so rife in its moment of victory as the vicious hoped when such a mortal blow was dealt to the republic. Obviously, they thought that when religion, modesty, the integrity of the courts and the authority of the senate had all gone by the board, licence and shame would emerge to enjoy an open triumph and would exact vengeance from every decent man for the pain which the upright vigour of my consulship had inflicted on every scoundrel.

You cannot think that I am vainglorious since I am writing to you personally, and I do not want my letter to be read by other people. It was I, yes, it was I who revived the drooping spirits of honourable men and raised each individual to action. By my fearless attack to the venal jury I soon shut the mouths of Clodius's friends who were applauding the result of the trial and regarding it as their victory. I did not give consul Piso a moment's peace. I saw to it that the province of Syria was taken from the man to whom it had already been promised. I recalled the senate to its former traditions and honour; I raised it up when it was cast down;

I broke the spirit of Clodius by a long speech in the senate which I delivered in the weightiest manner possible.

When the senate was convened on the Ides of May and my turn came to speak, I began by making a number of remarks on the true interests of the State and then delivered an inspired utterance calling on the senators not to fail, still less to fall, after a single blow. I said that the wound which had been inflicted on them was not the kind which ought to be either hidden or feared. We were in some danger in the first case of being thought stupid for ignoring it, and in the second for being thought cowards for fearing it. I reminded them that Lentulus and Catilina had both been acquitted twice before they reaped their deserts and that this man Clodius was a third scoundrel let loose upon the republic by a panel of jurymen.) "You are making a great mistake, Clodius," I said. "Your precious jury has not saved you to live in the city, but in prison. Their will was not to keep you in the State, but to prevent you taking refuge in exile. Therefore, honourable sirs, grasp again your lost dignity. The goodwill of loyal citizens remains; virtue is not diminished; it is only that every good man is afflicted with pain. No new calamity has befallen; it is only that what was previously hidden has come to light. It is only that in the trial of an abandoned rascal a number of others were discovered no better than the criminal."

What was I saying? I seem to be giving you the whole of my speech in my letter. My own position is this. I am in the same favour with the bulk of citizens as I was when you left me. With regard to the dregs and excrescences of the city I am much better off than I was before, for now it is certainly doing me no harm that my evidence at the trial was of no avail. It is as though the blood of my unpopularity has been "let" without causing me any pain. All the more so because even the people who condone Clodius's crime are willing to agree that there was a clear case against him, and that the jury was bought.

One point in my favour is that the rabble of bloodsuckers who haunt the treasury, the men who belong to the class which is always hungry, think that I am the object of the great Pompey's affections. Indeed, he and I are closely united and often meet for pleasant intercourse. The result is that those dear little friends of his who were responsible for the conspiracy, those ridiculous young men who grow beards, address him as Gnaeus Cicero. So we were greeted with unstinted applause both at the games and the gladiatorial show. Nor was there any undercurrent of "Pan's Pipes."

If you are likely to remain where you are you may expect to receive a number of letters from me, but, I beg of you, send me more than

you receive. I wish you would write to me about your retreat. Tell me how it is fitted out and what prospect it commands; also, I wish you would send me any poems or legends which you have collected about your patron goddess. My own fancy is to celebrate at my house in Arpinum. I will send you one of my compositions, but at the time of writing nothing is finished.

[Parts of the above letter which do not bear on the main theme and are purely of local interest have been omitted.]

PLINY to THE EMPEROR TRAJAN

Pliny was appointed Governor of Bithynia probably in A.D. 109 and continued to hold the appointment for two years. This letter, which is self-explanatory, was most likely written after he had been in residence for about a year.

Dated c. A.D. 110.

It is an established principle of mine, O lord and master, to refer to you every point on which I feel doubt, for who is there better equipped than yourself to guide my hesitant thoughts into the right channels or to instruct me when I am ignorant? I have never previously taken part in the summary trials of the Christians. The result is that I am unaware of the punishment which custom demands should be meted out to them, as I am of the extent to which they should be pursued. I am in very great doubt, indeed, as to whether it is usual to show any discrimination in the matter of the age of the prisoners or whether those of the most tender years should be treated in the same way as older persons. I do not know, either, whether pardon should be granted if they choose to recant or whether it ought not to be counted in a man's favour if he has once been a Christian that he has now ceased to belong to the sect. Finally, I am puzzled whether the profession of the name itself deserves punishment if there is no evidence of other wrongdoing, or whether only misdemeanours which are connected with the name should be the object of punishment.

In the meantime, I have pursued the following procedure with prisoners who have been brought before my court on the charge of Christianity. I have questioned them and have asked them whether they are Christians. If they confess, I have questioned them a second and a third time, telling them of the penalties to which they are liable. Those who persevere in their statement that they are Christians I have handed over to the executioner. For I have no

doubt that whatever the nature of the strange faith which they profess, such obstinacy and unswerving opposition to the law must of necessity be visited with the extreme penalty. Others, too, who proved equally obdurate I have ordered to be sent to Rome for trial on the ground that they were Roman citizens.

As events are showing, the crime is spreading, stimulated, it seems, by the active measures we are taking against it, and a variety of cases has come to my notice. An anonymous accusation has been filed which contains the names of a large number of people. Some of these denied that they ever were or ever had been Christians and to prove it invoked the gods at my dictation and worshipped in the customary way your image (which I had had brought to the court with the statues of the gods for this purpose) and, moreover, reviled Christ—all three being actions which it is said true Christians cannot be prevailed upon to perform. These I thought it best to acquit. Others who appeared on the informer's list admitted that they were Christians, but were soon induced to deny it. They said that they had been Christians but had ceased to be. Some said three years before; others said several years before; one even went so far as to say twenty years before.

All these consented to worship your image and the statues of the other gods and reviled Christ. They declared that the greatest extent of their crime or of their mistake had been their habit of meeting before daybreak on a fixed day and of chanting verses in honour of Christ as though in honour of a god. They insisted that the oaths which they took did not commit them to any crime, but that they all swore not to commit theft or acts of brigandage, or adultery, not to break their promises nor to withhold goods deposited in their safe keeping. When they had repeated these oaths, they said, their meetings were closed and they only met again to partake of a meal which, however, was of the ordinary and conventional kind [and not of human flesh as is generally supposed]. They said further that they had ceased even to do this after my edict which I issued on your instructions forbidding secret societies. In view of this, I thought it necessary to take two of their priestesses, whom they call deaconesses, and to put them to the torture to discover how much truth there was in these statements. I must admit that I discovered nothing except that of a depraved and immodest superstition.

Accordingly, I prorogued the court to ask your advice. I thought that it was worth doing this, especially in view of the large number of people whose lives are at stake, for there are many of every age and every class, and even of both sexes, who are being brought before me and, so far as I can see, will continue to be brought. Moreover,

the superstition is infecting not only the towns but the villages and even the agricultural hamlets, though I believe that it can be prevented from spreading further. Certainly it is established that our temples, which some time ago were almost empty, are now being worshipped in again; the sacred ceremonies which have long been interrupted are again being celebrated and fodder for the victims is again in demand, though recently it was difficult to find a buyer. These facts lead one to suppose that a vast number of men can be persuaded to mend their ways if repentance and recantation are allowed to be pleaded in court.

TRAJAN'S REPLY *to* PLINY

You have taken a very proper course, my friend Secundus, in your handling of the cases in which Christians have been brought before you. It is not possible to make an absolutely general rule about something which lacks a definite form. The Christians should not deliberately be brought before the courts. If they are informed against they must be punished, bearing in mind that those who deny that they are Christians and give an earnest of this by worshipping our gods, even though there is a suspicion of their delinquency in the past, may claim pardon on the ground of their repentance. Anonymous accusations should have no place in any criminal proceedings. They set the worst possible example and are not in keeping with the spirit of our times.

WILLIAM I *to* POPE GREGORY VII

A letter written by William the Conqueror to the Pope, acknowledging his right to tribute, and spiritual overlordship, but making it clear that he will not allow the Pope to claim any temporal power.

Dated 1079.

To Gregory, the most Excellent Shepherd of the Holy Church, William, by the Grace of God, King of the English and Duke of the Normans: Greeting and friendship:—

Your legate Hubert, most holy father, coming to me on your behalf, has admonished me to profess allegiance to you and your successors, and to think better regarding the money which my

ancestors were used to send to the Church of Rome. I have consented to one, but not to the other. I would not consent to the allegiance, nor will I now, because I never promised it, nor do I find that my ancestors ever promised it to your predecessors. The money has been negligently collected during the last three years, when I was in France; but now that I have returned by God's mercy into my kingdom, I send you, by the hands of the legate aforesaid, what has already been collected; and the rest shall be forwarded by the messenger of our trusty archbishop, Lanfranc, when an opportunity of doing so shall offer. Pray for us and for the state of our kingdoms, for we always loved your predecessors; and it is our earnest desire, above all things, to love you most sincerely and to listen to you most obediently.



HENRY I to ARCHBISHOP ANSELM

This letter explains itself. Henry had to seize his crown quickly, and dared not wait for the archbishop to crown him.

Dated 1100.

HENRY, by the Grace of God, King of the English, to his most devoted spiritual father Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, greeting and assurance of all friendship. You must know, most beloved father, that my brother, King William is dead, and I have been chosen by the will of God and the assent of the clergy and people of England, and am already (though unwillingly, because of your absence) consecrated king. With all the people of England, I beg you as my father to come as quickly as possible to give your counsel to me your son and to the said people, the care of whose souls is entrusted to you. Indeed, I commit my people, and the people of the whole Kingdom of England, to the wisdom of you and of those who are bound, together with you, to give me such counsel. And I beseech you not to be displeased that I received kingly consecration without you, from whom I would have received it more gladly than from any other, if it had been possible. But it was necessary to act thus because enemies were planning to rise against me and the people under my governance, and for that reason my barons and the people themselves were unwilling to delay longer. Accordingly, in these circumstances, I accepted it from your subordinates. Moreover, I would have dispatched messengers to you on my behalf, through whom I would have sent you some money; but they would

not have been able by any means to reach you safely, as the whole world, round about the Kingdom of England, is so disturbed on account of my brother's death. I recommend and enjoin, therefore, that you should not come through Normandy, but by Wissant, and I will bring my barons to meet you at Dover, and some money, and by God's help you shall find enough to pay off any expense you have incurred on your side. Hasten therefore to come, Father, lest our mother the Church of Canterbury, troubled and desolate, should suffer damage to souls any longer on your account.

Witness Bishop Gerard, William, Bishop-elect of Winchester, William of Warelwast, Earl Henry, Robert FitzHamon, Hamar the Steward, and others of my bishops and barons. Farewell.

ELEANOUR OF AQUITAINE *to* POPE CELESTINE II

This is an extract from a long letter of Eleanour of Aquitaine—then Queen Regent of England, to the Pope. The widow of Henry II, she was not altogether blessed in her sons, who gave Henry endless trouble in his lifetime by revolting against him. Now two were dead, and the third, Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria. Richard's passion for going off on Crusades meant that his country was ill-governed and now his subjects must be taxed to death to provide ransom for his release.

Dated 1192.

To the Reverend Father and Lord Celestine, by God's grace Highest Pontiff, Eleanour the miserable, and I would I could add the commiserated, Queen of England, Duchess of Normandy, Countess of Anjou, entreating him to show himself a father of mercy to a miserable mother.

I am prevented, O holiest Pope, by the great distance which parts us, from addressing you personally; yet I must bewail my grief a little, and who shall assist me to write my words?

I am all anxiety, within and without, whence my very words are full of grief. Without are fears, within contentions; nor have I a moment wherein to breathe freely from the tribulation of evils, and the grief occasioned by the troubles which ever find me out. I am all defiled with grief, and my bones cleave to my skin, for my flesh is wasted away. My years pass away in groanings, and I would they

were altogether passed away. O that the whole blood of my body would now dry up, that the brain of my head and the marrow of my bones were so dissolved into tears that I might melt away in weeping! My very bowels are torn away from me; I have lost the light of my eyes, the staff of my old age: and, would God accede to my wishes, He would condemn me to perpetual blindness, that my wretched eyes might no longer behold the woes of my people. Who will grant me the boon of dying for thee, my son? O mother of mercy! Look upon a mother in her misery; or if thy son, the inexhaustible fount of mercy, is avenging the sins of the mother on the son, let him exact vengeance from her who has alone sinned: let him punish me, the wicked one, and not delight in the punishment of an innocent person. Let him who hath begun his task, who now bruises me, take away his hand and slay me; and this shall be my consolation, that, afflicting me with grief, he spares me not. O wretched am I, yet pitied by none! Why have I, the mistress of two kingdoms, the mother of two kings, reached the ignominy of a detested old age?

My bowels are torn away, my very race is destroyed and passing away from me. The young king and the Earl of Bretagne sleep in the dust, and their most unhappy mother is compelled to live that she may be forever tortured with the memory of the dead. Two sons yet survived to my solace, who now survive only to distress me, a miserable and condemned creature: King Richard is detained in bonds, and John, his brother, depopulates the captive's kingdom with the sword, and lays it waste with fire. In all things the Lord is become cruel towards me, and opposes me with a heavy hand. Truly His anger fights against me, when my very sons fight against each other—if, indeed, that can be called a fight in which one party languishes in bonds, and the other, adding grief to grief, tries by cruel tyranny to usurp the exile's kingdom to himself.

O good Jesus! who will grant me Thy protection, and hide me in hell itself till Thy fury passes away, and till Thy arrows which are in me, by whose vehemence my very spirit is drunk up, shall cease? I long for death, I am weary of life; and though I thus die incessantly, I yet desire to die more fully; I am reluctantly compelled to live, that my life may be the food of death and a means of torture. O happy ye who pass away by a fortunate abortion, without experiencing the waywardness of this life and the unexpected events of an uncertain condition! What do I? Why do I remain? Why do I, wretched, delay? Why do I not go, that I may see him whom my soul loves, bound in beggary and irons? As though, at such a time, a mother could forget the son of her womb! Affection to their young softens tigers, nay, even the fiercer sorceresses.

KING JOHN *to* WILLIAM PICOLF

This letter bears testimony that the much reviled King John did at least one kindly deed.

Dated 1200.

To William Picolf, and Geoffry, his son: John, by the Grace of God, etc. Know ye, that we have given, and by the present charter have confirmed to William Picolf, our fool, Fontz-ossanne, with all its appurtenances, to have and to hold it for himself and his heirs, on condition of doing henceforward annually for ourself the service of fool, as long as he shall live; and after his decease, his heirs shall hold the same land from us, by the service of one pair of gilded spurs, to be rendered to us annually.

Wherefore, we will and positively command that the foresaid Picolf and his heirs shall have and hold for ever, fairly and in peace, freely and in quiet, the foresaid land, with all its appurtenances, by virtue of the aforesaid service.

EDWARD II *to* THE PRINCE OF WALES

At the time this letter was written, Isabella of France, the wife of Edward II, was in Paris with her lover, Roger Mortimer, and the Prince of Wales. Despite the many letters sent by Edward, both the queen and the prince refused to obey his command. When the queen did return, she brought Mortimer and an army of mercenaries with her. The unfortunate Edward II was eventually murdered as a result of her plots against him.

Dated 1326.

EDWARD FAIR SON,

Although you have written that you will remember the charges we enjoined upon you on your departure from us at Dover, that you would not transgress our commandments in any point, but would execute them to the best of your power, it seems to us that you do not keep this covenant nor obey our commandments humbly as a good son should his father, since you have not come to us to be under our government, as you ought to, and as we have ordered you by other letters under our blessing, but have notoriously kept

company with, and adhered to, Mortimer, the traitor and our mortal enemy, in the company of your mother and elsewhere, Mortimer having publicly borne your suit (? "suyte") at Paris at the ceremony of the coronation at Whitsuntide last, in great despite of us and to our great dishonour and yours. And whereas you have untruly informed us that he (Mortimer) is not an adherent of your mother's or yours, whereby we feel ourself very evilly paid. And also we have heard that you have by counsel, which is contrary to us and to your profit, made many orders, ordinances and divers things without advising us, and contrary to our orders and will, concerning the Duchy of Guienne which we have given you, and you ought well to remember the manner of the gift and the answer which you gave us at Dover when we gave it to you; which matters are unbecoming and may be very damaging. Therefore, we firmly command and charge you, by your duty and under our blessing and under pain of forfeiture and as you wish that we shall acknowledge you as our most dear and well beloved son, as we have always done, that you come to us with all speed, laying aside all excuse from your mother or others, or other excuses which you have written to us heretofore, so that we may honourably ordain for you and your estate as is fit, especially as you ought not to have or wish to have by right or justice other government than ours. And also, fair son, we charge you in like manner not to marry until you have returned to us, nor without our consent and commandment, nor do anything concerning the duchy or elsewhere contrary to our orders and will, nor without first advising us and what you do be with our consent, and cause anything you may have done to be revoked as is meet.

Edward, fair son, although you are of tender age, take these our commandments to heart and do them humbly and completely, if you wish to avoid our anger and indignation and as you love your own profit and honour. And do not credit any counsel contrary to your father's will, as the wise King Solomon teaches you, but quickly inform us of what you would do, understanding for certain that if we find you contrary or disobedient hereafter to our will, by what counsel soever it may be, we will ordain in such wise as you will feel it all the days of your life and that all other sons shall take example thereby of disobeying their lords and fathers.

Westminster, June 19, 1326.

HENRY IV LETTERS PATENT *to* GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Geoffrey Chaucer, author of the famous "Canterbury Tales" and one of the first men to write in English, was a diplomat and a soldier. He served three kings, Edward III, Richard II and Henry IV. From this letter of the last monarch we may gather that he was a valuable servant of the Crown.

Dated 1399.

THE king, to all to whom these presents may come: Greeting.
It appeareth to us, by inspection of the Rolls of Chancery of Richard, the late King of England, the second after the Conquest, that the same late king caused his letters patent to be made to this effect:—

“Richard, by the Grace of God, etc.: Greeting.

“Know ye, that we, of our especial favour, and in return for the good service which our beloved esquire, Geoffrey Chaucer, hath bestowed, and will bestow on us in time to come, have granted to the same Geoffrey twenty pounds, to be received each year at our Exchequer, at the terms of Easter and St. Michael, by equal portions, for his whole life. In witness whereof, we have caused to be made these our letters patent. Ourselves witness at Westminster, 28th day of February, in the seventeenth year of our reign.”

It appeareth also to us, by inspection of the Rolls of the Chancery Court of the same lately king, that he caused his other letters patent to be made to this effect:—

“Richard, by the Grace of God, etc.: Greeting.

“Know ye that, of our especial grace, we have granted to our beloved esquire, Geoffrey Chaucer, one cask of wine, to be received every year during his life, in the port of our city of London, by the hands of our chief butler for the time being. In witness whereof, etc.

“Witness ourselves at Westminster, on the 13th day of October, the twenty-second year of our reign.”

We, in consideration that the same Geoffrey hath appeared before us in our Chancery Court personally, and hath made corporal oath, that the aforesaid letters have been casually lost, have thought proper that the tenour of the record of the same letters be transcribed by these present. In witness, etc.

The king being witness, at Westminster, the 18th day of October, 1399.

HENRY V PROCLAMATION to HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE AGINCOURT

Here is the proclamation made by Henry V to his soldiers before the Battle of Agincourt, October 25, 1415, when the English defeated a French army four times their strength in numbers. It is interesting to compare this proclamation with Shakespeare's "Henry V."

Dated October, 1415.

So it is, my valiant Englishmen! We must either conquer or die, for victory or death is all the present prospect! But death is the least you can suffer, if you be not victorious. No: you are to expect lingering tortures, and the most vile, inhuman usage, from a barbarous enemy, who are so cruel, that your lives cannot satiate their rage; but they have threatened to cut off the thumbs of every one of you, archers, that you may for ever be disabled to draw a bow against them. We must, therefore, fight with a resolution undaunted and invincible. And why should we fear death, or be doubtful of victory, since God, who guards our lives, has given us courage to defend them, and will strengthen us to conquer?

To Him I appeal—the avenger of injustice! He knows what fair conditions of peace I have so often proposed, to prevent that effusion of blood, which in a few hours will moisten this field of battle; and He knows with what haughty pride they have been rejected. He disdains the intolerable arrogance of our enemies, their presumption in the strength and number of their army, their horrid desire of revenge, which nothing will satisfy, but to see all this plain covered with our dead bodies; and He has determined to make use of our arms to confound them. He knows how the French violated the treaty made in Brittany, and usurped the dominions which belonged to the English kings in France; and that we have made war, not for the proud glory of conquest, or to gratify ambitions, but to recover the possessions of our ancestors, and our own just rights.

Therefore, though I have great confidence in your valour yet that is the least part of my hopes—'tis the assistance of the Almighty which gives me the firmest assurance of victory. And, that the same religious confidence may be excited in your souls, know that, by a remarkable working of divine providence, our enemies offer us battle on the day which has been appointed in England for the people to implore a blessing on our arms. Know that, while you are fighting, your fathers, your wives, and your children, with lifted

eyes and hands, and bended knees, are supplicating the favour of heaven for your safety and success. If I thought it necessary to raise your courage by examples, I might remind you of the victories of Poitiers and Crecy. They are not only your ancient enemies with whom you are to fight, but they are of the same nation whom your fathers have so often conquered. Nor be ye disheartened to see their battalions overspread all this field. A multitude there is indeed, but few soldiers; they are a people gathered up in haste; and, excepting the men at arms, the rest are a confused crowd rather than an army. And though they are vastly superior to us in numbers, we shall let them see that we more exceed them in valour, the most important advantage in a battle. They are stronger in horses; but the riders are cowards, and want both the bravery and discipline of soldiers.

You see that I have chosen such ground, that you cannot be surrounded by their numbers, nor overpowered by their cavalry. Proceed we then, my brave countrymen, with confidence in God, and with all hopes that valiant men, resolved to conquer or die, may have in their arms. Let us charge them, in a firm persuasion of victory—victory! since all things presage such favourable success. If you are defeated, having no towns nor cities, nor so much as a fortified camp to secure a retreat, and being exposed to all the rage of a provoked enemy, not one of you must think to return alive into England. But, if we are victorious, as by a noble fury sparkling in your eyes (as I am informed) I know we shall, you will not only enrich yourselves with the spoils of their camp, where the wealth of so many nations is gathered, to be a reward of the victory; but a kingdom to which I have an undoubted right, will be conquered, and England, for future ages, shall give laws to France.

HENRY VI *to* THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY

Henry VI could not himself have written this letter, though his signature is appended to it, for he was only ten at the time. It is, though, an important and interesting document, dealing as it does with the trial of Joan of Arc.

Dated 1431.

MOST DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED UNCLE,

The fervent love and great affection which you, like a very Catholic prince, bear to our Mother Holy Church and to the advancement of our faith, doth both reasonably admonish and friendly exhort us to signify and write unto you such things, which, to the honour of our Holy Mother Church, strengthening of our faith, and plucking by the roots of most pestilent errors, have been solemnly done in the city of Rouen.

It is commonly renowned, and in every place published, that the woman, commonly called the Pucelle, hath, by the space of two years and more contrary to God's law, and the estate of womanhood, being clothed in man's apparel, a thing in the sight of God abominable, and in this estate carried over and conveyed to the presence of our chief enemy and yours, to whom and to the prelates, nobles, and commons of his party, she declared that she was sent from God, presumptuously making her vaunt that she had communication personally and visibly with Saint Michael and a great multitude of angels and saints of heaven, as Saint Katherine and Saint Margaret. By the which falsehood and subtlety she made divers believe and trust in her faith, promising to them great and noble victories; by the which means she did turn the hearts of many men and women from the truth and verity and converted them to lies and errors. Besides this, she usurped a coat of arms, and displayed a standard; which things be appertaining only to knights and squires, and, of a great outrage and more pride and presumption, she demanded to bear the noble and excellent arms of France, which she in part obtained; the which she bore in many skirmishes and assaults, and her brethren also (as men report), that is to say, its field azure; a sword, the point upward in pale silver set between two *fleur-de-lis*, firmed with a crown of gold. And in this estate she came into the field, and guided men of war; and gathered companies, and assembled host to exercise unnatural cruelties in shedding of Christian blood, and stirring seditions, and commotions among the people; inducing them to perjury, rebellion, superstition, and false

error; in disturbing of peace and quietness, and renewing of mortal war. Besides this, causing herself to be honoured and worshipped of many, as a woman sanctified, and damnably opening divers imagined cases, long to rehearse, in divers places well known and apparently proved; whereby almost all Christendom is slandered.

But the Divine Power, having compassion on His true people, and willing no longer to leave them in peril, nor suffer them to abide still in ways dangerous and new cruelties, hath lightly permitted of His great mercy and clemency the said Pucelle to be taken in your host and siege, which you kept for us before Champagne; and by our good mean delivered into our obedience and dominion. And, because we were required by the bishop of the diocese where she was taken (because she was noted, suspected, and defamed to be a traitor to Almighty God) to deliver her to him as to her ordinary and ecclesiastical judge, we, for the reverence of our Mother Holy Church (whose ordinances we well prefer as our own deeds and wills, as reason it is) and also for the advancement of Christian faith, bailed the said Joan to him, to the intent that he should make process against her; not willing any vengeance or punishment to be shown to her by any officers of our secular justices, which they might have lawfully and reasonably done, considering the great hurts, damages, and inconveniences, the horrible murders and detestable cruelties, and other innumerable mischiefs, which she has committed in our territories, against our people and obedient subjects. The which bishop, taking in company with him the vicar and inquisitor of errors and heresies, and calling to them a great and notable number of solemn doctors and masters in divinity and law-canon, began by great solemnity and gravity, accordingly to proceed in the cause of the said Joan. And after that, the said bishop and inquisitor, judges in this cause, had at divers days ministered certain interrogatories to the said Joan, and had caused the confessions and assertions of her truly to be examined by the said doctors and masters; and in conclusion generally, by all the faculties of our dear and well-beloved daughter the university of Paris, against whom (the confessions and assertions maturely and deliberately considered) the judges, doctors, and all other parties aforesaid, adjudged the same Joan a superstitious sorceress and a diabolical blasphemers of God and of His saints, and a person schismatic and erroneous in the law of Jesu Christ.

And, for to reduce and bring her again to the communion and company of our Holy Mother Church, and to purge her of her horrible and pernicious enemies and offences, and to save and preserve her soul from perpetual pain and damnation, she was most charitably and favourably admonished and advised to put away and

abhor all her errors and erroneous doings, and to return humbly to the right way, and to come in the very verity of a Christian creature, or else to put her soul and body in great peril and jeopardy. But all this notwithstanding, the perilous and inflamed spirit of pride and of outrageous presumption, the which continually enforceth himself to break and dissolve the unity of Christian obedience, so clasped in his claws the heart of this woman Joan that she, neither by any ghostly exhortation, holy admonition, or any other wholesome doctrine, which might to her be showed, would mollify her hard heart, or bring herself to humility. But she advanced and avowed, that all things by her were well done; yea, and done by the commandment of God and the saints, before rehearsed, plainly to her appearing; referring the judgment of her cause only to God, and to no judge or council of the Church Militant.

Wherefore, the judges ecclesiastical, perceiving her hard heart so long to continue, caused her to be brought forth in a common auditory before the clergy and people in a great multitude there for that purpose assembled. In which presence were opened, manifested, and declared solemnly, openly, and truly by a master in divinity of notable learning and virtuous life, to the advancement of the Catholic faith, the extirpating of errors and false opinions, all her confessions and assertions; charitably admonishing and persuading her to return to the union and fellowship of Christ's Church, and to correct and amend the faults and offences, in which she was so obstinate and blind.

And, according to the law, the judges aforesaid began to proceed and pronounce the judgment and sentence in that case of right appertaining. Yet, before the judge had fully declared the sentence, she began somewhat to abate her courage, and said that she would reconcile herself to our Mother Holy Church, both gladly and willingly. The judges and other ecclesiastical persons gently received her offer, hoping, by this mean, that both her body and soul were gotten again out of eternal loss and perdition. And so she submitted herself to the ordinance of the Holy Church, and, with her mouth, openly revoked her errors and detestable crimes, and the same abjured openly, signifying with her hand the said abjuration and revocation. Whereupon, our Holy Mother Church being pitiful and merciful, glad and rejoicing of a sinner that will convert, willing the strayed sheep to return again to his fold and flock, condemned the said Joan only to do open penance.

But the fire of her pride, which was in her heart, suddenly burst out into hurtful flames, blown out by the bellows of envy: and incontinent after, she took again all her errors and false opinions by

her before abjured and revoked. For which causes, according to the judgments and institutions of Holy Church, to the intent that she hereafter should not defile any other member of the flock of Our Lord Jesus Christ, was again exhorted and preached to openly. And, because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences, she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt, and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise, which they had made, to deliver her out of captivity, was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market, within the city of Rouen, and there by the fire consumed to ashes, in the sight of all the people.

EDWARD V *to* THE LORD CHANCELLOR

This warrant to his Lord Chancellor is one of the very few documents bearing the signature of Edward V, the boy king, who with his brother Richard was murdered in the Tower. On the date named in this warrant, the boys were dead.

Dated 1483.

R.E.

Edward by the g(r)ace of God Kygn of England and of Fraunce and lord of Irland. To the rev(er)ent fader in God John Bishop of Lincoln our chaunceller gretyng. Forasmoche as We for c(er)tain causes and considera(ci)ons suche as sp(eci)ally move us and conc(er)ne the wele of us and of all this our Realme and subiectis of the same have by thadwys of our counseill ordeyned and appoynted a parlement to be holden at Westmynster and to begynne there the XXV day of Juyn next comyng. We wull and charge you that under our great seall ye do make our writtes for the callyng and somons of our said Parlement to the said day and place in due fourme and in suche case accustomed. And this our writyng shalbe unto you sufficient Warant and discharge in this behalf.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH to LORD ADMIRAL SEYMOUR

The Lord Admiral Seymour was one of the three surviving brothers of Jane Seymour, the wife of Henry VIII who bore him his only son. The admiral's brother was Lord Protector, and the admiral himself determined on an advantageous marriage. In this letter Elizabeth declines his offer. That same year he married Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's widow. Incidentally, Elizabeth went to live in their household, and it was rumoured that Seymour became her lover. The story is now generally discounted.

Dated February 27, 1547.

MY LORD ADMIRAL,

The letter you have written to me is the most obliging, and at the same time the most eloquent in the world. And as I do not feel myself competent to reply to so many courteous expressions, I shall content myself with unfolding to you, in a few words, my real sentiments. I confess to you that your letter, all elegant as it is, has very much surprised me; for, besides that neither my age nor my inclination allows me to think of marriage, I never could have believed that any one would have spoken to me of nuptials, at a time when I ought to think of nothing but sorrow for the death of my father. And to him I owe so much, that I must have two years at least to mourn for his loss. And how can I make up my mind to become a wife before I shall have enjoyed for some years my virgin state, and arrived at years of discretion?

Permit me, then, my lord admiral, to tell you frankly, that, as there is no one in the world who more esteems your merit than myself, or who sees you with more pleasure as a disinterested person, so would I preserve to myself the privilege of recognizing you as such, without entering into that strict bond of matrimony, which often causes one to forget the possession of true merit. Let your highness be well persuaded that, though I decline the happiness of becoming your wife, I shall never cease to interest myself in all that can crown your merit with glory, and shall ever feel the greatest pleasure in being your servant, and good friend,

ELIZABETH.

MARY I to THE LORD ADMIRAL

Mary Tudor's marriage with Philip of Spain was one of the biggest tragedies of her tragic life. She really loved him, and he treated her with the utmost coldness—in fact, was scarcely ever with her. At the time this letter was written, she had not seen him for nearly a year—and Mary was a dying woman. Even though he has again delayed his return, it is obvious that she expects him to come to her later. But he did not, and Mary died without ever seeing him again.

Dated 1558.

By the Queen.

RIGHT TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED, WE GREET YOU WELL,

And whereas of late we were advertised that our dearest lord and husband, the king, intended to make his repair into this realm, for which cause we willed you to go to the sea, and to make such provision of ships, and other things necessary, as for the transportation of his highness shall seem convenient; we let you wit that we have now received advertisement from his highness, whereby we perceive his affairs and weighty business to be such, and the enemy in such readiness to annoy that country, that his highness can in no wise accomplish his former intent, whereof we have thought good to give you knowledge, and farther to will you, that with all expedition you land in some convenient place of that coast, and so repair to our said dearest lord and husband, not only to see his highness, but also to understand his farther pleasure in anything that he shall say unto you: taking such order for disposing our ships in the mean time as to your wisdom shall seem best; which we commit wholly to your discretion.

Given, under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, the 17th of May, the fourth and fifth years of our reigns.

ELIZABETH to DR. RICHARD COX

Dr. Cox had been tutor to Edward VI, and as a strong supporter of the Established Church, had been persecuted by the Catholic Mary Tudor. Elizabeth had made him Bishop of Ely on her accession.

Sir Christopher Hatton, one of Elizabeth's favourites, desired Ely Place and its gardens in Holborn. Dr. Cox refused to give up the property—hence this letter. Unfortunately, there is some doubt of its authenticity, but in any case it is so typical of Elizabeth, so delightful and so well known that it deserves its place among other famous letters.

Dated 1573.

PROUD PRELATE,

You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God.

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH to THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

The Armada has set sail, and Elizabeth is writing to the lieutenants of the counties, bidding them prepare against possible invasion. It is a calm, considered letter—obviously Elizabeth is in the process of organizing the whole country—efficiently and without panic. It is interesting to compare this letter with the many official instructions issued in these troubled times concerning emergency measures and home defence in case of aerial attack.

Dated June, 1588.

ELIZABETH TO THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER AND THE EARL OF SUSSEX,
LIEUTENANTS OF THE COUNTY OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By the Queene.

ELIZABETH R.

Right trustie, and righte welbelovid cousines wee greete you well. Whereas heertofore upon the advertismentes, from time to time and from sundrie place, of the great preparations of foren forces, made with a full intente to invade this our Realme and other our dominions,

wee gave our direccions unto you for the preparinge of our subjectes within your Lieuetennauncies to be in readines for defence againste any attempte, that mighte be made againste us and our Realme, whiche our directions we finde so well performed, that we cannot but receave great contentemente therebie, bothe in respect of your careful procedinges therein, and allso of the greate willingenes of our people in generall, to the accomplishment of that wherunto they weare requiered. Shewinge therebie their great love, and loyalltie towardes us, which as wee accept most thankfullie at their handes, acknowledge ourselves infinitlie bounde to Almightye God, and that hit hath pleased him to blesse us with so lovinge and dewtifull subjectes: so wolde wee have you make hit knowen unto them on our behalfe, forasmuche as we finde the same intention not onlie of invadinge, but of makinge a conquest also of this our Realme, nowe constantlie more and more detected, and confirme as a matter fullie resolved on (an armie beinge alreadye put to the Seas for that purposse which we doubt not but by Godes goodnes, shall prove frustrate), we have theerfore thoughte meete, to will, and requier you forthewith, with as muche convenient speede as you maie, to call togeather at some convenient place or places the best sorte of gentlemen under your Lieuetennancie, and to declare unto them that consideringe these great preparacions and arrogante threatninges nowe burst owte in action upon the seas, tendinge to a conquest, whearin everie mans particular state is in the hiest degree to be towched, in respecte of countrie, Libertie, Wiffe, Childeren, landes, life, and that which speciallie to be regarded, for the profession of the trewe and sincere Religion of Christe; and layinge before them in the infinite and unspeakeable miseries that followe upon any suche accidente and change (which miseries are evidentlie seene by the fruites of the harde and crewell governmente that is holden in countries not farre distante, wheare suche change dothe happen, whatsoever pretence is otherwise geven forthe for the cause of Religion) wee doe looke that the most parte of them shoulde have, upon this instant extraordinarie occasion a larger proportion of furniture, bothe for horsemen and footmen (but especiallie horsemen). Then hath bin certified, therbie to be in ther best strength against any attempte whate soever, and to be imployed bothe abowte our owne person and otherwise, as they shall have knowledge geven unto them, the number of which larger proportion as soone as you shall knowe, wee requier you to signifie to our privie counsell, heerunto as wee doubt not but by your good indevoures, they wilbe the rather conformable, so allso wee assure ourselves, that Almightye God will so blesse their loyall hartes boren towardes us their lovinge

soveraigne and their naturall countrie, that all the attemptes of any ennymies whatesoever shalbe made voied and frustrate, to their confusion, your comfortes, and to Godes highe glorie. Geven under our signet at our Mannor of Greenewiche the xviiijth daie of June, 1588, in the xxxth yeere of our Raigne.

WINCHESTER.

To the right trustye and right Welbeloved Cousins the Marques of Winchester and the Earle of Sussex, Leiutenants of our countie of South.

JAMES I *to* PRINCE CHARLES AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth's successor, is writing to his son, later Charles I, and to George Villiers, his favourite, who later became the Duke of Buckingham. The two young men were at the Court of Spain where Charles had been sent to woo and wed the Infanta. James was anxious for the match; the Spaniards were cautious, agreeing only if England were to become Catholic. So in the end, the alliance, which was, needless to say, highly unpopular in England, fell through. Charles eventually married the Princess Henrietta Maria of France.

Dated March 17, 1622-3.

MY SWEET BOYS,

I write this now, my seventh letter, unto you, upon the 17th of March, sent in my ship called the *Adventure*, to my two boys adventurers, who God ever bless. And now to begin with him, *a Jove principium*, I have sent you my Baby, two of your chaplains fittest for this purpose, Mawe and Wrenn, together, with all stuff and ornaments fit for the service of God. I have fully instructed them, so as all their behaviour and service shall, I hope, prove decent, and agreeable to the purity of the primitive Church, and yet as near the Roman form as can lawfully be done, for it hath ever been my way to go with the Church of Rome *usque ad aras*. All the particularities hereof I remit to the relation of your before named chaplains. I send you also your robes of the order, which ye must not forget to wear upon St. George's Day, and dine together in them, if they can come in time, which I pray God they may, for it will be

a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them: I send you also the jewels as I promised, some of mine and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending. For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorrain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused it so to be enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that either her brother or your father's dominions can afford; ye shall present her with two fair long diamonds, set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carquant or collar, thirteen great balls rubies, and thirteen knots or conques of pearls, and ye shall give her a head-dressing of two and twenty great pear pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly pear pendants diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear; and for my Baby's own wearing, ye have two good jewels of your own, your round broach of diamonds, and your triangle diamond with the great round pearl; and I send you for your wearing, the three brethren, that ye know full well, but newly set, and the mirrour of France, the fellow of the Portugal diamond, which I would wish you to wear alone in your hat, with a little black feather; ye have also good diamond buttons of your own, to be set to a doublet, or jerkin. As for your I [?], it may serve for a present to a don. As for thee, my sweet Gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou would have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleases; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress, though he's of thine own thy good old jewel, thy three pinders diamonds, the picture-case I gave Kate, and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the least pin she had, if I had not staid her. If my Baby will not spare the anchor from his mistress, he may well lend thee his round broach to wear, and yet he shall have jewels to wear in his hat, for three great days. And now for the form of my Baby's presenting of his jewels to his mistress, I leave that to himself, with Steenie's advice, and my Lord of Bristol's; only I would not have them presented all at once, but at the more sundry times the better, and I would have the rarest and richest kept hindmost. I have also sent four other crosses, of meaner value, with a great pointed diamond in a ring, which will save charges in presents to dons, according to their quality; but I will send with the fleet, divers

other jewels for presents, for saving of charges, whereof we have too much need; for till my Baby's coming away, there will be no need of giving of presents to any but to her. Thus ye see, how, as long as I want the sweet comfort of my boys' conversation, I am forced, yea, and delight to converse with them by long letters. God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return in the arms of your dear dad.

JAMES R.

CHARLES I to HENRIETTA MARIA

The Civil War was in progress, and Henrietta Maria was in France whither she had fled for safety. The vast correspondence between Charles I and Henrietta Maria, who were separated for the greater part of those tragic years, is chiefly in cipher.

At this particular stage, the position of the royalists was getting worse, but Charles was still hopeful.

Dated Oxford, January 4, 1645-6.

DEAR HEART,

I desired thee to take notice that with this year I begin to new number my letters, hoping to begin a year's course of luck. I have heard of but seen no letters from thee since Christmas Day; the reason is evident, for our intelligence with the Portugal's agent* is obstructed, so that I am not so confident as I was that any of my letters will come safe to thee. But methinks if Card. Mazarin were but half so kind to us as he professes to be, it would be no great difficulty to secure our weekly intelligence. And in earnest I desire thee to put him to it, for besides that, if the effects of it succeed, it will be of great consequence to me, I shall very much judge of the reality of his intentions according to his answer in this. If Ashburnham complain to thee of my wilfulness, I am sure it is that way which at least thou wilt excuse, if not justify me in; but if thou hadst seen a former paper (to which being but accessory I must not blame his judgment), thou wouldst have commended my cholerick rejection of it, the aversion to which it is possible (though I will not confess it until thou sayest so) might have made me too nice in this, of which I will say no more; but consider well that which I sent in the place of it, and then judge.

* This was Antonio de Souza, the diplomatic agent for the King of Portugal. It was entirely owing to de Souza's friendly intervention that much of the correspondence between Charles and his wife was able to be carried on.

My great affairs are so much in expectation that for the present I can give thee but little account of them, albeit yet in conjecture (as I believe) that the rebels will not admit of my personal treaty at London, and I hope well of having 2000 foot and horse, out of my smaller garrisons. As for the Scots, we yet hear no news of them, neither concerning this treaty, nor of that which I have begun with David Lesley. And, lastly, that the Duke of York's journey is absolutely broken, both in respect of the loss of Hereford, as that the relief of Chester is yet but very doubtful. But upon this design, having commanded Sir George Ratcliff to wait upon him, I desire thy approbation that he may be sworn gentleman of his bedchamber, for which, tho' he be very fit, and I assure thee that he is far from being a Puritan, and that it will be much for my son's good to have him settled about him, yet I would not have him sworn without thy consent. So God bless thee, sweetheart,

CHARLES R.

HENRIETTA MARIA to CHARLES I

Henrietta Maria gave birth to a daughter, Henrietta, immediately after this letter was written. She was then staying at Bedford House, Exeter, having been persuaded to leave the king at Oxford, because he felt she was not safe there. She was ill—very dangerously ill—and expected to die in her confinement. She is no longer a queen, but an ordinary woman desperately in need of reassurance and comfort.

Dated June 18, 1644.

MY DEAR HEART,

I have so few opportunities of writing, that I will not lose this, which will, I believe, be the last before I am brought to bed (since I am now more than fifteen days in my ninth month), and perhaps it will be the last letter you will ever receive from me. The weak state in which I am, caused by the cruel pains I have suffered since I left you, which have been too severe to be experienced or understood by any but those who have suffered them, makes me believe that it is time for me to think of another world. If it be so, the will of God be done! He has already done so much for us, and has assisted us so visibly in all our affairs, that certainly whatever way He may be pleased to dispose of me will be for your good and mine. I should have many things to say to you, but the roads are so little

sure, that I should not dare to trust this letter, only I will beg of you to believe what *Lord Jermyn* and *Father Philip* will say to you from me. If that should happen to me, it is a great comfort to me to have written this letter to you. Let it not trouble you, I beg. You know well that, from my last confinement, I have reason to fear, and also to hope. By preparing for the worst, we are never taken by surprise, and good fortune appears so much the greater. Adieu, my dear heart. I hope before I leave you, to see you once again in the position in which you ought to be. God grant it. I confess that I earnestly desire this, and also that I may be able yet to render you some service.

CHARLES II *to* THE DUKE OF YORK

When Charles II wrote this letter he had not yet regained the throne of England. That country was strongly anti-Catholic and such a thing as the Duke of York publicly proclaiming his Catholic beliefs would not help the Stuart cause. Hence this anxious letter.

Dated 1654.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but that you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare not nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits' college, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. If you

do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother.

Cologne, November 10, 1654.

CHARLES II to GENERAL MONCK

General Monck was the leader of the Restoration Party in England. It was he who had been authorized to ask Charles to return to England and take his place upon the throne. This is the famous letter in which Charles announces his return.

Dated March 27/April 6, 1660.

IF this be the first letter you have received from me, it is only because some of your friends have not found a convenience of delivering one to you, which they have had long in their hands. And you cannot but believe that I know too well the power you have to do me good or harm, not to desire you should be my friend. And I think I have the best ground of confidence that can be that you will be so, in believing you to be a great lover of your country and that you desire to secure the peace and happiness and to advance the honour of it, and knowing very well that my heart is full of no other end, which I am sure you will know yourself as soon as you know me. And whatever you have heard to the contrary, you will find to be as false as if you had been told that I have white hair or am crooked. And it is upon this confidence only that I depend upon you and your assistance to the bringing that to pass which I may say can only with God's blessing bring peace and happiness to the nation and restore it to its just reputation and honour, and secure all good men in the possession of what belongs to them. As I know these ends can only prevail with you, so I do not think you will be the less zealous for them, because together with them you advance my interest and oblige me, who can never be without that sense of your prince, as the greatness of the obligation merits, and I should enlarge upon that particular, if I did think it would be acceptable to you. However, I cannot but say, that I will take all the ways I can, to let the world see, and you and yours find, that I have an entire trust in you, and as much kindness for you, as can be expressed by your affectionate friend, Charles R.

EARL OF CLARENDON *to* THE DUKE OF YORK

The Earl of Clarendon, father of the Duchess of York, had been a commoner, Edward Hyde, who served Charles as a Finance Minister. The marriage of the Duke of York to his daughter was naturally frowned upon by Charles II, and was unpopular in the country, for the Duke of York was heir to the throne. Edward Hyde was ennobled and the scandal of the marriage died down. Now the duchess looked like stirring up fresh trouble by openly embracing the Catholic faith.

Dated 1670.

I HAVE not presumed in any manner to approach your royal presence, since I have been marked with the brand of banishment; and I would still with the same forbear this presumption, if I did not believe myself bound by all the obligations of duty to make this address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the presumption and impudence of the times, in raising false and scandalous reproaches upon innocent and worthy persons of all qualities and degrees, to give credit to those bold whispers which have been too long scattered abroad concerning your wife's being shaken in her religion; but when those whispers break out into noise, and public persons begin to report, that the duchess is become a Roman Catholic; when I heard that many worthy persons of unquestionable devotion to your Royal Highness are not without some fear and apprehension of it, and many reflections are made from thence to the prejudice of your royal person, and even of the king's majesty, I hope it may not misbecome me, at what distance soever, to cast myself at your feet, and beseech you to look on this matter in time, and to apply some antidote to expel the poison of it.

It is not possible your Royal Highness can be without zeal and entire devotion for that Church, for the purity and preservation whereof your blessed father made himself a sacrifice, and to the restoration whereof you have contributed so much yourself; and which highly deserves the king's protection, and yours, since there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people, while due reverence is made to the Church.

Your wife is generally believed to have so perfect a duty and entire resignation to the will of your Royal Highness, that any defection in her from the religion, will be for want of circumspection in you and

not using your authority, or to your connivance. I need not tell the ill consequence that such a mutation would be attended with in reference to your Royal Highness, and even to the king himself, whose greatest security (under God) is in the affection and duty of his Protestant subjects. Your Royal Highness knows how far I have always been from wishing that the Roman Catholics should be prosecuted with severity; but I less wish it should be ever in their power to be able to prosecute those who differ from them, since we well know how little moderation they would or could use.

And if this which people so much talk of (I hope without ground) should fall out, it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman Catholics in general, than modest men can wish; since after such a breach any jealousy of their presumption would seem reasonable. I have written to the duchess with the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father. I do most humbly beseech your Royal Highness by your authority to rescue her from bringing a mischief upon you and herself that can never be repaired; and to think it worthy your wisdom to remove and dispel those reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence than contempt; and hope you do believe, that no severity I have, or can undergo, shall in any degree lessen or diminish my most profound duty to His Majesty and your Royal Highness; but that I do with all imaginable obedience submit to your good pleasure in all things.

God preserve your Royal Highness, and keep me in your favour.
Sir, your Royal Highness's most humble and obedient servant.

VICTORIA *to* KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS

The first letter written by Victoria as Queen of Great Britain and sent to King Leopold of Belgium.

Dated June 20, 1837.

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED UNCLE,

Two words only, to tell you that my poor uncle, the king, expired this morning at twelve minutes past two. The melancholy news were brought to me by Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury at six. I expect Lord Melbourne almost immediately, and hold a Council at eleven. Ever, my beloved uncle, your devoted and attached niece,

VICTORIA R.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS to QUEEN VICTORIA

The three following letters are taken from that part of the correspondence of Queen Victoria which deals with the early days of her reign. The first is a letter from her Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, giving the young queen advice. The second, from Victoria to her uncle, was written after her Coronation. The third is from the queen to Prince Albert just before he arrived in England for his marriage to her. The letters to Prince Albert were written in German and English; the English portions are here rendered in italics.

Dated Laeken, June 27, 1837.

MY DEAR CHILD,

. . . Now I must touch on another subject which is of vital importance for you and your comfort, viz., the habits of business which you will contract now. The best plan is to devote certain hours to it; if you do that, you will get through it with great ease. I think you would do well to tell your ministers that for the present you would be ready to receive those who should wish to see you between the hours of eleven and half-past one. This will not plague you much, and will be sufficient in most cases for the usual business that is to be transacted.

I shall add to this a piece of advice. Whenever a question is of some importance, it should not be decided on the day when it is submitted to you. Whenever it is not an urgent one, I make it a rule not to let any question be forced upon my *immediate* decision; it is really not doing oneself justice *de décider des questions sur le pouce*. And even when in my mind I am disposed to accede, still I always keep the papers with me some little time before I return them. The best mode for you will be, that each minister should bring his box with him, and when he submits to you the papers, *explain them to you*. Then you will keep the papers, either to think yourself upon it or to consult somebody, and either return them the next time you see the minister to whom they belong, or send them to him. Good habits formed *now* may for ever afterwards be kept up, and will become so natural to you that you will not find them at all fatiguing.

QUEEN VICTORIA *to* THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Dated Buckingham Palace, July 2, 1838.

MY DEAREST UNCLE,

Many thanks for *two* kind letters, one which I got last Monday and one this morning. The kind interest you take in me and my country (of which, and of the nation, I'm more proud than I ever was, since I've witnessed their excessive affection and loyalty to me) makes me certain that you will be glad to hear how *beautifully* everything went off. It was a memorable and glorious day for me. The millions assembled to witness the progress to and from the Abbey was *beyond* belief, and *all* in the highest good humour. It is a fine ceremony, and a scene I shall *ever* remember, and with pleasure. I likewise venture to add that people thought I did my part very well.

The amiable Duc de Nemours dined with me on Friday, comes to *my* ball tonight, and dines again with me on Wednesday. Pray tell dearest Aunt Louise that I thank her much for her very kind letter, and will avail myself of her kindness and *not* write to her this mail.

Feodore is writing in my room, well and happy. Uncle Ernest still very lame, and Charles well. There's an account of the family. Ever and ever your most devoted niece,

VICTORIA R.

QUEEN VICTORIA *to* THE PRINCE ALBERT

Dated Buckingham Palace, January 31, 1840.

. . . You have written to me in one of your letters about our stay at Windsor, but, dear Albert, you have not at all understood the matter. *You forget, my dearest love, that I am the sovereign, and that business can stop and wait for nothing. Parliament is sitting, and something occurs almost every day, for which I may be required, and it is quite impossible for me to be absent from London; therefore two or three days is already a long time to be absent. I am never easy a moment, if I am not on the spot, and see and hear what is going on, and everybody, including all my aunts (who are very*

knowing in all these things), says I must come out after the second day, for, as I must be surrounded by my Court, I cannot keep alone. This is also my own wish in every way.

Now as to the Arms: as an English prince you have no right, and Uncle Leopold had no right to quarter the English Arms, but the sovereign has the power to allow it by royal command: this was done for Uncle Leopold by the Prince Regent, and I will do it again for you. But it can only be done by royal command.

I will, therefore, without delay, have a seal engraved for you.

You will certainly feel very happy, too, at the news of the coming union of my much-beloved Vecto* with Nemours. It gives me quite infinite pleasure, because then I can see the dear child more frequently.

I read in the newspaper that you, dear Albert, have received many Orders; also that the Queen of Spain will send you the Golden Fleece. . . .

Farewell, dearest Albert, and think often of thy faithful

VICTORIA R.

* The Princess Victoire of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of Queen Victoria.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG *to* THE FORCES

The famous message Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig sent to every man in the army during the critical period of the spring offensive, April, 1918.

Dated April 11, 1918.

TO ALL RANKS OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN FRANCE

THREE weeks ago today the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a fifty-mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.

In spite of throwing already 106 divisions into the battle and enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting and self-sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying circumstances.

P.L.S.—K

Many amongst us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support. . . .

There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.

D. HAIG, F.M.

THE RT. HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN *to* THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

These two letters following are among the most important documents on the German-Polish crisis which led to the outbreak of war in September, 1939.

The first, from the Prime Minister to Herr Hitler, makes clear beyond any doubt the attitude of the Allies. The second dispatch telegraphed by Sir N. Henderson, British Ambassador in Berlin, to Lord Halifax, Foreign Secretary, gives a grim insight into the mind of Herr Hitler and his stubborn refusal to make any effort at all towards finding a peaceful solution of the problem.

Dated August 22, 1939.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Your Excellency will have already heard of certain measures taken by His Majesty's Government, and announced in the Press and on the wireless this evening.

These steps have, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, been rendered necessary by the military movements which have been reported from Germany, and by the fact that apparently the announcement of a German-Soviet Agreement is taken in some quarters in Berlin to indicate that intervention by Great Britain on behalf of Poland is no longer a contingency that need be reckoned with. No greater mistake could be made. Whatever may prove to be the nature of the German-Soviet Agreement, it cannot alter Great Britain's obligation to Poland which His Majesty's Government have stated in public repeatedly and plainly, and which they are determined to fulfil.

It has been alleged that, if His Majesty's Government had made their position more clear in 1914, the great catastrophe would have been avoided. Whether or not there is any force in that allegation, His Majesty's Government are resolved that on this occasion there shall be no such tragic misunderstanding.

If the case should arise, they are resolved, and prepared, to employ without delay all the forces at their command, and it is impossible to foresee the end of hostilities once engaged. It would be a dangerous illusion to think that, if war once starts, it will come to an early end even if a success on any one of the several fronts on which it will be engaged should have been secured.

Having thus made our position perfectly clear, I wish to repeat to you my conviction that war between our two peoples would be the greatest calamity that could occur. I am certain that it is desired neither by our people, nor by yours, and I cannot see that there is anything in the questions arising between Germany and Poland which could not and should not be solved without the use of force, if only a situation of confidence could be restored to enable discussions to be carried on in an atmosphere different from that which prevails today.

We have been, and at all times will be, ready to assist in creating conditions in which such negotiations could take place, and in which it might be possible concurrently to discuss the wider problems affecting the future of international relations, including matters of interest to us and to you.

The difficulties in the way of any peaceful discussion in the present state of tension are, however, obvious, and the longer that tension is maintained, the harder will it be for reason to prevail.

These difficulties, however, might be mitigated, if not removed, provided that there could for an initial period be a truce on both sides—and indeed on all sides—to Press polemics and to all incitement.

If such a truce could be arranged, then, at the end of that period, during which steps could be taken to examine and deal with complaints made by either side as to the treatment of minorities, it is reasonable to hope that suitable conditions might have been established for direct negotiations between Germany and Poland upon the issues between them (with the aid of a neutral intermediary, if both sides should think that that would be helpful).

But I am bound to say that there would be slender hope of bringing such negotiations to successful issue unless it were understood beforehand that any settlement reached would, when concluded, be guaranteed by other Powers. His Majesty's Government would be

ready, if desired, to make such contribution as they could to the effective operation of such guarantees.

At this moment I confess I can see no other way to avoid a catastrophe that will involve Europe in war.

In view of the grave consequences to humanity, which may follow from the action of their rulers, I trust that your Excellency will weigh with the utmost deliberation the considerations which I have put before you.

Yours sincerely,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON *to* LORD HALIFAX

Dated August 28, 1939.

(Telegraphic.)

I SAW the Chancellor at ten-thirty this evening. He asked me to come at ten o'clock, but I sent word that I could not have the translation ready before the later hour. Herr von Ribbentrop was present, also Dr. Schmidt. Interview lasted one and a quarter hours.

Herr Hitler began by reading the German translation. When he had finished, I said that I wished to make certain observations from notes which I had made in the conversations with the Prime Minister and His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the first place I wished to say that we in England regarded it as absurd that Britain should be supposed by the German Government to consider the crushing of Germany as a settled policy. We held it to be no less astonishing that any one in Germany should doubt for a moment that we would not fight for Poland if her independence or vital interests were menaced.

Our word was our word, and we had never and would never break it. In the old days Germany's word had the same value, and I quoted a passage from a German book (which Herr Hitler had read) about Marshal Blücher's exhortation to his troops when hurrying to the support of Wellington at Waterloo: "Forward, my children, I have given my word to my brother Wellington, and you cannot wish me to break it."

Herr Hitler at once intervened to observe that things were different one hundred and twenty-five years ago. I said not so far as England was concerned. He wanted, I said, Britain's friendship. What value would he place on our friendship if we began it by

disloyalty to a friend? Whatever some people might say, the British people sincerely desired an understanding with Germany, and no one more so than the Prime Minister (Herr von Ribbentrop remarked that Mr. Chamberlain had once said to him that it was his dearest wish). Today the whole British public was behind the Prime Minister. The recent vote in the House of Commons was an unmistakable proof of that fact. The Prime Minister could carry through his policy of an understanding if, but only if, Herr Hitler were prepared to co-operate. There was absolutely no truth in the idea sometimes held in Germany that the British Cabinet was disunited or that the country was not unanimous. It was now or never, and it rested with Herr Hitler. If he was prepared to sacrifice that understanding in order to make war or immoderate demands on Poland, the responsibility was his. We offered friendship but only on the basis of a peaceful and freely negotiated solution of the Polish question.

Herr Hitler replied that he would be willing to negotiate, if there was a Polish Government which was prepared to be reasonable and which really controlled the country. He expatiated on misdoings of the Poles, referred to his generous offer of March last, said that it could not be repeated and asserted that nothing else than the return of Danzig and the whole of the Corridor would satisfy him, together with a rectification in Silesia, where ninety per cent of the population had voted for Germany at the post-war plebiscite but where, as a result of Haller-Korfanti *coup*, what the Plebiscite Commission had allotted had nevertheless been grabbed by Poland.

I told Herr Hitler that he must choose between England and Poland. If he put forward immoderate demands there was no hope of a peaceful solution. Corridor was inhabited almost entirely by Poles. Herr Hitler interrupted me here by observing that this was only true because a million Germans had been driven out of that district since the war. I again said the choice lay with him. He had offered a Corridor over the Corridor in March, and I must honestly tell him that anything more than that, if that, would have no hope of acceptance. I begged him very earnestly to reflect before raising his price. He said his original offer had been contemptuously refused and he would not make it again. I observed that it had been made in the form of a dictate and therein lay the whole difference.

Herr Hitler continued to argue that Poland could never be reasonable: she had England and France behind her, and imagined that even if she were beaten she would later recover, thanks to their help, more than she might lose. He spoke of annihilating Poland. I said that reminded me of similar talk last year of annihilation of the

Czechs. He retorted that we were incapable of inducing Poland to be reasonable. I said that it was just because we remembered the experience of Czecho-Slovakia last year that we hesitated to press Poland too far today. Nevertheless, we reserved to ourselves the right to form our own judgment as to what was or what was not reasonable so far as Poland or Germany were concerned. We kept our hands free in that respect.

Generally speaking, Herr Hitler kept harping on Poland, and I kept on just as consistently telling Herr Hitler that he had to choose between friendship with England which we offered him and excessive demands on Poland which would put an end to all hope of British friendship. If we were to come to an understanding it would entail sacrifices on our part. If he was not prepared to make sacrifices on his part there was nothing to be done. Herr Hitler said that he had to satisfy the demands of his people, his army was ready and eager for battle, his people were united behind him, and he could not tolerate further ill-treatment of Germans in Poland, etc.

It is unnecessary to recall the details of a long and earnest conversation in the course of which the only occasion in which Herr Hitler became at all excited was when I observed that it was not a question of Danzig and the Corridor, but one of our determination to resist force by force. This evoked a tirade about the Rhineland, Austria and Sudeten and their peaceful reacquisition by Germany. He also resented my references to March 15.*

In the end I asked him two straight questions. Was he willing to negotiate direct with the Poles and was he ready to discuss the question of an exchange of populations? He replied in the affirmative as regards the latter (though I have no doubt that he was thinking at the same time of a rectification of frontiers). As regards the first, he said he could not give me an answer until after he had given the reply of His Majesty's Government the careful consideration which such a document deserved. In this connexion he turned to Herr von Ribbentrop and said: "We must summon Field Marshal Goering to discuss it with him."

I finally repeated to him very solemnly the main note of the whole conversation so far as I was concerned, namely, that it lay with him as to whether he preferred a unilateral solution which would mean war as regards Poland, or British friendship. If he were prepared to pay the price of the latter by a generous gesture as regards Poland, he could at a stroke change in his favour the whole of public opinion not only in England but in the world. I left no doubt in his mind as to what the alternative would be, nor did he dispute the point.

* The seizure of Czecho-Slovakia

At the end, Herr von Ribbentrop asked me whether I could guarantee that the Prime Minister could carry the country with him in a policy of friendship with Germany. I said there was no possible doubt whatever that he could and would, provided Germany co-operated with him. Herr Hitler asked whether England would be willing to accept an alliance with Germany. I said, speaking personally, I did not exclude such a possibility provided the developments of events justified it.

Conversation was conducted in quite a friendly atmosphere, in spite of absolute firmness on both sides. Herr Hitler's general attitude was that he could give me no real reply until he had carefully studied the answer of His Majesty's Government. He said that he would give me a written reply tomorrow, Tuesday. I told him that I would await it, but was quite prepared to wait. Herr Hitler's answer was that there was no time to wait.

I did not refer to the question of a truce. I shall raise that point tomorrow if his answer affords any real ground for hope that he is prepared to abandon war for the sake of British understanding.

FAMILY LETTERS

AGNES to WILLIAM PASTON

The famous Paston letters are a marvellous record of family life and of important happenings in the fifteenth century. The family fortunes were founded by Clement Paston, a peasant who astonishingly gave his son William that prerogative of the aristocracy, a good education. William's wife wrote this letter. The John Paston mentioned is their son, and the most famous of the three.

Dated 1440.

DERE HOUSBOND,

I recomaunde me to yow, &c. Blessyd be God I sende yow gode tydynggs of the comyng, and the brynggyn hoom, of the gentylwomman that ye wetyn of fro Redham, this same nyght, acordyng to poyntmen that ye made ther for yowr self.

And as for the furste aqweyntaunce be twhen John Paston and the seyde gentylwomman, she made hym gentil cher in gyntyl wise, and seyde, he was verrayly your son. And so I hope ther shall nede no gret trete be twyxe hym.

The parson of Stocton toold me, yif ye wolde byin her a goun, here moder wolde yeve ther to a godely furre. The goun nedyth for to be had; and of colour it wolde be a godely blew, or erlys a bryghte sangueyn.

I prey yow do byen for me ij. pypys of gold. Your stewes* do weel. The Holy Trinite have you in governaunce.

Wretyn at Paston, in hast, the Wednesday next after *Deus qui errantibus*, for defaute of a good secretarye.

* Fish ponds.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY to HIS SON

The three following letters are taken from the Sidney papers. The first was written by Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip, then a boy at Shrewsbury School. The second letter was written by Sir Philip Sidney to his father, and concerns Sir Philip's defence of his father's government in Ireland, which he was placing before Queen Elizabeth. Sir Philip was then at Court and one of the queen's favourites. The third letter was written by Lord Buckhurst to the Earl of Leicester, and tells of the death of that gallant courtier, poet and soldier on the battlefield in Flanders.

Dated 1566.

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to

come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry: detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip), this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY *to* HIS FATHER,
SIR HENRY SIDNEY

Dated April 25, 1578.

RIGHT HONOURABLE MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD AND FATHER,

So strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point: but must needs sometimes alter his course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your lordship's case, to whom of late I wrote, wishing your lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befall, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style and write to your lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you

will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her Majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day, I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your lordship is to write back, not as though you desired to tarry, but only showing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the meantime, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your lordship to weigh the particularities of your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself; and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here) this is your best way. At least whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those over plussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

THOMAS LORD BUCKHURST *to*
ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF
LEICESTER

Dated 1588.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,

With great grief do I write these lines unto you, being thereby forced to renew to your remembrance the decease of that noble gentleman your nephew, by whose death not only your lordship, and all other his friends and kinsfolks, but even Her Majesty, and the whole realm besides, do suffer no small loss and detriment. Nevertheless, it may not bring the least comfort unto you, that as he hath both lived and died in fame of honour and reputation to his name, in the worthy service of his prince and country, and with as great love in his life, and with as many tears for his death, as ever any had; so hath he also by his good and godly end so greatly testified the assurance of God's infinite mercy towards him, as there is no doubt but that he now liveth with immortality, free from the cares and calamities of mortal misery; and in place thereof, remaineth filled with all heavenly joys and felicities, such as cannot be expressed: so as I doubt not, but that your lordship in wisdom, after you have yielded some while to the imperfection of man's nature, will yet in time remember how happy in truth he is, and how miserable and blind we are, that lament his blessed change. Her Majesty seemeth resolute to call home your lordship, and intendeth presently to think of some fit personage that may take your place and charge. And in my opinion, Her Majesty had never more cause to wish you here than now; I pray God send it speedily. I shall not need to enlarge my letter with any other matters, for that this messenger, your lordship's wholly devoted, can sufficiently inform you of all. And so wishing all comfort and contentation unto your lordship, I rest your lordship's wholly for ever, to use and command as your own. From the Court, this 3rd of November, 1586. Your lordship's most assured to command.

THE EARL OF LEICESTER *to* THE COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND

This letter is also taken from the records of the Sidney family. It was written by Robert, Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl, her husband, who lost his life valiantly fighting for King Charles I at the Battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643.

Dated Oxford, October 10, 1643.

MY DEAR DOLL,

I know it is no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppreseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer no diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that beside the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for anything that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do anything that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all

necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonials of your affection, as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much, as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again: but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present passion which possesseth you: and you may say, that our Saviour Himself did weep for the death of one He loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after His example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither His sorrow, nor any other passion could make Him sin; but it is not so with us: He was pleased to take our infirmities, but He hath not imparted to us His power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose, they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to Him, that He will be pleased to give His grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to His pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

LORD WENTWORTH *to* SIR WILLIAM SAVILLE

Wentworth, better remembered as the Earl of Strafford, and one of Charles I's most trusted ministers, wrote this letter of counsel to his young nephew on the death of the boy's mother. At this time he was Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Dated December 29, 1633.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

It shall be much contentment unto me when the power or means I have may communicate anything which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleased God to take from you your mother, I hold myself more bound to preserve a care for you, being sorry that my remoteness renders me of less use unto you, now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwise I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my custom to put myself into counsels uncalled, and having been a minister in the troublesome settlement of your estate, methought it might have stood well enough with civility and discretion to have let me been acquainted with the course of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London last; being so made a stranger to that end, the effecting and accomplishing whereof I had so painfully endeavoured for so many years together. Surely neither I nor mine should have been a penny better by it; for I must tell you, for all the service I have done you and your house, I never had the worth of a groat forth of your purse, or the purse of your mother, and, which is more, never will; for I trust, by God's blessing, to leave my child an estate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthensome to any.

And indeed, if I did not conceive this neglect was rather the goodwill of Cookson than any formal direction of your own, I should resolve to perform my own duty towards the nearness of that blood which runs in our veins, without ever desiring to intermeddle at all in your counsels for the government of yourself and fortune; but indeed your years show me, you were all discretion to be merely passive in that action, and no doubt having my lord keeper's advice therein, all is well and orderly disposed and executed.

Admit me then, in consideration and remembrance of your noble father, and that I may say to my own heart I have not betrayed the trust he was pleased to repose in me, to deliver you my opinion, how you are futurely to dispose yourself and fortune; which, as it

shall come from me with all the candour in the world, so doth it also with all the indifferency possible; desiring God Almighty that you may not follow one word of advice of mine, where there is a better for you to govern yourself after.

Being then upon that period of life, that as you set forth now at first, you will in all likelihood continue so to the end, be it you take the paths of virtue or the contrary, you cannot consider yourself and advise and debate your actions with your friends too much; and till such time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it shall be great wisdom and advantage to distrust yourself, and to fortify your youth by the counsel of your more aged friends, before you undertake anything of consequence. It was the course that I governed myself by after my father's death, with great advantage to myself and affairs: and yet my breeding abroad hath shown me more of the world than yours hath done, and I had natural reason like other men, only I confess I did in all things distrust myself; wherein you shall do, as I said, extremely well if you do so too.

I conceive you should lay aside all thoughts of going to London these four or five years; live in your own house; order and understand your own estate; inform and employ yourself in the affairs of the country; carry yourself respectfully and kindly towards your neighbours; desire the company of such as are well governed and discreet amongst them, and make them as much as you can your friends; in country business keeping yourself from all faction; and at the first be not too positive, or take too much upon you, till you fully understand the course of proceedings; for, have but a little patience, and the command and government of that part of the country will infallibly fall into your hands, with honour to yourself, and contentment to others; whereas if you catch at it too soon, it will be but a means to publish your want of understanding and modesty, and that you shall grow cheap and in contempt before them that shall see you undertake that, where you are not able to guide yourself in your own way.

Be sure to moderate your expence, so as it may be without foolish waste or mean savings: take your own accounts, and betimes inure yourself to examine how your estate prospers, where it suffers, or where it is to be improved; otherwise there will be such an easiness and neglect gather upon you, as it may be you will never patiently endure the labour of it whilst you live; and so as much as in you lies, cast from you that which tends most to the preservation of your fortune of any other thing; for I am persuaded few men that understood their expence ever wasted; and few that do not ever well governed their estate.

Considering that your houses, in my judgment, are not suitable to your quality, nor yet your place and furniture, I conceive your expense ought to be reduced to two-thirds of your estate, the rest saved to the accommodating of you in that kind: those things provided, you may, if you see cause, enlarge yourself the more.

In these and all things else, you shall do passing well to consult Mr. Greenwood, who hath seen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly most faithful to you. If you use him not most respectfully, you deal extreme ungrateful with him, and ill for yourself. He was the man your father loved and trusted above all men, and did as faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend; taking excessive pains in settling your estate with all possible cheerfulness, without charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may safely pour your secrets into him, which by that time you have conversed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greatest and noblest treasure this world can make any man owner of; and I protest to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess.

In any case, think not of putting yourself into court before you be thirty years of age at least; till your judgment be so awakened as that you may be able to discover and put aside such trains as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes by a company of flesh-flies, that ever buzz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have seen many men of great estates come young thither and spend all, but did I never see a good estate prosper amongst them that put itself forward before the master had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I having observed that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremediless, be their wits or Providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted; and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will; but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishments and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish, proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, you shall do well to take his accompts orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman ever I knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to

oblige them by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self: and that jeering, jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink; for be you well assured that if that ever possess you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the state; drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you, as in yourself; and therefore abhor all company that might entice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture too much money at gaming; it is a great vanity that possesseth some men, and in most is occasioned by a greedy mind of winning, which is a pursuit not becoming a generous noble heart, which will not brook such starving considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things in the paths of goodness and virtue, and so persevere therein, that you may thence take out those rules, which being learnt, may (when it comes to your turn) as well grace and enable you to lead and govern others, as (whilst you are learning of them) it will become you to follow and obey others; and thus shall you possess your youth in modesty, and your elder years in wisdom.

God Almighty prosper and bless you, in your person, in your lady, in your children, and in your estate, wherein no friend you have shall take more contentment than your most affectionate uncle and most faithful friend.

OLIVER CROMWELL to HIS WIFE

This letter was written when Cromwell was ill at Edinburgh during his campaign against Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II.

Dated Edinburgh, April 12, 1651.

MY DEAREST,

I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my

Heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions: in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly do I daily for thee, and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you with all His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but indeed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them, knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise, you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them; they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able to write much. I am weary; and rest. Thine.

WILLIAM PITT to THOMAS PITT

These two following letters were sent by William Pitt, later the Earl of Chatham, to his nephew, later Lord Camelford.

No date.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sound and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which

is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example: *Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva; Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.* "We leave our native land, these fields so sweet; Our country leave: at ease, in cool retreat, You, Thyrsis, bid the woods fair Daphne's name repeat." I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write *smoaks* in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leech to carry you quite through Virgil's *Æneid* from beginning to ending. Pray show him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's *Fables* in particular. I am not sure if they are not called *Tales*, instead of *Fables*. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake if you will, has read Virgil's *Æneid* quite through, and much of Horace's *Epistles*. Terence's *Plays* I would also desire Mr. Leech to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on, my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good, that I have nothing to wish, but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child. Your most affectionate uncle.

Dated Bath, January 24, 1754.

I will not lose a moment before I return my most tender and warm thanks to the most amiable, valuable, and noble-minded of youths, for the infinite pleasure his letter gives me. My dear nephew, what a beautiful thing is genuine goodness, and how lovely does the human mind appear in its native purity (in a nature as happy as yours) before the taints of a corrupted world have touched it! To guard you from the fatal effects of all the dangers that surround and beset youth (and many they are, *nam variæ illudunt pestes*) I thank God, is become my pleasing and very important charge; your own choice, and our nearness in blood, and still more, a dearer and nearer relation of hearts, which I feel between us, all concur to make it so. I shall seek then every occasion, my dear young friend, of being useful to you, by offering you those lights, which one must have lived some years in the world to see the full force and extent of, and which the best mind and clearest understanding will suggest imperfectly, in any case, and in the most difficult, delicate, and essential points perhaps not at all, till experience, that dear-bought instructor, comes to our assistance.

What I shall therefore make my task (a happy delightful task, if I prove a safeguard to so much opening virtue) is to be for some years, what you cannot be to yourself, your experience; experience anticipated, and ready digested for your use. Thus we will endeavour, my dear child, to join the two best seasons of life, to establish your virtue and your happiness upon solid foundations: *miscens autumni et veris honores*. So much in general. I will now, my dear nephew, say a few things to you upon a matter where you have surprisingly little to learn, considering you have seen nothing but Boconnock; I mean, behaviour. Behaviour is of infinite advantage or prejudice to a man, as he happens to have formed it to a graceful, noble, engaging, and proper manner, or to a vulgar, coarse, ill-bred, or awkward and ungenteel one. Behaviour, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues: though I have known instances of good men, with something very revolting and offensive in their manner of behaviour, especially when they have the misfortune to be naturally very awkward and ungenteel; and which their mistaken friends have helped to confirm them in, by telling them, they were above such trifles, as being genteel, dancing, fencing, riding, and doing all manly exercises with grace and vigour. As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man; and the proper, easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man. You are in no danger of falling into this preposterous error: and I had a great pleasure in finding you, when I first saw you in London, so well disposed by nature, and so properly attentive to make yourself genteel in person, and well bred in behaviour. I am very glad you have taken a fencing master: that exercise will give you some manly, firm, and graceful attitudes: open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it: but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence: and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of a man of virtue, in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping; nothing has so poor a look: above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily, when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an

incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it; but the trick of laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided: *Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.* Now as to politeness; many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would however venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, etc., what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent, or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness: that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues. Nothing is so incompatible with politeness as any trick of absence of mind. I would trouble you with a word or two more upon some branches of behaviour, which have a more serious moral obligation in them, than those of mere politeness; which are equally important in the eye of the world. I mean a proper behaviour, adapted to the respective relations we stand in, towards the different ranks of superiors, equals, and inferiors. Let your behaviour towards superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things entrusted to it, and an inviolable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good, we should consider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow Christians, *ut conservi*; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware, my dear child, of anger, that demon, that destroyer of our peace. *Ira furor brevis est: animum rege: qui, nisi paret, imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catena.*

Write soon, and tell me of your studies. Your ever affectionate.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD *to* HIS SON

Lord Chesterfield, diplomat and patron of the arts, was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His letters, polished and elegant, are famous, but the best known, the most human and delightful, are those he wrote to his son, Philip Stanhope. Of these two, the first was written to the boy while at school at Westminster, and the second while he was abroad doing "the Grand Tour."

Dated Dublin Castle, November 19, 1745.

DEAR BOY,

I have received your last Saturday's performance, with which I am very well satisfied. I know or have heard of no Mr. St. Maurice; and young Pain, whom I have made an ensign, was here upon the spot, as were every one of those I have named in these new levies.

Now that the Christmas breaking-up draws near, I have ordered Mr. Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms; which, with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet, when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do everything you do, well.

There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well. And I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance, dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with: the difference in this case, between a man of sense and a fop, is, that the fop values himself upon his dress; and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it: there are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which, not being criminal, must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them; but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so.

It is a very fortunate thing for Sir Charles Hotham to have fallen

into the hands of one of your age, experience and knowledge of the world. I am persuaded you will take infinite care of him. Good night.

Dated London, September 27, o.s. 1749.

DEAR BOY,

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And, indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all of which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, upon him, he gives them *tit for tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being, which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses, such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* hand-

some, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronounciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth, *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged*, to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards*, such a place. He sometimes affects hard words by way of ornament, which he always mangles, like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged. *Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les Graces, le je ne sais quoi qui plait*, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge as the polish is to the diamond; which, without that polish, would never be worn, whatever it might weigh. Do not imagine that these accomplishments are only useful with women; they are much more so with men. In a public assembly, what an advantage has a graceful speaker, with genteel motions, a handsome figure, and a liberal air, over one who shall speak full of as much good sense, but destitute of these ornaments! In business, how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them! By the help of these I have known some men refuse favours less

offensively than others granted them. The utility of them in Courts and negotiations is inconceivable. You gain the hearts, and consequently the secrets, of nine in ten that you have to do with, in spite even of their prudence; which will, nine times in ten, be the dupe of their hearts and of their senses. Consider the importance of these things as they deserve, and you will not lose one moment in the pursuit of them.

You are travelling now in a country once so famous both for arts and arms, that (however degenerated at present) it still deserves your attention and reflection. View it, therefore, with care, compare its former with its present state, and examine into the causes of its rise and its decay. Consider it classically and politically, and do not run through it, as too many of your young countrymen do, musically, and (to use a ridiculous word) *knick-knackically*. No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible *intaglios* and *cameos*; and do not become a virtuoso of small wares. Form a taste of painting, sculpture, and architecture, if you please, by a careful examination of the works of the best ancient and modern artists; those are liberal arts, and a real taste and knowledge of them become a man of fashion very well. But, beyond certain bounds, the man of taste ends, and the frivolous virtuoso begins.

Your friend, Mendes, the good Samaritan, dined with me yesterday. He has more good nature and generosity than parts. However, I will show him all the civilities that his kindness to you so justly deserves; he tells me that you are taller than I am, which I am very glad of. I desire you may excel me in everything else, too; and, far from repining, I shall rejoice at your superiority. He commends your friend, Mr. Stevens, extremely; of whom, too, I have heard so good a character from other people, that I am very glad of your connexion with him. It may prove of use to you hereafter. When you meet with such sort of Englishmen abroad, who, either from their parts or their rank, are likely to make a figure at home, I would advise you to cultivate them, and get their favourable testimony of you here, especially those who are to return to England before you. Sir Charles Williams has puffed you (as the mob call it) here extremely. If three or four more people of parts do the same before you come back, your first appearance in London will be to great advantage. Many people do, and indeed ought to, take things upon trust; many more do, who need not; and few dare dissent from an established opinion. *Adieu!*

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD *to* HIS SON

Here is a further letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son on the subject of his future career. In actual fact, the boy, Philip Stanhope, was a disappointment to his father; he showed none of Lord Chesterfield's brilliance, although as a boy he had been promising enough. He died when he was young, leaving two small boys on whom Lord Chesterfield lavished the affection that he had given to their father.

Dated London, December 9, o.s. 1749.

DEAR BOY,

It is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word, without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider, whether it was a good one or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputation I have acquired as a speaker, is more owing to my constant attention to my diction than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same as other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words, and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common-sense, upon the same question: the dressing it well is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon your making a figure; it is there that I want to have you justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. The vulgar, who are always mistaken, look upon a speaker and a comet with the same astonishment and admiration, taking them both for preternatural phenomena. This error discourages many young men from attempting that character; and good speakers are willing to have their talent considered as something very extraordinary, if not a peculiar gift of God to His elect. But let you and I analyse and simplify this good speaker; let us strip him of those adventitious plumes with which his own pride and the ignorance of others have decked him; and we shall find the true

definition of him to be no more than this: a man of good common-sense, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly, on that subject upon which he speaks. There is, surely, no witchcraft in this. A man of sense, without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject; nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. What, then, does all this mighty art and mystery of speaking in Parliament amount to? Why, no more than this, that the man who speaks in the House of Commons, speaks in that house, and to four hundred people, that opinion upon a given subject which he would make no difficulty of speaking in any house in England, round the fire, or at table, to any fourteen people whatsoever; better judges, perhaps, and severer critics of what he says, than any fourteen gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have spoken frequently in Parliament, and not always without some applause; and therefore I can assure you, from my experience, that there is very little in it. The elegancy of the style and the turn of the periods make the chief impression upon the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech, which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears, and were easily taught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and, depend upon it, you will catch their judgments, such as they are.

Cicero, conscious that he was at the top of his profession (for in his time eloquence was a profession), in order to set himself off, defines, in his treatise, *de Oratore*, an orator to be such a man as never was, or never will be; and, by this fallacious argument, says that he must know every art and science whatsoever, or how shall he speak upon them? But with submission to so great an authority, my definition of an orator is extremely different from, and I believe much truer than, his. I call that man an orator who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly, upon whatever subjects he treats. Problems in geometry, equations in algebra, processes in chemistry, and experiments in anatomy, are never, that I have heard of, the objects of eloquence; and therefore I humbly conceive that a man may be a very fine speaker, and yet know nothing of geometry, algebra, chemistry, or anatomy. The subjects of all parliamentary debates are subjects of common-sense singly.

Thus I write whatever occurs to me, that I think may contribute either to form or inform you. May my labour not be in vain! and it will not, if you will but have half the concern for yourself that I have for you. *Adieu.*

GEORGE III to PRINCESS AMELIA

This charming letter shows the most likeable traits of George III. He loved all his daughters dearly: but his favourite child was Princess Amelia. Her early death in her twenties was a terrible blow to him.

Dated August 4, 1788.

MY DEAREST AMELIA,

As I shall not see you on Thursday, the 7th of this month, I have sent a writing-box and a wooden shoe which is a nutmeg grater, as signs of my not having forgotten you; were I to express all the wishes I make for your prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness in a better, volumes would not contain them.

I shall, on Sunday the 17th, be at Kew before you are out of your bed, to bring you to Windsor and to see your two sisters.

Believe me ever, my dearest Amelia,

Your most affectionate father,

GEORGE R.

JOHN KEATS to GEORGE AND THOMAS KEATS

John Keats was deeply attached to his two brothers, George and Thomas. Thomas developed consumption as a very young man and he died in 1818, just a year after this letter was written. John nursed him until the end. It was only a few months after that he himself fell ill with the same disease. At the time this letter was written Keats was on his way to the Isle of Wight, where he went to stay by himself and where he began to work on "Endymion."

Dated Southampton, April 15, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHERS,

I am safe at Southampton, after having ridden three stages outside and the rest in, for it began to be very cold. I did not know the names of any of the towns I passed through, all I can tell you is that sometimes I saw dusty hedges, sometimes ponds, then nothing, then a little wood with trees look you like Launce's sister, "as white as a lily and as small as a wand"; then came houses which died away into a few straggling barns; then came hedge trees aforesaid again. As the lamplight crept along, the following things were discovered: "long heath broom furze," hurdles here and there half a mile, park palings when the windows of a house were always discovered by

reflection; one nymph of fountain—*N.B.*, *stone*—lopped trees, cow ruminating, ditto donkey, man and woman going gingerly along, William seeing his sisters over the heath, John waiting with a lanthorn for his mistress, barber's pole, doctor's shop. However, after having had my fill of these, I popped my head out just as it began to dawn—*N.B.*, *this Tuesday morn saw the sun rise*—of which I shall say nothing at present. I felt rather lonely this morning at breakfast, so I went and unbox'd a Shakspeare—"there's my comfort." I went immediately after breakfast to Southampton Water where I enquired for the boat to the Isle of Wight, as I intend seeing that place before I settle. It will go at three, so shall I after having taken a chop. I know nothing of this place but that it is long, tolerably broad, has bye streets, two or three churches, a very respectable old gate with two lions to guard it. The men and women do not materially differ from those I have been in the habit of seeing. I forgot to say that from dawn till half-past six I went through a most delightful country—some open down but for the most part thickly wooded. What surprised me most was an immense quantity of blooming furze on each side the road, cutting a most rural dash. The Southampton Water when I saw it just now was no better than a low water—water which did no more than answer my expectation; it will have mended its manners by three. From the wharf are seen the shores on each side stretching to the Isle of Wight. You, Haydon, Reynolds, etc., have been pushing each other out of my brain by turns. I have conned over every head in Haydon's picture; you must warn them not to be afraid should my ghost visit them on Wednesday. Tell Haydon to kiss his hand at Betty over the way for me, yea, and to spy at her for me. I hope one of you will be competent to take part in a trio while I am away—you need only aggravate your voices a little and mind not to speak cues and all; when you have said rum-ti-ti, you must not be rum any more or else another will take up the ti-ti alone and then he might be taken, God shield us, for little better than a titmouse. By the by, talking of titmouse, remember me particularly to all my friends; give my love to the Miss Reynoldses and to Fanny who I hope you will soon see. Write to me soon about them all; and you, George, particularly how you get on with Wilkinson's plan. What could I have done without my plaid? I don't feel inclined to write any more at present for I feel rather muzzy; you must be content with this facsimile of the rough plan of Aunt Dina's counterpane.

| Your most affectionate brother.

| Reynolds shall hear from me soon.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË to A FRIEND

This tragic letter explains itself. The family scourge of consumption had claimed yet another victim: Charlotte Brontë was deeply attached to her sister Emily, who was perhaps the greatest of the talented Brontë family, though she wrote only one novel, "Wuthering Heights," which was published after her death.

Dated Nov. 23, 1848.

I TOLD you Emily was ill, in my last letter. She has not rallied yet. She is *very* ill. I believe, if you were to see her, your impression would be that there is no hope. A more hollow, wasted, pallid aspect I have not beheld. The deep, tight cough continues; the breathing after the least exertion is a rapid pant; and these symptoms are accompanied by pains in the chest and side. Her pulse, the only time she allowed it to be felt, was found to beat 115 per minute. In this state she resolutely refuses to see a doctor; she will give no explanation of her feelings, she will scarcely allow her feelings to be alluded to. Our position is, and has been for some weeks, exquisitely painful. God only knows how all this is to terminate. More than once, I have been forced boldly to regard the terrible event of her loss as possible, and even probable. But nature shrinks from such thoughts. I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in the world.

Dated Dec. 10, 1848.

I HARDLY know what to say to you about the subject which now interests me the most keenly of anything in this world, for, in truth, I hardly know what to think myself. Hope and fear fluctuate daily. The pain in her side and chest is better; the cough, the shortness of breath, the extreme emaciation, continue. I have endured, however, such tortures of uncertainty on this subject that, at length, I could endure it no longer; and as her repugnance to seeing a medical man continues immutable—as she declares “no poisoning doctor” shall come near her—I have written, unbeknown to her, to an eminent physician in London, giving as minute a statement of her case and symptoms as I could draw up, and requesting an opinion. I expect an answer in a day or two. I am thankful to say that my own health at present is very tolerable. It is well such is the case; for Anne, with the best will in the world to be useful, is really too delicate to do or bear much. She too, at present, has frequent pains in the side. Papa is also pretty well, though Emily’s state renders him very anxious.

(Tuesday.)

I SHOULD have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto He has granted it.

Dated Dec. 21, 1848.

EMILY suffers no more from pain or weakness now. She never will suffer more in this world. She is gone, after a hard, short conflict. She died on *Tuesday*, the very day I wrote to you. I thought it very possible she might be with us still for weeks; and a few hours afterwards, she was in eternity. Yes; there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday we put her poor, wasted, mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over; the spectacle of the pains of death is gone by; the funeral day is past. We feel she is at peace. We need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. She died in a time of promise. We saw her taken from life in its prime. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left.

God has sustained me, in a way that I marvel at, through such agony as I had not conceived. I now look at Anne, and wish she were well and strong; but she is neither; nor is papa. Could you now come to us for a few days? I would not ask you to stay long. Write and tell me if you could come next week, and by what train. I would try to send a gig for you to Keighley. You will, I trust, find us tranquil. Try to come. I never so much needed the consolation of a friend's presence. Pleasure, of course, there would be none for you in the visit, except what your kind heart would teach you to find in doing to others.

LETTERS IN EXILE AND FROM PRISON

ST. PAUL *to* TIMOTHY

The Second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy is generally regarded as the last written words of St. Paul. It was written from Rome in the year A.D. 62 while Paul was waiting for the verdict of his trial by the Emperor Nero. He himself felt that he was doomed, hence he wrote his last words of advice to Timothy, who was to succeed him. In this, the last chapter of the epistle, the magnificent thunder of St. Paul's rhetoric dies away on: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and suddenly we see a picture, terrible and pathetic, of Paul, old, sick and lonely, facing death courageously, and trying to think of the last things he must tell Timothy. "Come to me," he begs twice. He asks for his cloak, for the weather grows cold, and for his books and papers. He warns Timothy against his enemies.

A little while later—tradition says June 29, 62, Paul was beheaded by the Roman executioner's sword. There is no proof whether Timothy reached him in time or no.

Date c. A.D. 62.

I CHARGE thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom;

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.

For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.

But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which

the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me:

For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia.

Only Luke is with me. Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry.

And Tychicus have I sent to Ephesus.

The cloke that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments.

Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works:

Of whom be thou ware also; for he hath greatly withstood our words.

At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.

Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.

And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Salute Prisca and Aquila, and the household of Onesiphorus.

Erastus abode at Corinth: but Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick.

Do thy diligence to come before winter. Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.

The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Grace be with you. Amen.

[The second epistle unto Timotheus, ordained the first bishop of the church of the Ephesians, was written from Rome, when Paul was brought before Nero the second time.]

KATHERINE OF ARAGON to HENRY VIII

This letter was written to Henry as Katherine, his first queen, lay dying. Henry, in his heart of hearts, had never reconciled his conscience to his own treatment of Katherine, and it is said that when she died he began to devise means for ridding himself of Anne Boleyn.

Dated 1535-36.

MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND,

I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

Lastly I do vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things.

ANNE BOLEYN to HENRY VIII

A few months after Katherine of Aragon died, a charge was brought against Anne Boleyn of having incestuous relationships with her brother. This letter to Henry was written while she was imprisoned in the Tower. She was beheaded in May, 1536.

Dated May 6, 1536.

SIR,

Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy; I no sooner receive this message by

him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for, the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me, from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter; try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yes, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see, either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto; your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But, if you have already determined me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment seat, where both you, and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the

burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight; if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further; with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

Yours most loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANNE BOLEYN.

From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May, 1536.

SIR THOMAS MORE to HIS DAUGHTER

Sir Thomas More, one of the greatest men of any time, was imprisoned in the Tower, and finally executed for treason—the real cause being his refusal to subscribe to Henry VIII's affirmation of himself as "Head of the Church of England," and thereby automatically discounting the legality of Henry's divorce from Katherine of Aragon and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. The deep affection that existed between Sir Thomas More and his daughter is well known.

Dated 1535.

MINE own good daughter, our Lord be thanked, I am in good health of body, and in good quiet of mind; and of worldly things I no more desire than I have. I beseech Him make you all merry in the hope of heaven. And such things as I somewhat longed to talk with you all, concerning the world to come, our Lord put them into your minds, as I trust He doth, and better too, by His holy spirit; who bless you and preserve you all. Written with a coal by your tender loving father, who in his poor prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your husbands, nor your good husbands' shrewd wives, nor your father's shrewd wife neither, nor our other friends. And thus fare ye heartily well for lack of paper.

LADY MORE *to* MR. SECRETARY CROMWELL

The family of Sir Thomas More were left in straitened circumstances when he was imprisoned in the Tower, as this letter of his wife to Cromwell testifies.

Dated 1535.

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY ESPECIAL GOOD MASTER SECRETARY,

In my most humble wise I recommend me unto your good mastership, acknowledging myself to be most deeply bound to your good mastership for your manifold goodness and loving favour, both before this time and yet daily, now also shown towards my poor husband and me. I pray Almighty God continue your goodness so still, for thereupon hangeth the greatest part of my poor husband's comfort and mine. The cause of my writing at this time, is to certify your especial good mastership of my great and extreme necessity; which, on and besides the charge of mine own house, do pay weekly fifteen shillings for the board wages of my poor husband and his servant; for the maintaining whereof I have been compelled, of very necessity, to sell part of my apparel, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and suit to your mastership at this time is, to desire your mastership's favourable advice and counsel, whether I may be so bold to attend upon the king's most gracious highness. I trust there is no doubt in the cause of my impediment; for the young man, being a ploughman, had been diseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now five weeks since he departed, and no other person diseased in the house since that time; wherefore I most humbly beseech your especial good mastership (as my only trust is, and else know not what to do, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consider the premises, and, thereupon, of your most abundant goodness, to show your most favourable help to the comforting of my poor husband and me, in this our great heaviness, extreme age, and necessity. And thus we and all ours shall daily, during our lives, pray to God for the prosperous success of your right honourable dignity. By your poor continual oratrix.

LORD CHANCELLOR EGERTON *to* THE EARL OF ESSEX

The last and perhaps the dearest of Elizabeth's favourites was the Earl of Essex. He came to Court when he was twenty-one and the queen sixty, and for nearly ten years he basked in her favours. Then Elizabeth began to tire and Essex's downfall began. After one or two unsuccessful expeditions he went to Ireland as Lieutenant and Governor General to subdue the rising under Tyrone. Not only did he fail, but he disobeyed the queen's commands, and finally left Ireland in the middle of a crisis in an endeavour to reach the queen personally and tell his own tale before the story of his conduct reached her from other sources. This particular episode finished his career. This letter and his own reply following were written at this time. Essex was a man of great personal charm, but little real ability.

No date.

It is so often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and, for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to contemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection; which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other.

I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end; if you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go, the farther you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better: you are not yet gone so far, but that you may well return: the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold.

If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave to scorn and contempt; you forsake yourself and overthrow your fortunes, and ruin

your honour and reputation; you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have; for what can be more welcome and pleasing news, than to hear that Her Majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quelled and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid: and lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign, a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself; but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth, the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest, true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think.

I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori*; and Seneca saith: *Cedendum est fortunæ*. The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and ye take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty, where God requires it as a principal duty and care to himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary. There can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty (my good lord) is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, where unto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this, and God will be pleased, Her Majesty (no doubt) well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom; if I have erred, it is *error*

amoris, and not *amor erroris*. Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it; not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease. Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable, poor friend.

THE EARL'S ANSWER

My very good lord, though there is not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself, yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all early judges; and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment, without trial or hearing. Since then I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aching head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced to be an humorous discontent); and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate; natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unseasonable storms come from above; there is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours.

He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt becomes senseless. But cure I expect none, Her Majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But you may say, I aim at the end; I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I anything for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself, because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes, because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruin my honour, because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour?

Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no, I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them.

As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign; I answer, that if my country had at this time any need of my public service, Her Majesty that governeth it would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds: one public, to discharge carefully and industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcass, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by Her Majesty; of the other, nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself but I will meet it half-way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto Her Majesty, the service of an earl and of marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk, but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave.

But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith: We must give way to fortune; I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive; I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say, I must yield and submit; I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my imprisonment, lately laid upon me, to be just; I owe so much to the Author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as Fimbria his complaint; for I did *totum telum corpore accipere*; I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me.

Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven.

As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever comes, all the powers on earth can never

show more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me.

Your lordship in the beginning of your letter makes me a player, and yourself a looker-on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune, leave to use a crooked style. But whatsoever my style is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend.

THE EARL OF ESSEX *to* ELIZABETH

A letter from the queen's favourite after his fall from grace, and when he was banished from the Court.

FROM a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted in passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your Majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebels' pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your Majesty's exiled servant.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH *to* JAMES I

James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, and successor to Elizabeth, sought the friendship of Spain and a Catholic alliance as ardently as Elizabeth herself repudiated it. Hence, Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the chief thorns in the Spanish flesh, fell from grace directly James succeeded to the throne. He was imprisoned, and finally executed.

Dated 1603.

It is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know that, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me,

your Majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary; and I took as great comfort to behold your Majesty, and always learned some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your Majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your Sovereign Majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who, under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your Majesty to leave the word *merciful* out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your Majesty, and become your greatness than the word *invincible*. It is true, that the laws of England are no less jealous of the king than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected he condemned her. For myself, I protest before Almighty God, and I speak it to my master and sovereign, that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manus eorum, a quibus non possum exsurgere*, unless by your Majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances, doth give this charitable advice to the king her superior, *Non solum enim sapiens debet esse Rex, sed et misericors*, etc. *Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordiæ quam judicii*. I do, therefore, on the knees of my heart beseech your Majesty to take counsel from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, and to remember that I have served your Majesty twenty years, for which your Majesty hath yet given me no reward; and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me, therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your Majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your Majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your Majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings.

Shyam Sundar
1917

SIR WALTER RALEIGH to SIR ROBERT CAR

A second letter written by Sir Walter Raleigh to the man, unknown to him except by name, to whom had been granted the valiant adventurer's estates and monies. Sir Walter, about to go to his execution, had not even the consolation of knowing that his children and dependents were provided for. The sins that had been pinned on to him, were also to be visited on his children.

Dated January 2, 1604.

SIR,

After many losses and many years sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from His Majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His Majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought His Majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting; your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour; I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions: neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself

will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) which have interest therein; and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will remain ready to obey your commandments.

LORD BACON *to* JAMES I

Francis Bacon was one of the greatest scholars of Elizabeth's reign. He was also one of the finest statesmen, and in her reign rose to one of the greatest positions in the land—Lord Chancellor of England. It may be remembered that the theory is held by many people that he was the author of the plays credited to William Shakespeare, but that the dignity of his high calling prevented his admitting that he did anything so degrading as write plays. In 1621, Lord Bacon was charged with bribery before the House of Peers. He admitted "corruption and neglect" but claimed that he had never perverted justice. He was degraded and imprisoned in the Tower and heavily fined. He was, however, released. This letter was written to James I during his period of disgrace but was never actually sent to him. Later the king forgave him, and indeed, the fine he paid was assigned to him for his own use. He did not, however, re-enter public life, but spent his years in study and writing.

Dated c. June, 1622.

IT MAY PLEASE YOUR MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

In the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the first vote of the Commons House of Parliament for Commissioner of the Union, until the time that I was, by this last Parliament, chosen by both Houses for their messenger to your Majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your Majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can any wise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your Majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your Majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this

comfort of nineteen years' prosperity, that succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your Majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your Majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your Majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your Majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your Majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your Majesty's own princely thoughts, a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your Majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your Majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your Majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfulest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your Majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for anything arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your Majesty's goodness that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your Majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with anything else. I have been somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your Majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your Majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service,

chidden by your Majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches, of affections and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfall.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your Majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your Majesty are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your Majesty so far as to say: *Si tu deseris, perimus*.

But as I can offer to your Majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened: so looking up to your Majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your Majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are creator-like, factive, not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against anything that favoured of a hard heart; as on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your Majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your Majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your Majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do further presume, that both Houses of Parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin: for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they know they left me in good hands. And your Majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies: not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your Majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your Majesty, the fountain of goodness) your Majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your Majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your Majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your Majesty. Your Majesty's poor ancient servant and bedsman.

CHARLES I *to* LORD WENTWORTH

This letter to Wentworth, later the Earl of Strafford, was written when Wentworth was governing Ireland. His rule was strong but extremely high handed, and made him many enemies and laid him open to severe criticism. Obviously in this case, he has appealed to Charles to support him during an exceptionally strong drive against him. Charles I's letter is typical of his vacillating character.

Lindhurst, September 3, 1636.

WENTWORTH,

Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a servant as you are to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not

a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies; for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say "No," they will make you leave to care for anything in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants; this is, not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark), but to show their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it; otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: Never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend.

For my lord marshal, as you have armed me, so I warrant you.

CHARLES I *to* THE EARL OF STRAFFORD

The two following letters tell the tragic story of Strafford's fate. He attended the Long Parliament, Charles I having promised personally that no ill should befall him, and he argued the king's case, and urged for the imprisonment of the Parliamentary leaders. He was impeached by the Commons in 1640, and was imprisoned in the Tower. Again, as this letter demonstrates, Charles wrote and promised that he would not allow him to be injured. Events were too strong for Charles and he was forced to consent to Strafford's death. The second letter was written to his son as he awaited the summons to the executioner's block.

Dated April 23, 1641.

STRAFFORD,

The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience, without assuring you (now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore

a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have showed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant faithful friend.

EARL OF STRAFFORD *to* HIS SON

Dated May 11, 1641.

MY DEAREST WILL,

These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by His grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve Him, and trust in Him, and He will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it to her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto Him, and have Him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgements than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the Commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget

them in the greatest; for the heart of a man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively, for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's Church, the proper teachers therefore rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time have deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgements towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of His infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and His same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of His visitation, and join us again in the communion of His blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

JOHN COLET to RADULPHUS

This letter, one of four written to Radulphus by John Colet, a famous Dean of St. Paul's and founder of St. Paul's School, throws a vivid light on the interpretations of the early part of Genesis which were current at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The exact date of this letter is unknown as is the precise identity of Colet's correspondent, Radulphus. It is probable, however, that this name conceals the personality of Doctor Ralph Collingwood, Dean of Lichfield from 1512 to 1521.

I AM surprised, my dear Radulphus, that although you intended to start at the beginning of the Bible and investigate the obscure passages in the Holy Scriptures you lighted suddenly on the fourth chapter and asked your first question about Lamech without a single word about the first three chapters. To me there seems to be so much obscurity in those three chapters that the whole account of the creation which is contained in them is like that "deep" over the face of which Moses says: "There was darkness." Certainly it is an inscrutable "deep" and a "darkness" which defies elucidation unless that same God who dispelled the darkness of that deep with the advent of light, imparts to us illumination from the radiance of his intellect and dispels likewise the dark clouds which surround the Mosaic account.

Everything is so hidden in the words of Moses that they provide the material for an infinite variety of opinions and arguments. Almost any one can apply his own interpretation so long as he maintains consistency. Consistency indeed is easier to obtain when discussing the beginning of Genesis than strict adherence to the words of Moses, unless one is learned in the Hebrew tongue and is able to consult the Hebrew commentaries; for I believe that without their help no one can understand completely the writings of Moses. Origenes, Hieronimus and all the most competent interpreters of the Holy Scriptures have had the advantage of this additional guidance.

However, we must not be deterred by this difficult and irritating obscurity. Rather let us begin at the beginning and follow the course of events, unless perchance someone has recently clarified in your mind the issues which I regard as most obscure. If this is so, I hope you will share part of your enlightenment with me. That I may deal

more liberally with you than you have with me, I will give you some idea of my interpretation of the Mosaic passage commencing: "In the beginning," as far as the words: "The evening and the morning were the first day."

I am fully aware that there are several possible interpretations. I shall deal with one only. First of all, I think that in those few words is described the creation of the whole world, and also the belief that all things were created by God as part of His own eternal existence. This eternity is in one sense longer than all time; in another less diffuse than a single point of time.

God then created all things in eternity; since eternity admits of no division what is there to prevent our saying that the world is eternal? That is the meaning which Philo, the Hebrew, attributes to Moses, but I will say more of this elsewhere. Here and now, however, we can conclude that since the world was created in eternity, which is the first and the indivisible measure of time, and since the world consists of the prime elements of matter and form, Moses intended to express in brief the general uniformity of form with matter. He meant to state, also, that this was achieved at a single definitive point of time, by which I mean eternity, which is prior to and more remote than time itself.

So he commences: "In the beginning"—that is in eternity—"God created heaven"—that is form—"and earth"—i.e., matter—but matter never existed apart from form. In order that some order of events might be shown he continued: "The earth"—i.e., matter—"was without form and void"—i.e., without any solid or substantial entity—"and darkness was upon the face of the deep," i.e., the matter was in darkness and without life or light. Then he continues: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Observe how he defines a definite sequence while explaining thus briefly the manner of creation and the union of form with matter. By "the waters" he indicates the unstable and still fluid nature of matter, for it is in the nature of form to produce something that is unchanging, of matter only that which is in a state of flux. In order that God might end this state of flux He breathed upon the fluid matter. This is what he means by: "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." What indeed can the divine spirit be but the expression of goodness and form and light, three words which have but a single meaning? That is what Moses called light. Accordingly, after mentioning the divine spirit and God's breathing upon matter, he added: "And God said, let there be light," i.e., let there be shape and definition of things—"And there was light." So there arose immediately a completely clear form or shape of all things and of the

whole world which neither dissipated nor hid the obscure darkness of matter. "And God saw the light, that it was good," from the very nature of God's goodness and life, and "He divided the light from the darkness," i.e., existence from non-existence. Thereupon the whole of existence began to be apparent under the hand of God, its creator, and darkness which is nothing, or evil which itself is nothing, began to fade away.

"And God called the light day," i.e., a complete and true manifestation of existence and form. For day is nothing but diffused light, and a moment before he had called form light—"And the darkness He called night" with perfect precision if you correlate each individual term. If form can be called light and day, then matter which is without form or life can aptly be called night, the obscure character of which is the opposite of bright form.

Finally, so as to show that everything, including the union of form and matter took place in a single indivisible instant, i.e., in eternity, he added: "And the evening and the morning were the first day," i.e., the time and measure of the whole of creation is eternity in which all time is single and indivisible, and all days are one day. When he says: "The evening and the morning," he is continuing his analogy. He intends the reader to refer evening to matter and morning to form.

Thus you have in brief my interpretation of the first passage of Genesis; what follows is only a repetition and a fuller explanation on the part of Moses of what has gone before, including the drawing of a distinction between certain things which at the beginning were included in general terms. If you have any other views, please let me share them with you.

Farewell.

ERASMUS to ANTHONY OF BERGEN

Erasmus, born at Rotterdam in 1466, spent a number of years in a monastery at Steyn, but soon tired of the cloisters and, after a pilgrimage through Europe in search of knowledge, became Professor of Divinity and Greek at Cambridge University. He exercised a considerable influence on European thought and laid the foundations of the Reformation. The following letter written in 1514 was inspired by the war which was already enveloping his country. The international ideal which he propounds remains an ideal unfulfilled in the twentieth century.

Dated March 14, 1514.

ERASMUS, TO THE MOST EMINENT AND REVEREND FATHER
IN CHRIST, ANTHONY OF BERGEN, ABBOT OF ST. BERTIN

MOST EMINENT FATHER,

I have heard of your kind thought for me from the mouth of the Bishop of Durham and from Andreas Ammonius, the king's secretary. I have heard, too, of your (shall I say?) fatherly love for me, wherefore I am more than ever eager to return to my country if only the prince will grant me a modest fortune so that I can preserve my leisure. All the same, I would not have you think that England displeases me, or that I regret my present generous friends. In this country, too, I have many acquaintances, while many of the bishops show me kindness which is quite out of the ordinary. Indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury is so fond of me and has embraced me with so much affection that he could not be more lovingly disposed towards me if he were my brother or my father. The pension which was granted to me by his munificence when I resigned my benefice is quite sufficient for my needs. That other kind friend of mine whom you know so well gives me a similar amount from his own pocket, while not a little is added to my resources by the kindness of the noble families, and I should have much more still if I were disposed to canvass my claims even a little.

Now the war for which preparations are being made is quickly changing the character of this island. Owing to this cause the price of everything is increasing, while charity is decreasing. What alternative have men who are so often taxed but to give more sparingly? Recently, owing to shortage of wine, I was almost killed by gallstones which were the result of the evil liquids I imbibed. Add to this that although every island is in some way cut off from the rest of the world, we are now so closely confined as the result of war

that it is difficult even to get letters out of the country. Moreover, I see that great disturbances are imminent and it is by no means clear how they will resolve themselves. I would that God of His kindness would deign to allay this storm which is engulfing the whole of the Christian world.

I often wonder what it is that brings, I will not say, Christians, but men, to such a pitch of madness that they rush headlong into a calamity which afflicts every one of them, and strive to compass it with all the energy, all the wealth and all the courage which they possess. What indeed do we do for the whole of our lives except wage war? There are many animals even which do not continually fight, for that is a characteristic of wild beasts. Even wild beasts do not fight among themselves, but only with animals of a different species, and they fight with the arms which Nature gave them, not as we do with diabolical artifice and machines which are invented for the purpose.

Nor again, do they fight for any cause, but only for their offspring or for food. Our wars, on the other hand, often arise from ambition or from anger, or from lust or some similar cause. Finally, the animals do not fight as we do with thousands drawn up against each other with the sole object of destroying each other.

To us who glory in the name of Christ who taught and showed us nothing but gentleness, who are limbs of one body and are one flesh quickened by the same spirit, nurtured by the same sacraments, attached to the same head and called to the same immortality—who hope for that highest communion in which we shall be one with Christ as Christ is one with the Father. Can anything in this world be so important as to drive *us* to war when war is so disastrous, so repellent that even when it is fought for the sake of righteousness it can win the approval of no truly good man?

I ask you, who are the agents through which war is waged? Are they not homicides, men guilty of incest, gamblers, men of the deepest vice, hireling soldiers of no morals to whom filthy lucre is dearer than life? In war these men are judged the best since they do for profit what in peace time they did only at the gravest risk to themselves and, what is more, they earn praise for it. We have to receive these dregs of humanity into our farms and into our cities so that you may wage war. Worse still, we must enslave ourselves to them because we want to take vengeance on another.

Next, consider what crimes are committed under the pretext of war when healthy laws fall silent in the din of battle. Think how many acts of rape are committed, what sacrilege, how many thefts with violence, how many other acts of vice which I am ashamed to name.

It is inevitable that this plague that eats at the very heart of morals should continue for many years after a war has been finished. Please consider the net result even if you are victorious. Is there not much more loss than gain? Yet what kingdom deserves to be valued so highly as the life and the blood of so many thousands. Yet the greatest evils of all remain for those who have no part in the war, while the advantages of peace reach every one. In war even the victor is often left in sorrow.

War brings in its train so many evils that there is good cause for the poet's fiction that it is let loose on us from hell by the hand of the Furies. I need say nothing of the miserable fate which overcomes people and leaders alike and the revolutions which are never effected without the utmost damage to all. If it is desire for glory that leads us to war, there is no glory which can be sought consciously, especially if it is derived from wrongdoing. In any case, it is much more glorious to found cities than to overthrow them, if you wish me to name an act which confers glory. As it is, the people found and strengthen cities which are overthrown by the folly of princes. If again we are led astray by the hope of material rewards, no war has had such a happy ending that more good has been produced than evil. No one has ever wrought destruction in war on his foes without first afflicting his own people with dire calamities. Finally, since we see that human affairs are in a constant state of flux and rise and fall like Euripus, what boots it to set up an empire with such strenuous efforts when it is destined on some pretext or another soon to pass to others? Through what streams of blood was the Roman Empire established? How soon it began to fall in ruins!

You will say: "The rights of princes must be upheld." It is not appropriate for me to speak rashly about the acts of princes. I only know this—the greatest right is often the greatest wrong, and there are some princes who first decide what they wish and then seek for some specious title to cloak their deeds. Or when human affairs are in such a state of uncertainty, when so many treaties are made and broken, who, I ask you, need be short of a title? But suppose there was a dispute of the utmost gravity over some question of sovereignty, what does it avail to spill so much blood? It is not spilt for the safety of the people, but to decide whether this man or that should be called prince. There are popes, there are bishops, there are prudent and upright men who can be the arbitrators of that kind of dispute and who will prevent one war from sowing the seeds of the next with the result that all divine and human activity is disrupted. It is the function of the pope of Rome, of the cardinals, of the bishops, of the abbots to compose the disputes of Christian princes, to offer the

mediation of their authority and to show the value of the reverence in which they are held. Julius, a pope who was certainly not praised by every one, was able to raise this tempest of war. Cannot Leo, a man of learning, integrity and piety, prevail to calm it? The danger of Julius was the pretext for beginning the war, so the cause of the war has been removed, but the war itself continues.

We ought to remember that men are free, particularly Christian men. After they have been prosperous for a long time under the rule of some prince and still admit his claim, what possible advantage can be gained by the disturbance of revolution? A long consent may be said to create the rights of a prince even among the heathen peoples, still more so among Christians, among whom the function of sovereignty is administration rather than tyranny. So much is this so that if some part of a prince's sovereignty is taken away from him, he should seem to be relieved of a burden rather than injured. "But," you say, "the other faction will not accept the arbitration of honest men; what would you have me do in that case?" First of all, if you are a true Christian, I would have you be patient and forfeit your right whatever it is. Secondly, if you are only a man of prudence I would have you consider how much the vindication of your right will cost you. If the cost is too high (as it certainly will be if you vindicate it by force of arms), do not assert your title which in any case is perhaps a false one at the cost of so much evil for the human race, which will leave so many men slain, so many orphans and so many of our own people in sadness. What do you think the feelings of the Turks can be when they hear that Christian princes enjoy such an orgy of madness among themselves and that only for a material title. Italy has now been set free from the French. What is the result of all that bloodshed? Only that a part of the world which was ruled over by the French is now ruled over by some other people. Italy was certainly more prosperous before than it is now.

I do not wish to go more deeply into this matter, but if there are any rights which admit of settlement by war, they are mundane ones with the flavour of a Christianity which is already degenerate and burdened with the riches of this world. I am not even sure whether wars are permissible under any circumstances, but whenever the Christian peace is defended against the invasion of barbarians for the purpose of maintaining the faith I observe in that case war is sometimes condoned by the pious. But why is it that those few instances of condonation by men occur to us rather than the many utterances of Christ, of the apostles, and of the orthodox and most upright fathers of the Church about peace and the tolerance of evil? Is there anything which cannot be defended in *some* way, especially

when those who wage war are men whose crimes receive the praise which comes to them from many men's flattery, but whose mistakes no one dare condemn? Even so, there is no doubt what is the object of honourable men's prayers, wishes and aspirations. If you look into the matter more carefully you will often find that wars are undertaken for the personal interests of princes. I ask you, do you think it is human that the world should be thrown into the maelstrom of arms whenever this prince or that is angry for some reason with another prince, or perhaps only feigns anger?

We can hope for the best, but we can only hope. Whatever fortune I have is in England, but I would gladly resign the whole of it on condition that the peace of Christ were established among Christian princes. Your authority will bear great weight in assisting this cause since you have much influence at the Court of Prince Charles and more influence still at the Court of Maximilian, and are well received by the noble families of England. I do not doubt that you have already experienced the damage which can be done even by the actions of friends in wartime. Therefore you will be studying your own interest if you strive to end this war and will not only be undertaking this task for the sake of charity. I shall make haste to visit you as soon as I can escape from this country. In the meantime, fare thee well, most honourable father. I send my regards and best wishes to Doctor Ghisbert and to Anthony Lutsenburg.

Sanji M. B. C.
R. No. 174. S. P. College
Trincomalee
1961.

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LOVE LETTERS

HENRY VIII *to* ANNE BOLEYN

A letter written to her by the king five years before he married her. The letter was written in English in Henry's own hand.

Dated 1528.

DARLYNG, thougth I have skant laysor, yet remembryng my promes, I thowghe it convenyent to certefy yow brevely in what case oure affaires stande, as to thyng a loggyng for yow we have gott on won by my lord Cardinall mengs the lyke weroff colde nott have bene fond her a boroght for all causys as thys berar shall more shew yow, as thochyng oure other affayres, I ensure yow ther can be no more donne, nor more diligence usyd, nor all maner off dangers better bothe forsene and providyd for, so thatt I trust it shall be heraffter to bothe our comforts, the specialltes weroff wer bothe to long to be wryttyn, and hardly, by messenger to be declaryd wherfore tyll your repayre hyder I kepe suinthyng instore trustyng it shall not be long to for I have causyd mylord your fader to maker his provisions with spede; and thus for lake off tyme, derlyng, I make an ende off my letter, wryttyn with the hand off hym wyche I wolde wer yours.

ALEXANDER POPE *to* LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

Pope was, at one time, deeply attached to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, some of whose letters also appear in this book, and during her long period abroad with her husband they corresponded. Lady Mary presumably never took the unfortunate poet seriously and offended his vanity. Later he revenged himself upon her by openly and grossly insulting her in his satires, and their association ended in a bitter and abusive quarrel. The following are extracts from a letter Pope wrote when his curious love for her was at its height.

Dated August 18, 1716.

. . . I THINK I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you) and would

as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head.

But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, "not that I think everybody naked altogether so fine a sight as yourself and a few more would be"; but because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there certainly will come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figures only to their being a little straiter-laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay as those that never girded their loins at all.

... You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of corresponding with a person who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love; and who have since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other.

How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire too. Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own.

ALEXANDER POPE to TERESA BLOUNT

Pope's father died in 1717, and the poet felt his loss keenly. It was at this time his intimacy with Teresa and Martha Blount really began, for he turned to them for sympathy. They were the grand-daughters of a neighbour of his, and he had probably known them as a boy or a very young man. His preference was for Martha Blount, and he quarrelled with Teresa, who, it is thought, interfered with his suit for Martha. Though he never married her, his friendship with Martha continued all his life, and by his will he left her practically all he possessed for her use in her lifetime. The two following letters were written when Pope was friendly with both the sisters; the first to Teresa, the second to Martha on her birthday.

Dated September, 1714.

MADAM,

I write to you for two reasons, one is because you commanded it, which will be always a reason to me in anything; the other, because I sit at home to take physic, and they tell me that I must do nothing that costs me great application or great pains, therefore I can neither say my prayers nor write verses. I am ordered to think but slightly of anything, and I am practising, if I can think so of you, which, if I can bring about, I shall be above regarding anything in nature for the future; I may then think of the world as a hazel nut, the sun as a spangle, and the king's coronation as a puppet show. When my physic makes me remember those I love, may it not be said to work kindly?

. . . . You are to understand, madam, that my *vigilant* passion for your fair self and your sister has been divided, and with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred and seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Martha. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred and eighty-ninth week of the reign of your most serene majesty, in whose service I was listed some weeks before I beheld her. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as she shall happen to be queen regent at that time.

I could tell you a most delightful story of Dr. Parnelle, but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experienced enough to damp the fiercest flame. He tried this course in his passion for you, and kissed Mrs. Englefield at Mrs. Dancaster's. This recipe he hath left written in the style of a divine as follows:—

“Whoso loveth Miss Blount shall kiss her aunt and be healed; for he kisseth her not as her husband, who kisseth and is enslaved for ever as one of the foolish ones; but as a passenger who passeth away and forgetteth the kiss of her mouth, even as the wind saluteth a flower in his passage, and knoweth not the odour thereof.”

Dated June 15, 1724.

THIS is the day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known that there is not one good one that I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes I wish something more for my friends and something less for myself. Yet, were I to tell you

what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose what I told you last year in rhyme (so sincere is my poetry).

I can only add, that as I then wished you a friend, I now wish that friend were Mrs. —.

LAURENCE STERNE *to* ELIZA

Elizabeth Draper, the last and most famous of the women in Laurence Sterne's life, was the wife of a lawyer in Bombay. She had been sent home to England for the sake of her health and there Sterne met her and fell in love with her.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

I have begun a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee they should be cheerful ones, too. . . .

If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than common care, the day you sat for Mrs. James, your colour, too, brightened, and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned, when you sat for me; knowing (as I see with unprejudiced eyes) that you would receive no addition from the silkworm's aid or jeweller's polish.

Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before. When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you. But nothing would now render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one. You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders, but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, nor ever will be, that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not, or will not be, your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes and voice you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds, if money could purchase the acquisition, to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my *Sentimental Journey*. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be re-imbursed more than seven times told. . . .

CATHERINE II OF RUSSIA to X

Catherine the Great of Russia (1729-1796) surprised a licentious age by the number of her amours. This letter was probably written to one of her many lovers; perhaps the unknown was among those who helped her to plan the murder of her husband, Peter III.

WHEN I began this letter, I was full of joy, and my thoughts flew so quickly that I did not know what became of them. But this is so no longer; I am overwhelmed with grief and all my happiness has fled; since the irreparable loss eight days ago of my best friend, I have felt as if I would die. I am sobbing at this moment as I write to you the sad news that General Lauxkoi is no more. My room, once so pleasing to me, is now a haunt of desolation in which I drag myself wearily to and fro like a shadow. When I see a human face I burst into tears and am unable to utter a word. I can neither sleep nor eat; reading tires me and writing is beyond my powers. What will become of me, I know not; but this I do know—I have never been so wretched in my life since the passing of my best and dearest friend.

I opened a drawer and found I had begun this letter; I wrote these lines, but I cannot go on. . . .

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU *to* SOPHIE DE HOUDETOT

It was while writing his "Héloïse" on the estate of Madame d'Epainay, that the illustrious French author became acquainted with the Countess de Houdetot, and fell in love with her. His passionate letters to her are not only models of his own limpid and emotional style, but also reveal the vanity, exaggerated feeling, and hypersensitiveness which were to become characteristic of the romantic movement in European literature.

Dated June, 1757.

I AM beginning to feel the effects of the dire torments which you have made me undergo for so long a time; they have exhausted my heart, my senses, my entire being, and amid the agony of these awful privations I experience the faintness which ensues upon a surfeit of the most delicious pleasures. I feel at the same time the need of all the benefits of life and the pangs of all its ills; I am wretched, sick and distraught; the sight of you revives me no more; misfortune and sorrow consume me. Ah well, in this state of prostration, my heart still thinks of you, and can think only of you. I must write to you, though my letter is redolent of my grief.

Do you remember having reproached me on one occasion with the *most refined cruelties*? Ah, if I am to judge by the disastrous effect which these words have never ceased to produce upon me, it is you who should be reproached for these cruelties. For the sake of my peace of mind, I refrain from examining too closely the meaning these words could possess, taking into account the circumstances in which you uttered them; but whatever might be their significance, they can make me at fault, but they will never cause me to betray you.

Let me tell you for once what you should expect, in this difficult situation, from your lover, who is too tender and too compliant. My vows have never yet deceived any one; they will not begin with you. You have seen enough of the strength with which I cling to them, you have seen enough of my struggles with their chains, to know you need not fear I shall break them. My ill-fated passion is obvious to you, there has never been its like; even in the flower of my youth I felt nothing to compare with it; it is powerful enough to make me forget everything, even my duty—but not yours. It would have made me contemptible a hundred times already, could

I have become so without your discerning it. Nay, I feel in your presence that virtue itself has not enough sanctity to compel my respect, amid the aberrations of my heart, for the charge which a friend has entrusted to me. But you are his. . . . Should you become mine, I would lose, in possessing you, her whom I revere, or I would steal you from the man you love. No, Sophie, I may perish of my torments, but I shall never cast the least stain upon your honour. If you should be complaisant, and I perceive it, I too shall yield without further ado; while you remain in my eyes such as you are at present, I will not betray my friend any the less in my heart, but I shall restore his charge to him as inviolate as when he gave it to me. The offence has already been committed a hundred times by my will. If it is your will too, I shall fulfil it, and I shall be the most treacherous and the most fortunate of men; but I cannot tarnish her whom I worship. Let her rest faithful, and let me die; or let her reveal in her eyes that she shares my guilt; then I shall no longer be perplexed as to my conduct.

MADAME DU BARRY to THE ABBÉ DE BONNAE

Madame Du Barry was the natural daughter of an excise officer called Vaubernier. She began life as a modiste in Paris, but her amazing beauty soon launched her into the world of pleasure and ultimately she became the mistress of Louis XV. She fled from France during the revolution, but later returned—and Robespierre had her guillotined. This letter to one of her earliest admirers was written when she was eighteen years old.

Dated April 14, 1759.

You were generous with your promises when you began to love me. I was your little angel, your little heart, and you used to say all I had to do was to wish. However, I asked you for just one little silk gown; you said again and again you would give me one when you came here; and you have already called here three times without it. That is not to your honour, monsieur. You have deceived me; if I had known the worth of the favour I have accorded you, I would not have been so easy in granting it. You know that I preferred you to Monsieur de Marcieu, and I believe he would have been more

faithful to his pledges. If you do not give me my gown on Sunday, I shall tell madame, and I shall be so free with my tears that she will pardon me and upbraid you! Farewell, Monsieur l'Abbé. I am your very humble servant.

MANON VAUBERNIER.

FRANCOIS VOLTAIRE to MADAME DU DEFFAND

Few writings reveal so vividly as the letters of Voltaire the spirit of eighteenth-century Europe, in its wit and audacity, its mockery of religion and worship of reason and good form. The greatest journalist who ever lived, Voltaire (1694-1778) poured out an incessant stream of dramas, poems, articles, satires, epigrams and epistles. This is one of his many letters to Madame Du Deffand, who held a famous salon in Paris, and was herself renowned for her intelligence and beauty.

Dated May 18, 1767.

FORGIVE me, madame, for having allowed so long a time to elapse without writing to you; you must be well assured that I love you. You will say, in answer to my apology: "Sir, convince me of your faith by your works; when we love people, we write." All this is indeed true; but to write anything agreeable, both body and soul must be at their ease, and such has been very far from the case with me. You inform me that you are dying of boredom. I, in answer, must tell you that I have been in the most shocking trouble. Boredom and trouble—such are the two poles of our existence here below.

I might have left out the word "shocking"—which somewhat exaggerates my feelings; I ought to have said that I have had well and enough to annoy me. The disturbances in Geneva have confounded all my plans: I have been for some time at the mercy of a famine; I only needed the plague to complete my torments, but a swelling in my eyes was quite as entertaining a companion. I am now assuaging my ill humour by turning actor; I succeed tolerably well in the part of old men, of whom I am a very faithful and proper model, and I am trying on my theatrical costume while dictating this letter.

I presume you have had read to you the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius*; it is the best in the whole work, or I am no judge. But

were you not astounded at the decision of the Sorbonne, which condemns this sentence: "Truth shines with its own radiance—men are never enlightened by flames or funeral pyres." If the Sorbonne is in the right, executioners will soon be our only teachers.

I cannot imagine how they ventured to declare anything so foolish and abominable. I do not know why it is, that all gatherings and societies of people say and commit much more absurd and ridiculous things than people do in private; but perhaps it is because an individual has everything to fear, while associations are afraid of nothing; each member throws the blame on the others.

Talking of follies, I shall very humbly present you with one of mine entitled *Les Scythes*, of which a new edition has just been published; and I shall beg you to sit in judgment upon it, provided it is read to you by someone who knows how to read verses, which is almost as rare a talent as writing good ones.

But of all the follies that I have ever witnessed, surely none can exceed that of the Jesuits; they were thought to be sly politicians indeed, yet they have managed to get themselves turned out of three kingdoms, and even worse may befall them. Of course, they by no means deserved the reputation they had acquired.

As for reputations, a woman is acquiring for herself a very great one. I mean the *Semiramis** of the north, who has sent fifty thousand men into Poland in order to establish there toleration and liberty of conscience. Nothing like this has ever happened before in the history of the world, and I dare say it will have a marvellously beneficial effect. I may boast to you of being somewhat in her good graces, and that is why I have thrown down the gauntlet in her defence. I am at all times her trusty knight. I know that some people reproach her with some trifling matters respecting her husband,† but those are family affairs and do not concern me; besides, in her situation it may be perhaps an advantage to have some errors to correct, as this will induce her to make the greatest efforts towards persuading the public to grant her their esteem; at least she will force them to admire her; and I am quite sure that her ugly husband would never have done any of the great things my Catherine does every day.

I am very much inclined, madame, by way of amusing you, to send you a little work about Catherine. I shall pray to God it may not cause you ennui. But I think women are not sorry to hear the praises of their sex, and to feel assured that we men think them capable of the greatest actions. You should know, moreover, that

* Catherine the Great of Russia.

† She instigated the murder of Peter III.

she is going to make a tour of her vast empire. She has promised to write to me from the limits of Asia; I shall enjoy having a letter from thence.

What a difference and what a distance between the Empress of Russia and our ladies of the Marais, who never visit any one outside their own quarter! I like everything that is great, and I am sorry that so many people of our nation should be so superficial. Yet we enjoy one tremendous advantage, namely, they speak French in Astrakan and there are professors of that language in Moscow. I think this does us more honour than banishing the Jesuits, though our driving of these foxes from their holes will make a fine epoch in our history. But Catherine has done much more, for she has reduced the clergy of her empire to accepting all their emoluments from her hands.

Adieu, madame; were I at Paris, I should prefer your society to all that is done or said either in Europe or in Asia.

WOLFGANG MOZART *to* CONSTANZE WEBER

Something of the delightful charm and exquisite delicacy of feeling so evident in the music of Mozart (1756-91) also found its way into his letters to Constanze Weber, the pianist and singer, whom he married in 1782.

Dated Vienna, April 29, 1782.

MY BEST AND DEAREST FRIEND,

Surely you will allow me to call you by the name with which I have ventured to begin this letter? Surely you will not detest me so much that I may no longer be your friend, and you no longer mine? And even if you do not want to be my friend any more, you could not forbid me to think well of you, as I have always been used to doing. Just think what you said to me today. In spite of all my prayers, you turned me down three times and actually told me straight to my face that you wanted nothing more to do with me. I could never be so indifferent as play fast and loose like that with someone I loved. I am not like you, I do not fly up into a temper, lose my head, and behave like a fool, and so I just will not be turned down—I love you too much for that. I implore you, therefore, once again to cast your mind back to the cause of all the trouble, and to remember exactly why I grew annoyed—because you were so lost to

shame as to tell your sisters, be it noted, in my presence, that you had allowed a certain Chapeau to measure your calves. No woman with any regard for her honour does that. The rule that one should do what the rest of the company does, is quite a sound one. But in following it, one must take into account several circumstances; whether there are present only intimate friends and acquaintances? Whether I am a child or a girl ready for marriage? But especially whether I am a promised bride? Above all, whether people of my own station in life, or beneath it, but particularly whether people of superior class, are there?

Although it may be true that the Baroness Waldstädten let him do it, that is quite another thing, because she is already *passée* (she could not possibly attract any one at her age), and besides she has a reputation for, etc. I hope, dearest friend, that her sort of life never holds any appeal for you, even if you do not want to marry me. If you really felt you could not help doing what the others did—though it is not always the thing for a man to play follow my leader, not to mention a woman—if you felt you simply could not resist, you should, in the name of God, have taken the tape yourself and measured your calves (just as all women of honour, in similar cases, have done in my presence), and not have let a Chapeau do it. (I—I would never have done this to you when others were there.) I would have handed the tape to you, much less therefore by a stranger who means nothing to me.) However, it is over now, and just a tiny confession that your behaviour was somewhat rash on that occasion would have made everything good, and—if you do not take it amiss, dearest friend—still would make everything good. And now you see how much I love you. I do not boil over as you do, I ponder, I reflect, and I feel. If you feel, if you have any feeling, then I am sure that before today is ended, I shall be able to say with full peace of mind: Constanze is the virtuous, honourable, reasonable and faithful love of one who does right and thinks kind thoughts of you.

*I, Kate very
much.*

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER *to* LOTTE VON LENGEFELD

Johann Christopher Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805), the great German poet and dramatist, found solace from his labours in the company of two charming and witty sisters, Lotte and Karoline Lengefeld. He fell in love with Lotte, and wrote this letter of proposal to her on August 3, 1789, from Leipzig. They were married in the following year.

Is it true, dearest Lotte? May I hope that Karoline has read into your soul, and that what I did not dare to confess, she has answered from your heart? Ever since we have known each other, I have had to conceal this secret, and oh what a burden it has become to me. How many times, while we were still living together, have I not plucked up all my courage and approached you with the resolve to disclose it to you—but this courage always fled from me. I believed I had found a selfish motive in my wish, I feared I had in mind only my own happiness, and this idea appalled me.

If I could not become to you what you were to me, my suffering would have pained you, and my confession would have destroyed the fine harmony of our friendship. I would also have lost what I had—the pure affection of a sister. And yet again there were moments when my hope revived, when the bliss which we could give each other seemed to me exalted above every qualm, when I thought it would even be noble to sacrifice everything else to it. You could be happy without me—but you could never be unhappy with me. This feeling was part of my very life, and upon it I built my hopes.

You could give yourself to another, but no one could love you more purely or more tenderly than I. To no one could your happiness be more sacred than it was, and always will be, to me. My whole being, everything that lives in me, everything, my beloved, I dedicate to you; and if I strive to improve myself, it is in order to become worthier of you, and to make you happier and happier. Sublimity of hearts is a lovely and imperishable bond of friendship and of love. Our friendship and our love will be indestructible and eternal, even as the emotions upon which we erect them.

Forget everything that could sway your heart, and allow your feelings alone to speak. Sanction what Karoline has allowed me to hope. Tell me that you will be mine, and that my happiness costs you no sacrifice. O assure me of that—one word is enough. Our

hearts have long been near to one another; let the only barrier of strangeness between us fall asunder, so that nothing, nothing hinders the communion of our souls.

Farewell, dearest Lotte! O for a moment of quiet to portray to you all the feelings of my heart, which, during the long interval when this yearning alone has dwelt in my soul, have made me happy and unhappy in turn. How much I have still to say to you!

Do not hesitate to banish my doubts now and for evermore. I surrender into your keeping all my happiness in life. Oh, how long it is since I have recalled your image only as it appears in your portrait. Farewell, my beloved!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE *to* JOSEPHINE

Two days after his marriage to Josephine de Beauharnais, the youthful General Bonaparte was on his way to the army of Italy. It was his first important campaign, but he knew his star was rising, and the future did not trouble him; he could think only of the woman he loved. Dated Marmirolo, July 17, 1796.

I NEVER cease to recall the memories of your kisses, your tears, your adorable jealousy. The charms of Josephine, beyond compare, illumine my heart and senses with a flame that never dies. When shall I be free from the pressure of affairs that beset and harass me at every turn, free to spend every moment at your side, with nothing else to do but to love you, nothing to think of but the bliss of telling you and proving to you—that I love you.

I hope you will soon be with me again. I began to think a few days ago that I loved you; and now that I am indeed in love with you, I feel that I love you a thousand times more. Ever since I first knew you, I have worshipped you more and more, which proves how false is La Bruyère's saying that love comes all at once. Ah! I implore you, reveal to me some of your failings; be less beautiful, less gracious, less tender and especially less kind; above all, never be jealous, and never weep; your tears steal away my reason and set my blood on fire. Believe me utterly when I say it is no longer in my power to cherish a thought which is not your slave.

Rest all you can and get well again quickly. Make haste to rejoin me, so that at least before we die we can say: "We were happy so many days!"

Millions of kisses, even to Fortune, in spite of her malice.

MADAME DE STAËL *to* THE CHEVALIER DE MENIL

The salons held in Paris by Madame de Staël (1766-1817) won European renown for their assemblies of wits and beauties. She was the daughter of Jacques Necker, Minister of Finance to Louis XVI.

NAY, I cannot live unless I see you. I thought hope might sustain me, but it affords me no aid. I cannot endure my condition; I am in despair; I seek every means of distraction, but in vain; nothing can solace me. I abandoned myself to the delight of entertaining you, I had a conversation with you much tenderer and livelier than any I would dare essay in your presence, but when you fled from my imagination, which was ravished with joy at possessing you, the bitterest anguish seized upon my heart. Everything torments me, everything afflicts me beyond the limit of my powers; I am suffering all that any one can suffer. How I would pity you were you as unhappy as I! But no, I pray with all my heart that you may never know such turmoil! I believe I am sure, as I write, that I would rather you had peace of mind than that you should be in love with me; nevertheless, if you were to tell me you are as content as you were yesterday at the same hour, I should reproach you for this serenity I am now invoking for you. A soul in the throes of a passion as violent as mine scarcely knows what it desires, nor even what it thinks. What I do perceive clearly in the midst of this storm, is that I want you to be perfectly happy, and that your happiness should be due only to a love that acknowledges our vows; do you not agree? Speak to me, speak to me, I am listening for your slightest word; though I am far away, I have no recourse but to listen to you and to answer you. Alas! how you torture me! But do not fear that my sufferings arouse loathing in me; you have more than atoned for the wound you have inflicted. Moreover, I still await new joys from you, which I would not renounce for all the agony in this world. Let us love, let us love, and discover in the transports of our love a bliss that foils the destiny which oppresses us.

Is that all we shall say to each other today? No, if I find an hour and an opportunity to say more to you, I shall not fail. And you in your turn must lose no means of assuring me that you love me, and that you are sure that I love you. Beyond all doubt, if you are not as happy as it is possible to be, you are more beloved than any one who has ever lived.

LORD NELSON to LADY HAMILTON

This is the last letter of Nelson to Lady Hamilton. It was found open in his cabin aboard the "Victory," after the Battle of Trafalgar. Lady Hamilton wrote on the last page: "O miserable, wretched Emma! O glorious and happy Nelson!"

Dated October 19, 1805.

MY DEAREST BELOVED EMMA, THE DEAR FRIEND OF MY BOSOM,

The signal has been made that the enemy's combined fleet is coming out of port.

We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before tomorrow. May the god of battles crown my endeavours with success! At all events I shall take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life; and as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May heaven keep you, prays your Nelson and Bronte.

October 20.

In the morning we were close to the mouth of the straits, but the wind had not come far enough to the westward to allow the combined fleets to weather the shoals of Trafalgar, but they were counted as far as forty sail of ships-of-war which I suppose to be thirty-four of the line and six frigates. A group of them was seen off the lighthouse of Cadiz this morning, but it blows so very fresh, I think (. . .) weather, that I rather believe they will go into harbour before night.

May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a peace.

P. B. SHELLEY to T. J. HOGG

This is not perhaps a love letter, but it is certainly the letter of a man in love. Shelley was nineteen when he wrote it, and had just been sent down from college. His marriage to Harriet Westbrook, who was then sixteen, lasted three years; and two years after the ill-assorted pair separated, Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine.

Dated Summer, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will perhaps see me before you can answer this; perhaps not; heaven knows! I shall certainly come to York, but *Harriet West-*

brook will decide whether now or in three weeks. Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. She asked my advice: resistance, was the answer, at the same time that I essayed to mollify Mr. W. in vain! And in consequence of my advice *she* has thrown herself upon *my* protection.

I set off for London on Monday. How flattering a distinction?—I am thinking of ten million things at once.

What have I said? I declare, quite *ludicrous*. I advised her to resist. She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but that she would fly with me, and threw herself upon my protection. We shall have £200 a year; when we find it run short, we must live, I suppose, upon love! Gratitude and admiration, all demand that I should love her *for ever*. We shall see you at York. I will hear your arguments for matrimonialism, by which I am now almost convinced. I can get lodgings at York, I suppose. Direct to me at Graham's, 18 Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

Your enclosure of £10 has arrived; I am now indebted to you £30. In spite of philosophy, I am rather ashamed of this unceremonious exsiccation of your financial river. But indeed, my dear friend, the gratitude which I owe you for your society and attachment ought so far to over-balance this consideration as to leave me nothing but that. I must, however, pay you when I can.

I suspect that the *strain* is gone for ever. This letter will convince you that I am not under the influence of a *strain*.

I am thinking at once of ten million things. I shall come to live near you, as Mr. Peyton.

Ever your most faithful friend.

I shall be at 18 Sackville Street; at least direct there. Do not send more cash; I shall raise supplies in London.

LORD BYRON to LADY CAROLINE LAMB

Lady Caroline Lamb was the daughter of Lady Bessborough and a niece of the Duchess of Devonshire. She married William Lamb, second son of Viscount and Lady Melbourne, who later succeeded to the title. Lady Caroline was charming, witty and temperamental to the point of eccentricity. London was always agog with her latest prank; her affair with Lord Byron was easily her most notorious escapade. When the two following letters were written, the scandal was such that Lady Caroline had succumbed to pressure brought to bear by her family and had consented to go away. Her distress drew from Lord Byron the kindest and most sincerely affectionate letter he ever wrote to her. The second was written to Lady Melbourne, her mother-in-law, after her departure. Lady Melbourne did not understand her daughter-in-law and was incapable of the slightest sympathy with her. Lord Byron, however, found the older woman a charming and reliable confidante, and always referred to her as "one of my best friends."

Dated August, 1812.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE,

If tears which you saw and know I am not apt to shed—if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which you must have perceived through the *whole* of this most *nervous* affair, did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to you, till I am nothing. I never knew till *that moment* the *madness* of my dearest and most beloved friend; I cannot express myself; this is no time for words, but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out with a heavy heart, because my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the event of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* I am *cold* and *stern* and *artful*? Will even *others* think

so? Will your *mother* ever—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much, more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? “Promise not to love you!” Ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you. Ever, and more than ever,

Your most attached,

BYRON.

LORD BYRON to LADY MELBOURNE

Dated Cheltenham, September 10, 1812.

DEAR LADY MELBOURNE,

I presume you have heard and will not be sorry to hear *again*, that *they** are safely deposited in Ireland, and that the sea rolls between you and *one* of your torments; the other you see is still at your elbow. Now (if you are as sincere as I sometimes almost dream) you will not regret to hear that I wish this to end, and it certainly shall not be renewed on my part. It is not that I love another, but loving at all is quite out of my way; I am tired of being a fool, and when I look back on the waste of time, and the destruction of all my plans last winter by this last romance, I am—what I ought to have been long ago. It is true from early habit, one must make love mechanically, as one swims. I was once very fond of both, but now as I never swim, unless I tumble into the water, I don't make love till almost obliged, though I fear *that* is not the shortest way out of the troubled waves with which in such accidents we must struggle.

But I will say no more on this topic, as I am not sure of my ground, and you can easily outwit me, as you always hitherto have done.

Today I have had a letter from Lord Holland, wishing me to write for the opening theatre, but as all Grub Street seems engaged in the contest, I have no ambition to enter the lists, and have thrown my few ideas into the fire. I never risk rivalry in anything, you see the very *lowest*, as in this case, discourages me, from a sort of mixed feeling, I don't know if it be *pride*, but *you* will say it certainly is not *modesty*. I suppose your friend Twiss† will be *one*. I hear

* Lady Caroline Lamb and her mother, Lady Bessborough.

† Horace Twiss, a wit and politician.

there are five hundred, and I wish him success. I really think he would do it well, but few men who have any character to lose, would risk it in an anonymous scramble, for the sake of their own feelings.

I have written to Lord H. to thank him and decline the chance.*

Betty is performing here, I fear very ill. His figure is that of a hippopotamus, his face like the bull and mouth on the panels of a heavy coach, his arms like fins fattened out of shape, his voice the gargling of an alderman with the quinsy, and his acting altogether ought to be natural, for it certainly is like nothing that *Art* has ever yet exhibited on the stage.

Will you honour me with a line at your leisure? On the most *indifferent* subjects you please, and believe me ever,

Yours very affectionately,

B.

JOHN KEATS to FANNY BRAWNE

John Keats had intended to become a physician, but his natural genius became such a strong force that he gave up medicine and turned all his energies to poetry. Fanny Brawne was the one love of his life, and she, in her turn, was constant and faithful to him though the attachment between the young genius and the "nice but ordinary girl" was frowned on by his literary friends. In any case, the consumption that had claimed his mother and his younger brother, early laid its mark on John Keats. He died in 1821 when he was only twenty-six. This letter was written from the Isle of Wight, where he had gone for his health's sake.

Dated July 8, 1819.

MY SWEET GIRL,

Your letter gave me more delight than anything in the world but yourself could do; indeed, I am almost astonished that any absent one should have that luxurious power over my senses which I feel. Even when I am not thinking of you, I perceive your tenderness and a tenderer nature stealing upon me. All my thoughts, my unhappiest days and nights, have I find not at all cured me of my love of beauty, but made it so intense that I am miserable that you are not with me; or rather breathe in that dull sort of patience that cannot be called life. I never knew before, what such love as you have made me

* Later, at the request of the Committee, when none of the addresses submitted was found to be suitable, he furnished the lines that were spoken.

feel, was; I did not believe in it; my fancy was afraid of it, lest it should burn me up. But if you will fully love me, though there may be some fire 'twill not be more than we can bear when moistened and bedewed with pleasures. You mention "horrid people," and ask me whether it depends upon them whether I see you again. Do understand me, my love, in this. I have so much of you in my heart that I must turn Mentor, when I see a chance of harm befalling you. I would never see anything but pleasure in your eyes, love on your lips, and happiness in your steps. I would wish to see you among those amusements suitable to your inclinations and spirits; so that our love might be a delight in the midst of pleasures agreeable enough, rather than a resource from vexations and cares. But I doubt much, in case of the worst, whether I shall be philosopher enough to follow my own lessons; if I saw my resolution give you a pain I could not. Why may I not speak of your beauty, since without that I never could have lov'd you? I cannot conceive of any beginning of such love as I have for you but beauty. There may be a sort of love for which, without the least sneer at it, I have the highest respect and can admire it in others; but it has not the richness, the bloom, the full form, the enchantment of love after my own heart. So let me speak of your beauty, though to my own endangering; if you could be so cruel to me as to try elsewhere its power. You say I am afraid I shall think you do not love me—in saying this you make me ache the more to be near you. I am at the diligent use of my faculties here, I do not pass a day without scrawling some blank verse or tagging some rhymes; and here I must confess that (since I am on the subject) I love you the more in that I believe you have liked me for my own sake and for nothing else. I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a poem and to be given away by a novel. I have seen your comet, and only wish it was a sign that poor Rice would get well, whose illness makes him rather a melancholy companion. And the more so as to conquer his feelings and hide them from me, with a forc'd pun. I kissed your writing over in the hope you had indulged me by leaving a trace of honey. What was your dream? Tell it me and I will tell you the interpretation thereof. Ever yours, my love!

JOHN KEATS.

ROBERT SCHUMANN *to* CLARA WIECK

Robert Schumann (1810-1856), the famous German composer, revealed in his letters to his future wife, Clara Wieck, the same tenderness and charm that inspire his music with an undying appeal.

Dated Leipzig, 1834.

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED CLARA,

Some people who loathe beauty declare that swans are merely a bigger kind of geese—with equal justice one could say that whatever is far away is only something near that has been pushed back and separated from us. And such indeed is the case, for I talk to you every day (yes, even more quietly than I usually do) and yet I know that you understand me.

At first, I had several plans for exchanging letters with you. For instance, I wanted us to do it publicly—in the columns of the musical journal; then I wanted to fill my balloon (you know I possess one) with scribblings and send it up in a favourable wind, heading for the right address. I wanted to catch butterflies to act as postmen to you. I wanted to send my letters first to Paris, so that you would be ever so curious while you were opening them, and then, mightily astonished, believe I *was* in Paris. In brief, I had no end of artful dreams in my head, and it was not until today that I was awakened out of them—by the horn of the postilion. Postilions, darling Clara, usually have the same magical effect on me as, say, that of the best champagne. While listening to them blaring gaily away to the world at large, one does not seem to have any head at all, so blissfully light is one's heart. These trumpeters' tunes are really waltzes pulsing with ardour, and remind us of something we do not possess. As already remarked, the postilion blew me out of my dreams into new ones.

ROBERT BROWNING to ELIZABETH BARRETT

Elizabeth Barrett was, before she met Robert Browning, almost completely an invalid. Her interest in the young poet whom she had never met caused an exchange of letters between them. When at last he visited her, a strong attachment grew up between them. Elizabeth's father was a tyrant of whom all his children were afraid, and Browning's visits were made almost secretly. At length, he so fired her with his own magnificent spirit, courage and zest of life that she put aside her invalidism and consented to elope with him. These two letters were written on the eve of their running away. They had been married secretly on September 12.

Dated Tuesday morning.

[Postmark, September 15, 1846.]

My own B.A., could you think me capable of such a step? I forget what I exactly said in the first letter, but in the second, which you have received by this, I know there is mention made of *your* account which is to accompany mine. You never quite understood, I think, my feeling about Mr. Kenyon and desire to tell him earlier. In the first place, at the very *beginning*, he seemed to stand (as he did) in closer connexion with you than any other person I could communicate with—therefore to represent, in some degree, your dear self in the worldly sense, and be able to impose on me any conditions, etc. which your generous nature might be silent on, and my ignorance and excitement overlook: then there was another reason, the natural one, of our own . . . *his* friendship, rather, for me, and the circumstance of his having in a manner introduced me to your acquaintance—at all events, facilitated my introduction—and so being after a fashion responsible in some degree for my conduct. These two reasons, added to a general real respect for his circumspection and sagacity, and a desire to make both of them instruct me in the way of doing you good. But you effectually convinced me that in neither case would the benefit derivable balance the certain injury, or at least, annoyance, to himself—while you showed me that I should not be so truly serving you, as I had intended, by the plans I used to turn over in my mind.

In brief, it was written that your proof of love and trust to me was to be complete, the *completest*—and I could not but be proud and

submit—and a few words will explain the mere sin against friendship. I quite, quite feel as you feel, nor ever had the least intention of writing . . . that is, of sending any letter—till the very last. Be sure of it.

For the cards, I have just given orders, as you desire and as I entirely agree. The notion of a word about one *not being in England* was only a fancy for your family's sake—just to sane people's application to *them*, to know what had become of us—and I heard Mr. Kenyon command the considerateness of those "Lydian measures" . . . albeit there was . . . or narrowly escaped being—an awful oversight of the traveller's which would have made him the sad hero of a merry story for ever . . . as I will tell you some day. If you will send the addresses, at any time, that trouble will be over. In all these mighty matters, be sure I shall never take the least step without consulting you—will you draw up the advertisement, please? I will supply the clergyman's name, etc., etc.

I shall not see one friend more before I leave with you. So that nobody needs divine that since the 12th, we have not been at Margate—seeking "food for the mind"—

11.45 a.m.

DEAREST, I agree to all—I will not see you, for those reasons. I think, as you may, that it will be a point in excuse of the precipitancy that a removal was threatened for "next Monday perhaps" . . . which, finding us unprepared, would have been ruinous. Say all you would have me say to your father—no concession shall be felt by the side of your love. I will write a few words to Mrs. J.—her kindness is admirable and deserves the attention. For the *date*—you will have seen the precautions I take—I hope to see nobody now; but I don't know that it will be necessary to suppress it in the advertisement, if we can leave England by the end of the week, as I hope . . . do you not hope, too? For I see announcements, in today's *Times*, of marriages on the 8th and 9th and our silence on that particular night might be only the beginning of some mystery . . . as if it had happened half a year ago, for instance. Beside, your relations will examine the register. All rests with you, however—and *will* rest. Ba! I shall ask you to do no more of my business that I can manage myself but where I can *not* manage . . . why, then you shall think for me—that is my command!

I suppose when a man buys a spinning machine he loses dignity because he lets *it* weave stockings—does not keep on with his clumsy fingers! No, I will retain my honours, be certain—you shall say, *ego et rex meus* like Wolsey—or rather, like dear, dear Ba—like

yourself I will ever *worship*! See the good of taking up arms against me out of that service! If you "honour and obey" me, "with my body I thee worship"—my best, dearest, sweetest Ba, and that I have avowed thus "irrevocably"—is the heart's delight of your own R.

ELIZABETH BARRETT *to* ROBERT BROWNING

Dated Friday night.

[*Postmark, September 19, 1846.*]

At from half-past three to four, then—four will not, I suppose, be too late. I will not write more—I *cannot*. By tomorrow at this time, I shall have *you* only, to love me—my beloved!

You *only*! As if one said *God only*. And we shall have Him beside, I pray of Him.

I shall send to your address at New Cross your Homer's poems—and the two dear books you gave me, which I do not like to leave here and am afraid of hurting by taking them with me. Will you ask *our* sister to put the parcel into a drawer, so as to keep it for us?

Your letters to me I take with me, let the "ounces" cry out aloud, ever so. I *tried* to leave them, and I could not. That is, they would not be left: it was not my fault—I will not be scolded.

Is this my last letter to you, ever dearest? Ah—if I loved you less . . . a little, little less.

Why I should tell you that our marriage was invalid, or ought to be; and that you should by no means come for me tomorrow. It is dreadful . . . dreadful . . . to have to give pain here by a voluntary act—for the first time in my life.

Remind your mother and father of me affectionately and gratefully—and your sister, too! Would she think it too bold of me to say *our* sister, if she had heard it on the last page?

Do you pray for me tonight, Robert? Pray for me, and love me, that I may have courage, feeling both—

The boxes are *safely sent*. Wilson has been perfect to me. And I . . . calling her "timid," and afraid of her timidity! I begin to think that none are so bold as the timid, when they are fairly roused.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI *to* ANITA RIBERAS

Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882) achieved world fame as the intrepid leader of volunteers in the rising for Italian liberty. The events of 1848 parted him from his wife, Anita Riberas, a woman of Brazil, and she died in the following year.

Dated Subiaco, April 19, 1849.

BELOVED SWEETHEART,

I am writing to tell you that I am well, and that I am marching with Colonna upon Anagni. I expect to arrive there tomorrow; how long I shall remain there I cannot say. In Anagni I shall get the rifles and the rest of the equipment for the troops. I shall not be easy in mind until I obtain a letter from you, assuring me that you reached Nice in safety. Write to me at once, I must hear from you, my dearest Anita; tell me what you think of the events in Genoa and Tuscany. Superb and heroic woman! with what contempt you must regard these half-men of Italy, these my countrymen, whom I have so often striven to inspire with grandeur of soul, and who were so little worthy of my endeavours! It is true, then! every outburst of courage has been paralysed by treachery. But whether this is so or not, we are dishonoured; the name of Italy is the mock of alien tongues in every land. To belong to a family with so many cowards enrages me; but do not think that I have lost heart or that I despair of the future of my country, nay, I cherish more hope now than ever. An individual can be humiliated with impunity, but a nation—never! Our betrayers are now known to us. The heart of Italy beats still, and if here and there it is ailing, it is nevertheless strong enough to throw off the infection which torments it.

Aided by treachery and villainy, the forces of reaction have succeeded in cowing the people, but the people will never forgive! Once it has awakened from its stupor, it will rise again, terrifying, and this time it will annihilate the vile instruments of its shame.

Write to me, I again implore you, I must have news of you, of my mother, and of the children. Do not be anxious about me, I am in better health than ever, and I believe nothing will be able to conquer myself and my twelve hundred soldiers.

Rome is a fine sight just now; around her the valiant have gathered, and God will be our stay! Give my regards to the Galli, the Gustavi, Court and all our friends. Kisses from me to the children, and to my mother, whom I entrust to your care. Farewell!

RICHARD WAGNER to MATHILDE WESENDONCK

Richard Wagner (1813-1883) married Minna Planer, an actress, in 1837. The marriage proved a failure, and the great composer sought consolation in love affairs with various women admirers of his genius, including Mathilde Wesendonck, to whom he wrote this moving self-revelation.

Dated Zurich, August, 1858, Tuesday morning.

No doubt you do not expect me to leave your wonderful, magnificent letter unanswered. Or should I renounce the splendid right of replying to your supremely noble words? Yet how could I reply in a manner that was not worthy of you?

What other end could there be to the awful struggles we have endured, but victory over all our aspirations, all our desires?

Did we not know, even in our most ardent hours together, that such was our goal?

Never before have I lived so intensely, so painfully, as in the months that have just passed. Everything of a like nature that had already happened to me was as nought in comparison . . . I shall not visit you often, because henceforth you must see me only when I can show to you a calm and tranquil face. There was a time when I would come to you with a heart overflowing with anguish and desire: I sought relief from my torment—and found only sorrow and affliction. This shall be so no more. Therefore, if it is a long time before you see me again, pray for me in secret, for you will know I am in agony. Yet if I do come, be assured that I shall bring to you the best that is in me, a gift which it is accorded only unto me to confer, since I have suffered so much and so willingly.

And is it not you who has bestowed upon me the greatest boon life has to offer? Is it not you to whom I owe the only thing which could still appear to me worthy of my gratitude and my concern? And ought I not to endeavour to reward you for what you have won for me at the cost of such sacrifices, such endurances?

Even my work as an artist has begun to torture me. For there burned in me a yearning, the yearning to discover, in place of this nothingness and this enmity, an affirmation of myself, a communion with myself. . . . A frail and trembling woman had the sublime courage to fling herself into this sea of anguish and torment, in order to create for me a moment of splendour, in order to cry to

me: "I love you!" Thus did you offer yourself unto death, that you might give me life; thus did I accept the gift of life, that I might leave this world with you, die with you. Thus was the spell of unappeased desire annihilated! And never since that moment, as you know too, have I been at war with myself. Distress and sorrow have been able to overwhelm us; and even you have succumbed to the wiles of passion; but I—you know well—I have not changed, and my love for you, since that awful moment, could never lose any of its fragrance. All bitterness has vanished; I might err, or fall a prey to misfortune, but this I know with utmost certainty—the lamp you have lighted will never be dimmed, and your love will always be my highest joy; without it, my life would be a denial of itself.

Beautiful angel of love, I thank you!

How much I am in need of you, my beloved! I have felt this so deeply in the past few days. Only through you did I obtain this marvellous serenity of soul; when I knew you were so pure and sublime, I too had to become so with you. Like everything that is from you, what you say to me shall be my guide, and a transcendence of all that is noble to me. Do you not know yet that it is because of you alone that I live? To equal you, to raise myself to your level—such is the aim upon which my life now depends!

DOROTHY OSBORNE to SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Dorothy Osborne was the daughter of the Royalist governor of Guernsey. Sir William Temple, as a young man travelling abroad, met her in the Isle of Wight. He married her in 1655 though against his family's wishes. The letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William before their marriage are charming examples of delicacy and elegance; and she is the earliest example of a woman who made an art of letter writing.

Dated c. 1653.

I HAVE been reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I find I am severe, unjust, unmerciful, and unkind! O me! how should one do to mend all those! 'Tis work for an age, and I fear that I shall be so old before I am good, that 't will not be considerable to any body but myself whether I am so or not. . . . You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account, not only of what I do for the present, but what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. I then think of making me ready; and when that's done I go into my father's chamber; from thence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. P. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working; and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads; I go to them, and compare their voices and beauty to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find *they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so.* Most commonly, while we are in the middle of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I that am not so nimble stay behind, and when I see them driving home their cattle think it is time for me to return too. When I have supped I go into the garden,

and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me (you had best say this is not kind, neither). In earnest, it is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company, as I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of my fortune, that will not let me sleep there, I should forget there was such a thing to be done as going to bed. Since I writ this, my company is increased by two, my brother Harry, and a fair niece, my brother Peyton's daughter. She is so much a woman that I am almost ashamed to say I am her aunt, and so pretty, that if I had any design to gain a servant I should not like her company; but I have none, and therefore I shall endeavour to keep her here as long as I can persuade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it, having so much of my humour (though it be the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place, and little company. . . . My father is reasonably well, but keeps his chamber still; but will hardly, I am afraid, ever be so perfectly recovered as to come abroad again.

JOHN EVELYN to SAMUEL PEPYS

The two letters following are part of the correspondence between those great diarists of the days of Cromwell and the Restoration, John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys. Both were old men when they wrote these letters, living quietly in country retreats, and within a few years of their deaths. Pepys died in 1703, Evelyn in 1706.

Dated Wotton, July 22, 1700.

I COULD no longer suffer this old servant of mine to pass and repass so near Clapham without a particular account of your health and all your happy family. You will now inquire what I do here? Why, as the patriarchs of old, I pass the days in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *et cetera pecora campi*. We have, thank God! finished our hay harvest prosperously. I am looking after my hinds, providing carriage and tackle against reaping time and sowing. What shall I say more? *Venio ad voluptates agricolarum*, which Cicero, you know, reckons amongst the most becoming diversions of old age; and so I render it. This without: now within doors, never was any matron more busy than my wife, disposing of our plain country furniture for a naked old extravagant house, suitable to our employments. She has a dairy, and distaffs, for *lac, linum, et lanam*, and is become a very Sabine. But can you

thus hold out? Will my friend say; is philosophy, Gresham College, and the example of Mr. Pepys, and agreeable conversation of York Buildings, quite forgotten and abandoned? No, no! *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret*. Know I have been ranging of no fewer than thirty large cases of books, destined for a competent standing library, during four of five days wholly destitute of my young coadjutor, who, upon some pretence of being much engaged in the mathematics, and desiring he may continue his course at Oxford till the beginning of August, I have wholly left it to him. You will now suspect something by this disordered hand; truly I was too happy in these little domestic affairs, when, on the sudden, as I was about my books in the library, I found myself sorely attacked with a shivering, followed by a feverish indisposition, and a strangury, so as to have kept, not my chamber only, but my bed, till very lately, and with just so much strength as to scribble these lines to you. For the rest, I give God thanks for this gracious warning, my great age calling upon me *sarcinam componere* every day expecting it, who have still enjoyed a wonderful course of bodily health for forty years. . . .

SAMUEL PEPYS to JOHN EVELYN

Dated Clapham, August 7, 1700.

I HAVE no herds to mind, nor will my doctor allow me any books here. What then, will you say, too, are you doing? Why, truly, nothing that will bear naming, and yet I am not, I think, idle; for who can, that has so much of past and to come to think on, as I have? And thinking, I take it, is working, though many forms beneath what my lady and you are doing. But pray remember what o'clock it is with you and me; and be not now, by overstimulating, too bold with your present complaint, any more than I dare be with mine, which, too, has been no less kind in giving me my warning, than the other to you, and to neither of us, I hope, and, through God's mercy, dare say, either unlooked for or unwelcome. I wish, nevertheless, that I were able to administer anything towards the lengthening that precious rest of life which God has thus long blessed you, and, in you, mankind, with; but I have always been too little regardful of my own health, to be a prescriber to others. I cannot give myself the scope I otherwise should in talking now to you at this distance, on account of the care extraordinary I am now under from Mrs. Skinner's being suddenly fallen very ill; but ere long I may possibly venture at entertaining you with something from my young

man in exchange—I don't say in payment, for the pleasure you gratify me with from yours, whom I pray God to bless with continuing but what he is! and I'll ask no more for him.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU to MRS. SARAH CHISWELL

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and Lady Mary's "Letters from the East" are the most remarkable series of this talented woman's letters. This one is of peculiar interest, anticipating as it does, vaccination against smallpox.

Dated Adrianople, April 1, o.s. [1717].

IN my opinion, dear S., I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greek, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this Government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than a fever. As a proof we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next houses where we lay (in one of them) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe that our second cook who fell ill here, had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and now I am let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers: I am going to tell you a thing that I am sure will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and ask what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French Ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am very well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU to THE COUNTESS OF MAR

The following two letters are also from the pen of Lady Mary, describing her adventures and impressions in Vienna.

Dated September 14, 1716.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to Court. In order to attend that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget, and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than it is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four storeys fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones; that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May Day with the garland.

Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their Court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose

and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, it is with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions: nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently, for everybody that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come, she sat down to quinzé. I could not play at a game I had never seen before; and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment when the men were to come in to pay their Court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His Imperial Majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never speaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The Empress Amelia, dowager of the late Emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two arch-duchesses, her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their Imperial Majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their Court. The arch-duchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on, by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary but their chamber at Court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister-maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called Ladies of the Key, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast.

Her Majesty is served by no married women but the *grande*

maitresse, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress-mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done anything to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth, and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the Empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this Court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine ally in her garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-duchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands, and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto: "'Tis easy to be valiant here." The second a Fortune holding a garland in her hand, the motto: "For her whom Fortune favours." The third was a sword with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto: "Here is no shame to the vanquished." Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, etc., for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants, and besides these a set of fine china for the tea-table, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the Arch-duchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and do not know but it might make as good a

figure as the prize shooting in the *Æneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun. My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I shall never conclude at all.

Dated October 1, 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at Court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the count or countess—such-a-one. These days are called days of gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of anybody, nor returns anybody's visit; and, whoever pleases, may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw the other day the gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they show in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you should expect I should say something of the convents: they are of all sorts and

sizes; but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appear to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastinesses must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell, perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their showing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they assured me spoke, during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever since.

Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white calico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chamber maids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good natured; she is near four score, and yet shows very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I do not doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear showing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. "It will be an infinite pleasure to me (said she, sighing); but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance; and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell." I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy.

I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that everybody was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason. I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so

agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are some or other of them, day and night offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often are a pageantry, as offensive and apparently contradictory to common sense as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly spirit of contradiction that works in me, but there never, before, was such zeal against popery in the heart of, dear madam, etc., etc.

EDMUND BURKE *to* MATTHEW SMITH

Edmund Burke, one of the greatest parliamentarians who ever lived, arrived in London from Ireland, a penniless young man. Here he writes to a friend and tells him of his first impressions of London.

Dated 1750.

You'll expect some short account of my journey to this great city. To tell you the truth, I made very few remarks as I rolled along, for my mind was occupied with many thoughts, and my eyes often filled with tears, when I reflected on all the dear friends I left behind; yet the prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent: country seats sprinkled round on every side, some in the modern taste, some in the style of old De Coverley Hall, all smiling on the neat but humble cottage; every village as neat and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry; and inns like palaces.

What a contrast to our poor country, where you'll scarce find a cottage ornamented with a chimney! But what pleased me most of all was the progress of agriculture, my favourite study, and my favourite pursuit, if providence had blessed me with a few paternal acres.

A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice: but its hospitals and charitable institutions whose turrets pierce the skies

like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone*; generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty and women of virtue in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve that sacred bond: in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises; in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the best advantage; and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even minds, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly flowing accents.

As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side of the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the "rath primrose, which forsaken dies," is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud; and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies.

The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands. As to the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, into the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it; but I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakespeare warbles his "native woodnotes," the boxes, pit, and gallery are crowded—and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart.

Soon after my arrival in town I visited Westminster Abbey: the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry VII's chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised

beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly; I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit; When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality; but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit? I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy'd abbey. Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, "family burying-ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me.

HORACE WALPOLE *to* THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY

Horace Walpole, son of Sir Robert Walpole, England's first Prime Minister, was a noted fashionable man of letters, and a patron of the arts. He is also remembered for his truly remarkable sham Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. His letters are well known. This elegant trifle of fashionable gossip is typical of him in his lighter moods.

Dated Strawberry Hill, March 27, 1773.

WHAT play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed!

—so she does, that is the muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably.

You perceive, madam, that I have boldly sallied to a play; but the heat of the house and of this sultry March half killed me, yet I limp about as if I was young and pleased. From the play I travelled to Upper Grosvenor Street, to Lady Edgumbe's, supped at Lady Hertford's. That maccaroni rake, Lady Powis, who is just come to her estate and spending it, calling in with news of a fire in the Strand at past one in the morning, Lady Hertford, Lady Powis, Mrs. Howe, and I, set out to see it, and were within an inch of seeing the Adelphi buildings burnt to the ground. I was to have gone to the oratorio next night for Miss Linley's sake, but, being engaged to the French Ambassador's ball afterwards, I thought I was not quite Hercules enough for so many labours, and declined the former.

The house was all arbours and bowers, but rather more approaching to Calcutta, where so many English were stewed to death; for as the queen would not dis-Maid of Honour herself of Miss Vernon till after the oratorio, the ballroom was not opened till she arrived, and we were penned together in the little hall till we could not breathe. The quadrilles were very pretty: Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne, and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin, with blond and *collets montés à la reine Elizabeth*; Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Carlisle, and I forget whom, in like dresses with red sashes, *de rouge*, black hats with diamond loops and a few feathers before, began; then the "Henri Quatres and Quatresses," who were Lady Craven, Miss Minching, the two Misses Vernons, Mr. Storer, Mr. Hanger, the Duc de Lauzun, and George Damer, all in white, the men with black hats and white feathers flapping behind, danced another quadrille, and then both quadrilles joined; after which Mrs. Hobart, all in gauze and spangles, like a spangle pudding, a Miss I forget, Lord Edward Bentinck, and a Mr. Corbet, danced a *pas-de-quatre*, in which Mrs. Hobart indeed performed admirably.

The fine Mrs. Matthews in white, trimmed down all the neck and petticoat with scarlet cock's feathers, appeared like a new macaw brought from Otaheite; but of all the pretty creatures next to the Carrara (who was not there) was Mrs. Bunbury; so that with her I was in love till one o'clock, and then came home to bed. The

Duchess of Queensbery had a round gown of rose colour, with a man's cape, which, with the stomacher and sleeves, was all trimmed with mother-of-pearl ear-rings. This Pindaric gown was a sudden thought to surprise the duke, with whom she had dined in another dress. Did you ever see so good a joke? . . .

Lord Chesterfield was dead before my last letter that foretold his death set out. Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, madam, to send you. Oh yes! I have his last: being told of the quarrel in Spitalfields, and even that Mrs. F[itzy] struck Miss P[oole], he said: "I always thought Mrs. F. a *striking* beauty."

Thus, having given away all his wit to the last farthing, he has left nothing but some poor witticisms in his will, tying up his heir by forfeitures and jokes from going to Newmarket.

I wrote this letter at Strawberry, and find nothing new in town to add but a cold north-east that has brought back all our fires and furs. Pray tell me a little of your ladyship's futurity, and whether you will deign to pass through London.

FANNY BURNEY to MR. CRISP

Fanny Burney, who afterwards married General D'Arblay, was the daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, who became a fashionable music master, and at whose house Fanny met many of the most prominent people of the time. When she was fourteen, she first met Samuel Crisp, a friend of her father's who became a second father to all the Burney children. Fanny was, however, his favourite. In 1778, her first novel, "Evelina," was published and was an instant success, though at first the authorship of it was unknown. With "Evelina," Fanny Burney originated the sweet and simple type of heroine who enters into a worldly atmosphere and comes with unscathed reputation through all sorts of experiences—in fact, the theme on which most late nineteenth and early twentieth century novels are based. Mrs. Thrale became her friend, and Dr. Johnson her ardent admirer. This letter to "Daddy" Crisp was written from Mrs. Thrale's house and is everything that one expects from the author of "Evelina," but it will be noted that her summing up of the characters round her is fairly shrewd and accurate.

Dated Streatham, March, 1779.

THE kindness and honours I meet with from this charming family are greater than I can mention; sweet Mrs. Thrale hardly

suffers me to leave her a moment; and Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me, for he has a partial goodness to your Fannikin, that has made him sink the comparative shortness of our acquaintance, and treat and think of me as one who had long laid claim to him.

If you knew these two you would love them, or I don't know you so well as I think I do. Dr. Johnson has more fun, and comical humour, and love of nonsense about him, than almost anybody I ever saw: I mean when with those he likes; for otherwise, he can be as severe and as bitter as report relates him. Mrs. Thrale has all that gaiety of disposition and lightness of heart, which commonly belong to fifteen. We are, therefore, merry enough, and I am frequently seized with the same tittering and ridiculous fits as those with which I have so often amazed and amused poor Kitty Cooke.

One thing let me not omit of this charming woman, which I believe will weigh with you in her favour; her political doctrine is so exactly like yours, that it is never started but I exclaim: "Dear ma'am, if my Daddy Crisp was here, I believe between you, you would croak me mad!" And this sympathy of horrible foresight not a little contributes to incline her to believe the other parts of speech with which I regale her concerning you. She wishes very much to know you, and I am sure you would hit it off comfortably; but I told her what a vile taste you had for shunning all new acquaintance, and shirking almost all your old ones. That I may never be among the latter, heartily hopes my dear daddy's ever affectionate and obliged.

Best love to Mrs. Ham and dear Kitty.

JANE AUSTEN to CASSANDRA

Jane Austen writing to her sister and giving her all the local news might be one of her own heroines engaged in a similar task.

Dated Steventon, Thursday, November 20, 1800.

MY DEAR CASSANDRA,

Your letter took me quite by surprise this morning; you are very welcome, however, and I am very much obliged to you. I believe I drank too much wine last night at Hurstbourne; I know not how else to account for the shaking of my hand today. You will kindly make allowance therefore for any indistinctness of writing, by attributing it to this venial error.

Naughty Charles did not come on Tuesday, but good Charles

came yesterday morning. About two o'clock he walked in on a Gosport hack. His feeling equal to such a fatigue is a good sign, and his feeling no fatigue in it a still better. He walked down to Deane to dinner; he danced the whole evening, and today is no more tired than a gentleman ought to be.

Your desiring to hear from me on Sunday will, perhaps, bring you a more particular account of the ball than you may care for, because one is prone to think much more of such things the morning after they happen, than when time has entirely driven them out of one's recollection.

It was a pleasant evening; Charles found it remarkably so, but I cannot tell why, unless the absence of Miss Terry, towards whom his conscience reproaches him with being now perfectly indifferent, was a relief to him. There were only twelve dances, of which I danced nine, and was merely prevented from dancing the rest by the want of a partner. We began at ten, supped at one, and were at Deane before five. There were but fifty people in the room; very few families indeed from our side of the county, and not many more from the other. My partners were the two St. Johns, Hooper, Holder, and very prodigious Mr. Mathew, with whom I called the last, and whom I liked the best of my little stock.

There were very few beauties, and such as there were were not very handsome. Miss Iremonger did not look well, and Mrs. Blount was the only one much admired. She appeared exactly as she did in September, with the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband, and fat neck. The two Miss Coxes were there: I traced in one the remains of the vulgar, broad-featured girl who danced at Enham eight years ago; the other is refined into a nice, composed-looking girl, like Catherine Bigg. I looked at Sir Thomas Champneys and thought of poor Rosalie; I looked at his daughter, and thought her a queer animal with a white neck. Mrs. Warren, I was constrained to think, a very fine young woman, which I much regret. She danced away with great activity. Her husband is ugly enough, uglier even than his cousin John; but he does not look so *very* old. The Miss Maitlands are both prettyish, very like Anne, with brown skins, large dark eyes, and a good deal of nose. The general has got the gout, and Mrs. Maitland the jaundice. Miss Debary, Susan, and Sally, all in black, but without any stature, made their appearance, and I was as civil to them as circumstances would allow me.

They told me nothing new of Martha. I mean to go to her on Thursday, unless Charles should determine on coming over again with his friend Shipley for the Basingstoke ball, in which case I shall

not go till Friday. I shall write to you again, however, before I set off, and I shall hope to hear from you in the meantime. If I do not stay for the ball, I would not on any account do so uncivil a thing by the neighbourhood as to set off at that very time for another place, and shall therefore make a point of not being later than Thursday morning.

Mary said that I looked very well last night. I wore my aunt's gown and handkerchief, and my hair was at least tidy, which was all my ambition. I will now have done with the ball, and I will moreover go and dress for dinner.

CHARLES LAMB to THOMAS MANNING

Charles Lamb is writing here in happy mood describing one of his visits to the Lakes, where he had gone with his sister. He was staying with his friend, Samuel Coleridge.

Dated September 24, 1802.

MY DEAR MANNING,

Since the date of my last letter I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris, I see, before I could have set out. I believe Stoddart promising to go with me another year prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time, being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which

transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc., etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and passed much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater—I forget the name—to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks; I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great

man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.

My habits are changing, I think, i.e., from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or not remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, i.e., the night, glorious, care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant!—O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shame-worthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. Fenwick is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. Fell, my other drunken companion (that has been: *nam hic caestus artemque repono*), is turned editor of a naval chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. X. has detached Marshall from his house; Marshall, the man who went to sleep when the *Ancient Mariner* was reading; the old, steady, unalterable friend of the professor. Holcraft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, i.e., to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, etc.! I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell. Write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

MRS. THRALE to SIR JAMES FELLOWES

Mrs. Hester Thrale was a great friend and confidante of Dr. Johnson, who for many years regarded her house at Streatham Park as a welcome refuge from his hardships. This letter was written nearly twenty years after her old friend's death, and after she had published her "Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson," and her correspondence with him.

Dated Blake's Hotel, Monday, July 31, 1815.

My dear Sir James Fellowes's friendly heart will feel pleased that the spasms he drove away, returned no more: altho' you were really scarce out of the street before I received a cold short note from Mr. Merrik Hoare, who married one of the sisters, to say that Lord Keith, who married the other, wished to decline purchasing: so here I am no whit nearer disposing of Streatham Park than when I sate still in Bath. Money spent and nothing done: but bills thronging in every hour. Mr. Ward, the solicitor, has sent his demand of £116 18s. 3d. I think, for expenses concerning Salusbury's marriage. I call that the *felicity* bill: those which produce nothing but infelicity, all refer to Streatham of course. But you ran away without your epigram translated so much apropos:—

*Créanciers! maudite canaille,
Commissaire, huissiers et recors;
Vous aurez bien le diable au corps
Si vous emportez la muraille.*

Creditors! ye cursed crew,
Bailiffs, blackguards, not a few:
Look well around, for here's my all:
You've left me nothing but this wall,
And sure to give each dev'l his due,
This wall's too strong for them or you.

I must make the most of my house now they have left it on my hands, must I not? *may* I not? and, like my countrymen at Waterloo, sell my *life* as dear as I can. Oh *terque quaterque beati*! those who fell at the battle of St. Jean, when compared to the miseries of Cadiz and Xeres; and oh, happy Sir James Fellowes! whose book, well disseminated, will save us from these horrors, or from an accumulation of them; when the Cambridge fever shall break out again among the Lincolnshire fens, if we have unfavourable seasons. The best years of *my* temporal existence—I don't mean the happiest; but

the best for powers of improvement, observation, etc.—were past in what is now Park Street, Southwark, but then Deadman's Place; so called because of the pest houses which were established there in the Great Plague of London. From clerks, and *blackguards* not a few, I learn'd there that Long Lane, Kent Street, and one other place of which the name has slipt my memory, were exempt from infection during the whole time of general sickness, and that their safety was imputed to its being the residence of tanners. I am, however, now convinced from your book, that it was seclusion, not *tan*, that preserved them. And do not, dear sir, despise your sibyl's prediction: for that God's judgments are abroad, it is in vain to deny; and though France will support the heaviest weight of them till her phial is run out; our proximity, and fond inclination to connect with her, may, and naturally *will* produce direful effects in many ways upon the morals, the purses, and the health of Great Britain.

Do you observe that there is already a pretender started to the Bourbon throne? You cannot (as I can) recollect in the very early days of the revolution, that Abbé Sieyes declared he had saved the *real Dauphin* from Robertspierre, and substituted another baby of equal age to endure the fury of the homicides. Some of us believed the tale, and some, the greater number, laughed at those who *did* believe it. But an intelligent Italian, since dead, assured me that the last Pope, Braschi, believed it; and marked the youth, in consequence of that belief, with a *fleur-de-lis* upon his leg. Whether the young man described in the newspaper as seizing the Duchess d'Angoulesme, is that person or another: or whether some fellow under the influence of national insanity, imagines himself the Dauphin; he is likely enough to disturb them and divide their friends. Such times by the violence of fermentation produce extraordinary virtues; but your incomparable Don Diego Alvarez de la Fuente would never have had his excellence of character properly appreciated, had you not been the man to hand his fame down to posterity. Æneas would have been forgotten but for Virgil.

I am not yet aware that any suspicion of promoting contagion during the fearful moments you describe, lighted on the Jews: the propensity they show to deal in old clothes makes it very likely that they should now and then propagate infectious diseases among their Christian persecutors, but I hope those days are coming fast to an end; when France has been disposed of, *their turn will come*. You will find a kind word or two for them in the first chapter of my second volume (of "Retrospection") but the last chapter in the first volume is my favourite, and should be read before the short dissertation on the Hebrews for twenty reasons. I hope you like my preface,

and find it *modest enough*, tho' the critics had no mercy on my *sauciness*.

Well! now the rest of this letter shall be like other people's letters, and say how hot the streets are, and how disagreeable London is in the summer months; and how sincerely happy I should have been to pass the next six or seven weeks at Sidmouth, but that—Oh, such speeches are *not* like other people's letters at all: but that—I have not (with an income of £2,000 a year) £5 to spend on myself, so encumber'd am I with debts and taxes. Leak says he must pay £40 property tax, now, this minute. He is a good creature, and will be a bitter loss to his poor mistress, whenever we part; although the keeping him, and his wife, and his child, is dreadful, is it not? Since, however, in mental as in bodily plagues, despondency brings on ruin faster than it would come of itself:—

What yet remains? but well what's left to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose.

Give my best love to dear Miss Fellowes, compliments to Mrs. Dorset if with you, and true regards to your venerable and happy parents, beseeching them all to remember that they have a true servant in, dear sir, your infinitely obliged.

The battle with Anderdon will be fought tomorrow. I make sure of losing the *field*; my generals are unskilful. Direct Mrs. Piozzi, Bath.

LORD DUFFERIN

In 1856, Lord Dufferin, the British diplomat, sailed on a voyage half pleasure, half scientific, to Iceland and Spitzbergen, embodying his adventures in a series of vivid letters. Later they were compiled into a book, "Letters From High Latitudes," and dedicated to the memory of Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere. The following example recounts the journey of their boat "Foam" to and from Spitzbergen. The expedition was captained by one, Ebenezer Wyse. Of the remaining persons mentioned in the letter, Fitz was Charles E. Fitzgerald, surgeon, photographer and botanist; Sigurdr, an Icelandic acquaintance; Wilson and Grant, the valet and steward respectively. "Maid Marian" was the nickname bestowed on the second cook, Webster. The reference to Mr. Wyse's tartan refers to his silk waistcoat of which he was inordinately proud.

Dated Thronthjem, August 22, 1856.

WE have won our laurels, after all! We have landed in Spitzbergen—almost at its most northern extremity; and the little *Foam* has sailed to within 630 miles of the Pole; that is to say, one hundred miles as far north as any ship has ever succeeded in getting.

I think my last letter left us enjoying the pleasant hospitalities of Kaafiord.

The genial quiet of that last evening in Norway was certainly a strange preface to the scenes we have since witnessed. So warm was it, that when dinner was over, we all went out into the garden, and had tea in the open air; the ladies without either bonnets or shawls, merely plucking a little branch of willow to brush away the mosquitoes: and so the evening wore away in alternate intervals of chat and song. At midnight, seawards again began to swirl the tide, and we rose to go—not without having first paid a visit to the room where the little daughters of the house lay folded in a deep sleep.

Then descending to the beach, laden with flowers and kind wishes waved to us by white handkerchiefs held in still whiter hands, we rowed on board; up went the flapping sails, and dipping her ensign in token of adieu—the schooner glided swiftly on between the walls of rock, until an intervening crag shut out from our sight the friendly group that had come forth to bid us "Good speed." In

another twenty-four hours we had threaded our way back through the intricate fiords; and leaving Hammerfest three or four miles on the starboard hand, on the evening of July 28, we passed out between the islands of Soroë and Bolsvoe into the open sea.

My intention was to go first to Bear Island, and ascertain for myself in what direction the ice was lying to the southward of Spitzbergen.

Bear—or Cherie Island, is a diamond-shaped island, about ten miles long, composed of secondary rocks—principally sandstone and limestone—lying about 280 miles due north of the North Cape. It was originally discovered by Barentz, on June 9, 1596, on the occasion of his last and fatal voyage. Already had he commanded two expeditions sent forth by the United Provinces to discover a north-east passage to that dreamland—Cathay; and each time, after penetrating to the eastward of Nova Zembla, he had been foiled by the impenetrable line of ice. On this occasion he adopted the bolder and more northerly course, which brought him to Bear Island. Thence, plunging into the mists of the frozen sea, he ultimately sighted the western mountains of Spitzsbergen. Unable to proceed farther in that direction, Barentz retraced his steps, and again passing in sight of Bear Island, proceeded in a south-east direction to Nova Zembla, where his ships got entangled in the ice, and he subsequently perished.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, in spite of repeated failures, one endeavour after another was made to penetrate to India across these fatal waters.

The first English vessel that sailed on the disastrous quest was the *Bona Esperanza*, in the last year of King Edward VI. Her commander was Sir Hugh Willoughby, and we have still extant a copy of the instructions drawn up by Sebastian Cabot—the Grand Pilot of England, for his guidance. Nothing can be more pious than the spirit in which this ancient document is conceived; expressly enjoining that morning and evening prayers should be offered on board every ship attached to the expedition, and that neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish devices—were to be permitted. Here and there were clauses of a more questionable morality—recommending that natives of strange lands be “enticed on board, and made drunk with your beer and wine; for then you shall know the secrets of their hearts.” The whole concluding with an exhortation to all on board to take especial heed to the devices of “certain creatures, with men’s heads, and the tails of fishes, who swim with bows and arrows about the fiords and bays, and live on human flesh.”

On May 11 the ill-starred expedition got under weigh from Deptford, and saluting the king, who was then lying sick at Greenwich, put to sea. By July 30 the little fleet—three vessels in all—had come up abreast of the Loffoden Islands, but a gale coming on, the *Esperanza* was separated from her consorts. Ward-huus—a little harbour to the east of the North Cape—had been appointed as the place of rendezvous in case of such an event, but unfortunately, Sir Hugh overshot the mark, and wasted all the precious autumn time in blundering amid the ice to the eastward. At last, winter set in, and they were obliged to run for a port in Lapland. Here, removed from all human aid, they were frozen to death. A year afterwards, the ill-fated ships were discovered by some Russian sailors, and an unfinished journal proved that Sir Hugh and many of his companions were still alive in January, 1554.

The next voyage of discovery in a north-east direction, was sent out by Sir Francis Cherie, alderman of London, in 1603. After proceeding as far east as Ward-huus and Kela, the *Godspeed* pushed north into the ocean, and on August 16 fell in with Bear Island. Unaware of its previous discovery by Barentz, Stephen Bennet—who commanded the expedition—christened the island Cherie Island, in honour of his patron, and to this day the two names are used almost indiscriminately.

In 1607, Henry Hudson was dispatched by the Muscovy Company, with orders to sail, if possible, right across the Pole. Although perpetually baffled by the ice, Hudson at last succeeded in reaching the north-west extremity of Spitzbergen, but finding his further progress arrested by an impenetrable barrier of fixed ice, he was forced to return. A few years later, Jonas Poole—having been sent in the same direction, instead of prosecuting any discoveries, wisely set himself to killing the sea horses that frequent the Arctic ice fields, and in lieu of tidings of new lands—brought back a valuable cargo of walrus tusks. In 1615, Fotherby started with the intention of renewing the attempt to sail across the North Pole, but after encountering many dangers he also was forced to return. It was during the course of his homeward voyage that he fell in with the island of Jan Mayen. Soon afterwards, the discovery by Hudson and Davis, of the seas and straits to which they have given their names, diverted the attention of the public from all thoughts of a north-east passage, and the Spitzbergen waters were only frequented by ships engaged in the fisheries. The gradual disappearance of the whale, and the discovery of more profitable fishing stations on the west coast of Greenland, subsequently abolished the sole attraction for human beings which this inhospitable region ever possessed,

and of late years, I understand, the Spitzbergen seas have remained as lonely and unvisited—as they were before the first adventurer invaded their solitude.

Twice only, since the time of Fotherby, has any attempt been made to reach the Pole on a north-east course. In 1773, Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, sailed in the *Carcass* towards Spitzbergen, but he never reached a higher latitude than 81° . It was in this expedition that Nelson made his first voyage, and had that famous encounter with the bear. The next and last endeavour was undertaken by Parry, in 1827. Unable to get his ship even as far north as Phipps had gone, he determined to leave her in a harbour in Spitzbergen and push across the sea in boats and sledges. The uneven nature of the surface over which they had to travel caused their progress northward to be very slow and very laborious. The ice, too, beneath their feet, was not itself immovable, and at last they perceived they were making the kind of progress a criminal makes upon the treadmill—the floes over which they were journeying—drifting to the southward faster than they walked north; so that at the end of a long day's march of ten miles, they found themselves four miles farther from their destination than at its commencement. Disgusted with so Irish a manœuvre, Parry determined to return, though not until he had almost reached the 83rd parallel, a higher latitude than any to which man is known to have penetrated. Arctic authorities are still of opinion, that Parry's plan for reaching the pole might prove successful if the expedition were to set out earlier in the season, ere the intervening field of ice is cast adrift by the approach of summer.

Our own run to Bear Island was very rapid. On getting outside the islands, a fair fresh wind sprung up, and we went spinning along for two nights and two days as merrily as possible, under a double-reefed mainsail and staysail, on a due north course. On the third day we began to see some land birds, and a few hours afterwards, the loom of the island itself; but it had already begun to get fearfully cold, and our thermometer—which I consulted every two hours—plainly indicated that we were approaching ice. My only hope was—that at all events, the southern extremity of the island might be disengaged; for I was very anxious to land in order to examine some coal beds which are said to exist in the upper strata of the sandstone formation. This expectation was doomed to complete disappointment. Before we had got within six miles of the shore, it became evident that the report of the Hammerfest Sea-horseman was too true.

Between us and the land there extended an impenetrable barrier

of packed ice, running due east and west—as far as the eye could reach.

What was now to be done? If a continuous field of ice lay 150 miles off the southern coast of Spitzbergen, what would be the chance of getting to the land by going farther north? Now that we had received ocular proof of the veracity of the Hammerfest skipper in this first particular—was it likely that we should have the luck to find the remainder of his story untrue? According to the track he had jotted down for me on the chart, the ice in front stretched right away west in an unbroken line, to the wall of ice which we had seen running into the north, from the upper end of Jan Mayen. Only a week had elapsed since he had actually ascertained the impracticability of reaching a higher latitude—what likelihood could there be of a channel having been opened up to the northward during so short an interval? Such was the series of insoluble problems by which I posed myself as we stood vainly smacking our lips at the island, which lay so tantalizingly beyond our reach.

Still, unpromising as the aspect of things might appear, it would not do to throw a chance away—so I determined to put the schooner round on the other tack, and run westwards along the edge of the ice, until we found ourselves again in the Greenland Sea. Bidding, therefore, a last adieu to Mount Misery, as its first discoverers very appropriately christened one of the higher hills in Bear Island, we suffered it to melt back into the fog—out of which, indeed, no part of the land had ever more than partially emerged—and with no very sanguine expectations as to the result—sailed west away towards Greenland. During the next four and twenty hours we ran along the edge of the ice, in nearly a due westerly direction, without observing the slightest indication of anything approaching to an opening towards the North. It was weary work, scanning that seemingly interminable barrier, and listening to the melancholy roar of waters on its icy shore.

At last, after having come about 140 miles since leaving Bear Island—the long, white, wave-lashed line suddenly ran down into a low point, and then trended back with a decided inclination to the north. Here at all events, was an improvement; instead of our continuing to steer W. by S., or at most W. by N., the schooner would often lay as high up as N.W., and even N.W. by N. Evidently the action of the Gulf Stream was beginning to tell, and our spirits rose in proportion. In a few more hours, however, this cheering prospect was interrupted by a fresh line of ice being reported, not only ahead, but as far as the eye could reach on the port bow—so

again the schooner's head was put to the westward, and the old story recommenced. And now the flank of the second barrier was turned, and we were able to edge up a few hours to the northward; but only to be again confronted by another line, more interminable—apparently—than the last. But, why should I weary you with the detail of our various manœuvres during the ensuing days? they were too tedious and disheartening at the time, for me to look back upon them with any pleasure. Suffice it to say, that by dint of sailing west when we could not sail north—we found ourselves on August 2 in the latitude of the southern extremity of Spitzbergen, though divided from the land by about fifty miles of ice. All this while the weather had been pretty good, foggy and cold enough, but with a fine stiff breeze that rattled us along at a good rate whenever we did get a chance of making any northing. But lately it had come on to blow very hard, the cold became quite piercing, and what was worse—in every direction round the whole circuit of the horizon, except along its southern segment—a blaze of iceblink illuminated the sky. A more discouraging spectacle could not have met our eyes. The iceblink is a luminous appearance, reflected on the heavens from the fields of ice that still lie sunk beneath the horizon; it was therefore on this occasion an unmistakable indication of the encumbered state of the sea in front of us.

I had turned in for a few hours of rest, and release from the monotonous sense of disappointment, and was already lost in a dream of deep bewildering bays of ice, and gulfs whose shifting shores offered to the eye every possible combination of uncomfortable scenery, without possible issue—when “a voice in my dreaming ear” shouted “Land!” and I awoke to its reality. I need not tell you in what double quick time I tumbled up the companion—or with what greediness I feasted my eyes on that longed-for view—the only sight—as I then thought—we were ever destined to enjoy of the mountains of Spitzbergen!

The whole heaven was overcast with a dark mantle of tempestuous clouds, that stretched down in umbrella-like points towards the horizon, leaving a clear space between their edge and the sea, illuminated by the sinister brilliancy of the iceblink. In an easterly direction, this belt of unclouded atmosphere was etherealized to an indescribable transparency, and up into it there gradually grew—above the dingy line of starboard ice—a forest of thin lilac peaks, so faint, so pale, that had it not been for the gem-like distinctness of their outline, one could have deemed them as unsubstantial as the spires of fairyland. The beautiful vision proved only too transient; in one short half-hour mist and cloud had blotted it all out, while

a fresh barrier of ice compelled us to turn our backs on the very land we were striving to reach.

Although we were certainly upwards of sixty miles distant from the land when the Spitzbergen hills were first observed, the intervening space seemed infinitely less; but in these high latitudes the eye is constantly liable to be deceived in the estimate it forms of distances. Often, from some change suddenly taking place in the state of the atmosphere, the land you approach will appear even to *recede*; and on one occasion, an honest skipper—one of the most valiant and enterprising mariners of his day—actually turned back, because, after sailing for several hours with a fair wind towards the land, and finding himself no nearer to it than at first, he concluded that some loadstone rock beneath the sea must have attracted the keel of his ship and kept her stationary.

The next five days were spent in a continual struggle with the ice. On referring to our log, I see nothing but a repetition of the same monotonous observations.

“July 31.—Wind W. by S.—Courses sundry to clear ice.

“Ice very thick.

“These twenty-four hours picking our way through ice.

“August 1.—Wind W.—Courses variable; foggy; continually among ice these twenty-four hours.”

And in Fitz’s diary, the discouraging state of the weather is still more pithily expressed:—

“August 2.—Head wind; sailing westward; large hummocks of ice ahead and on port bow, i.e., to the westward; hope we may be able to push through. In evening ice gets thicker; we still hold on; fog comes on; ice getting thicker; wind freshens; we can get no farther; ice impassable; no room to tack; struck the ice several times; obliged to sail S. and W.; things look very shady.”

Sometimes we were on the point of despairing altogether, then a plausible opening would show itself as if leading towards the land, and we would be tempted to run down it, until we found the field become so closely packed, that it was with great difficulty we could get the vessel round—and only then at the expense of collisions, which made the little craft shiver from stem to stern. Then a fog would come on—so thick you could almost cut it like a cheese—and thus render the sailing among the loose ice very critical indeed: then it would fall dead calm, and leave us—hours together—muffled in mist, with no other employment than chess or hopscotch.

About this period, Wilson culminated. Ever since leaving Bear Island he had been keeping a carnival of grief in the pantry, until the cook became almost half-witted by reason of his Jeremiads.

Yet I must not give you the impression that the poor fellow was the least wanting in *pluck*—far from it. Surely it requires the highest order of courage to anticipate every species of disaster every moment of the day, and yet to meet the impending Fate like a man—as he did. Was it his fault, that Fate was not equally ready to meet him? *His* share of the business was always done: he was ever prepared for the worst; but the most critical circumstances never disturbed the gravity of his carriage, and the fact of our being destined to go to the bottom before tea-time—would not have caused him to lay out the dinner-table a whit less symmetrically. Still, I own, the style of his service was slightly depressing. He laid out my clean shirt of a morning as if it had been a shroud; and cleaned my boots as though for a man *on his last legs*. The fact is, he was imaginative and atrabilious—contemplating life through a medium of the colour of his own complexion.

This was the cheerful kind of report he used invariably to bring me of a morning. Coming to the side of my cot, with the air of a man announcing the stroke of doomsday, he used to say, or rather *toll*:—

“Seven o’clock, my lord!”

“Very well; how’s the wind?”

“Dead ahead, my lord—*dead*!”

“How many points is she off her course?”

“Four points, my lord—full four points!” (Four points being as much as she could be.)

“Is it pretty clear? eh! Wilson?”

“—Can’t see your hand, my lord!—can’t see your hand!”

“Much ice in sight?”

“—Ice all round, my lord—ice a-all ro-ound!”—and so exit, sighing deeply over my trousers.

Yet it was immediately after one of these unpromising announcements, that for the first time matters began to look a little brighter. The preceding four-and-twenty hours we had remained enveloped in a cold and dismal fog. But on coming on deck, I found the sky had already begun to clear; and although there was ice as far as the eye could see on either side of us, in front a narrow passage showed itself across a patch of loose ice into what seemed a freer sea beyond. The only consideration was whether we could be certain the open water we saw was only a basin without any exit in any other direction. The chance was too tempting to throw away; so the little schooner gallantly pushed her way through the intervening neck of ice where the floes seemed to be least huddled up together, and in half an hour afterwards found herself running up along the edge

of the starboard ice, almost in a due northerly direction. And here I must take occasion to say, that, during the whole of this rather anxious time, my master, Mr. Wyse, conducted himself in a most admirable manner. Vigilant, cool, and attentive, he handled the vessel most skilfully, and never seemed to lose his presence of mind in any emergency. It is true that the silk tartan still corruscated on Sabbaths, but its brilliant hues were quite a relief to the colourless scenes which surrounded us, and the dangling chain now only served to remind me of what firm dependence I could place upon its wearer.

Soon after, the sun came out, the mist entirely disappeared, and again on the starboard hand shone a vision of the land; this time not in the sharp peaks and spires we had first seen, but in a chain of pale blue egg-shaped islands, floating in the air a long way above the horizon. This peculiar appearance was the result of extreme refraction for, later in the day, we had an opportunity of watching the oval cloud-like forms gradually harden into the same pink tapering spikes which originally caused the island to be called Spitzbergen: nay, so clear did it become, that even the shadows on the hills became quite distinct, and we could easily trace the outlines of the enormous glaciers—sometimes ten or fifteen miles broad—that fill up every valley along the shore. Towards evening the line of coast again vanished into the distance, and our rising hopes received an almost intolerable disappointment by the appearance of a long line of ice right ahead, running to the westward, apparently as far as the eye could reach. To add to our disgust, the wind flew right round into the north, and increasing to a gale, brought down upon us not one of the usual thick Arctic mists to which we were accustomed, but a dark, yellowish brown fog, that rolled along the surface of the water in twisted columns, and irregular masses of vapour, as dense as coal smoke. We had now almost reached the eightieth parallel of north latitude, and still ~~an~~ impenetrable sheet of ice, extending fifty or sixty miles westward from the shore, rendered all hopes of reaching the land out of the question. Our expectation of finding the north-west extremity of the island disengaged from ice by the action of the currents was, at all events for this season, evidently doomed to disappointment. We were already almost in the latitude of Amsterdam Island—which is actually its north-west point—and the coast seemed more encumbered than ever. No whaler had ever succeeded in getting more than about 120 miles farther north than we ourselves had already come; and to entangle ourselves any farther in the ice—unless it were with the certainty of reaching land—would be sheer folly. The only thing to

be done was to turn back. Accordingly, to this course I determined at last to resign myself if, after standing on for twelve hours longer, nothing should turn up to improve the present aspect of affairs. It was now eleven o'clock at night; Fitz and Sigurdr went to bed, while I remained on deck to see what the night might bring forth. It blew great guns, and the cold was perfectly intolerable; billow upon billow of black fog came sweeping down between the sea and sky, as if it were going to swallow up the whole universe; while the midnight sun, now completely blotted out, now faintly struggling through the ragged breaches of the mist—threw down from time to time an unearthly red-brown glare on the waste of roaring waters.

For the whole of that night did we continue beating up along the edge of the ice, in the teeth of a whole gale of wind; at last, about nine o'clock in the morning, but two short hours before the moment at which it had been agreed we should bear up, and abandon the attempt, we came up with a long low point of ice, that had stretched farther to the westward than any we had yet doubled, and there, beyond, lay an open sea!—open not only to the northward and westward, but also to the eastward! You can imagine my excitement. “Turn the hands up, Mr. Wyse!” “’Bout ship!” “Down with the helm!” “Helm a-lee!” Up comes the schooner’s head to the wind, the sails flapping with the noise of thunder—blocks rattling against the deck, as if they wanted to knock their brains out—ropes dancing about in galvanized coils, like mad serpents—and everything to an inexperienced eye in inextricable confusion; till gradually she pays off on the other tack, the sails stiffen into deal boards, the staysail sheet is let go, and heeling over on the opposite side, again she darts forward over the sea like an arrow from the bow. “Stand by to make sail!” “Out all reefs!” (I could have carried sail to sink a man-of-war!)—and away the little ship went, playing leapfrog over the heavy seas, and staggering under her canvas, as if giddy with the same joyful excitement which made my own heart thump so loudly.

In another hour the sun came out, the fog cleared away, and about noon up again, above the horizon, grow the pale lilac peaks, warming into a rosier tint as we approach. Ice still stretches toward the land on the starboard side; but we don’t care for it now, the schooner’s head is pointing E. and S. At one o’clock we sight Amsterdam Island, about thirty miles on the port bow; then came the “seven ice hills”—as seven enormous glaciers are called—that roll into the sea between lofty ridges of gneiss and mica slate, a little to the northward of Prince Charles’s Foreland. Clearer and more defined grows the outline of the mountains, some coming

forward while others recede; their rosy tints appear less even, fading here and there into pale yellows and greys; veins of shadow score the steep sides of the hills; the articulations of the rocks become visible; and now, at last, we glide under the limestone peaks of Mitre Cape—past the marble arches of King's Bay on the one side and the pinnacle of the Vogel Hook on the other—into the quiet channel that separates the foreland from the main.

It was at one o'clock in the morning of August 6, 1856, that after having been eleven days at sea, we came to an anchor in the silent haven of English Bay, *Spitzbergen*.

And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness—and deadness—and impassibility of this new world: ice, and rock, and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun—by this time muffled in a transparent mist—shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality; a universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet—in default of motion—there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides of the bald excoriated hills. Primeval rocks—and eternal ice—constitute the landscape.

The anchorage where we had brought up is the best to be found, with the exception perhaps of Magdalena Bay, along the whole west coast of *Spitzbergen*; indeed it is almost the only one where you are not liable to have ice set in upon you at a moment's notice. Ice Sound, Bell Sound, Horn Sound—the other harbours along the west coast—are all liable to be beset by drift-ice during the course of a single night, even though no vestige of it may have been in sight four-and-twenty hours before; and many a good ship has been inextricably imprisoned in the very harbour to which she had fled for refuge. This bay is completely landlocked, being protected on its open side by Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the mainland. Down towards either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks about 1,500 feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife, and jagged as a saw; the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which

—descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the centre—rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river from the spot where it apparently first originated, could not have been less than thirty, or thirty-five miles; or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley, that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the farther mountains peeping up above its surface. The height of the precipice where it fell into the sea I should judge to have been about 120 feet.

On the left—a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half way on the hill-side, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain.

I have tried to convey to you a notion of the falling impetus impressed on the surface of the Jan Mayen ice rivers; but in this case so unaccountable did it seem that the overhanging mass of ice should not continue to thunder down upon its course, that one's natural impulse was to shrink from crossing the path along which a breath—a sound—might precipitate the suspended avalanche into the valley. Though, perhaps pretty exact in outline and general effect, the sketch I have made of this wonderful scene, will never convey to you a correct notion of the enormous scale of the distances, and size of its various features.

These glaciers are the principal characteristic of the scenery in Spitzbergen; the bottom of every valley, in every part of the island, is occupied—and generally completely filled by them, enabling one in some measure to realize the look of England during her glacial period, when Snowdon was still being slowly lifted towards the clouds, and every valley in Wales was brimful of ice. But the glaciers in English Bay are by no means the largest in the island. We ourselves got a view—though a very distant one—of ice rivers which must have been more extensive; and Dr. Scoresby mentions several which actually measured forty or fifty miles in length, and nine or ten in breadth; while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of 400 or 500 feet high. Nothing is more dangerous than to approach these cliffs of ice. Every now and then, huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal steep, and topple over into the water; and woe be to the unfortunate ship which might happen to be passing below. Scoresby himself actually witnessed a mass of ice—the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea from a height of 400 feet; frequently during our stay in Spitzbergen we ourselves observed

specimens of these ice avalanches; and scarcely an hour passed without the solemn silence of the bay being disturbed by the thunderous boom resulting from similar catastrophes occurring in adjacent valleys.

As soon as we had thoroughly taken in the strange features of the scene around us, we all turned in for a night's rest. I was dog tired, as much with anxiety as want of sleep; for in continuing to push on to the northward in spite of the ice, I naturally could not help feeling that if any accident occurred, the responsibility would rest with me; and although I do not believe that we were at any time in any real danger, yet from our inexperience in the peculiarities of Arctic navigation, I think the coolest judgment would have been liable to occasional misgivings as to what might arise from possible contingencies. Now, however, all was right; the result had justified our anticipations; we had reached the so longed-for goal; and as I stowed myself snugly away in the hollow of my cot, I could not help heartily congratulating myself that—for that night at all events—there was no danger of the ship knocking a hole in her bottom against some hummock which the look-out had been too sleepy to observe; and that Wilson could not come in the next morning and announce “ice all round, a-all ro-ound!” In a quarter of an hour afterwards, all was still on board the *Foam*; and the lonely little ship lay floating on the glassy bosom of the sea, apparently as inanimate as the landscape.

My feelings on awakening next morning were very pleasant; something like what one used to feel the first morning after one's return from school, on seeing pink curtains glistening round one's head instead of the dirty-white boards of a turn-up bedstead. When Wilson came in with my hot water I could not help triumphantly remarking to him: “Well, Wilson, you see we've got to Spitzbergen after all!” But Wilson was not a man to be driven from his convictions by facts; he only smiled grimly, with a look which meant: “Would we were safe back again!” Poor Wilson! he would have gone only half way with Bacon in his famous *Apo'hthegm*; he would willingly “commit the beginnings of all actions to Argus, with his hundred eyes, and the ends”—to Centipede, with his hundred legs. “First to watch, and then to speed”—*away!* would have been his pithy emendation.

Immediately after breakfast we pulled to the shore, carrying in the gig with us the photographic apparatus, tents, guns, ammunition, and the goat. Poor old thing! she had suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness, and I thought a run ashore might do her good. On the left-hand side of the sea there ran a low flat belt of black moss,

about half a mile abroad; and as this appeared the only point in the neighbourhood likely to offer any attraction to reindeer, it was on this side that I determined to land. My chief reason for having run into English Bay rather than Magdalena Bay was because we had been told at Hammerfest that it was the more likely place of the two for deer; and as we were sadly in want of fresh meat this advantage quite decided us in our choice. As soon, therefore, as we had superintended the erection of the tent, and set Wilson hard at work cleaning the glasses for the photographs, we slung our rifles on our backs and set off in search of deer. But in vain did I peer through my telescope across the dingy flat in front; not a vestige of horn was to be seen, although in several places we came upon impressions of their track. At last our confidence in the reports of their great plenty became considerably diminished. Still, the walk was very refreshing after our confinement on board; and although the thermometer was below freezing, the cold only made the exercise more pleasant. A little to the northward I observed, lying on the seashore, innumerable logs of driftwood. This wood is floated all the way from America by the Gulf Stream, and as I walked from one huge bole to another I could not help wondering in what primeval forest each had grown, what chance had originally cast them on the waters and piloted them to this desert shore. Mingled with this fringe of unhewn timber that lined the beach lay waifs and strays of a more sinister kind: pieces of broken spars, an oar, a boat's flagstaff, and a few shattered fragments of some long-lost vessel's planking. Here and there, too, we would come upon skulls of walrus, ribs and shoulder blades of bears—brought possibly by the ice in winter. Turning again from the sea, we resumed our search for deer; but two or three hours more very stiff walking produced no better luck. Suddenly a cry from Fitz, who had wandered a little to the right, brought us helter-skelter to the spot where he was standing. But it was not a stag he had called us to come and look upon.

Half embedded in the black moss at his feet, there lay a grey deal coffin, falling almost to pieces with age; the lid was gone—blown off probably by the wind—and within were stretched the bleaching bones of a human skeleton. A rude cross at the head of the grave still stood partially upright, and a half-obliterated Dutch inscription preserved a record of the dead man's name and age.

. VANDER SCHELLING
 COMMAN JACOB MOOR

OB 2 JUNE 1758 AET 44.

It was evidently some poor whaler of the last century, to whom his companions had given the only burial possible in this frost-hardened earth, which even the summer sun has no force to penetrate beyond a couple of inches, and which will not afford to man the shallowest grave. A bleak resting-place for that hundred years' slumber, I thought, as I gazed on the dead mariner's remains!

"I was snowed over with snow,
And beaten with rains,
And drenched with the dews;
Dead have I long been,—"

murmured the Vala to Odin in Nifelheim, and whispers of a similar import seemed to rise up from the lidless coffin before us. It was no brother mortal that lay at our feet—softly folded in the embraces of mother earth—but a poor scarecrow, gibbeted for ages on this bare rock, like a dead Prometheus; the vulture, frost, gnawing for ever on his bleaching relics, and yet eternally preserving them!

On another part of the coast we found two other corpses yet more scantily sepulchred, without so much as a cross to mark their resting-place. Even in the palmy days of the whale fisheries, it was the practice of the Dutch and English sailors to leave the wooden coffins, in which they had placed their comrades' remains, exposed upon the shore; and I have been told by an eye-witness, that in Magdalena Bay there are to be seen, even to this day, the bodies of men who died upwards of 250 years ago, in such complete preservation that when you pour hot water on the icy coating which encases them, you can actually see the unchanged features of the dead, through the transparent incrustation.

As soon as Fitz had gathered a few of the little flowering mosses that grew inside the coffin, we proceeded on our way, leaving poor Jacob Moor—like his great namesake—alone in his glory.

Turning to the right, we scrambled up the spur of one of the mountains on the eastern side of the plain, and thence dived down among the lateral valleys that run up between them. Although by this means we opened up quite a new system of hills and basins and gullies, the general scenery did not change its characteristics. All vegetation—if the black moss deserves such a name—ceases when you ascend twenty feet above the level of the sea, and the sides of the mountains become nothing but steep slopes of schist, split and crumbled into an even surface by the frost. Every step we took unfolded a fresh succession of these jagged spikes and breakneck acclivities, in an unending variety of quaint configuration. Mountain climbing has never been a hobby of mine, so I was not

tempted to play the part of Excelsior on any of these hill sides, but for those who love such exercise a fairer or a more dangerous opportunity of distinguishing themselves could not be imagined. The supercargo or owner of the very first Dutch ship that ever came to Spitzbergen broke his neck in attempting to climb a hill in Prince Charles's Foreland. Barentz very nearly lost several of his men under similar circumstances, and when Scoresby succeeded in making the ascent of another hill near Horn Sound, it was owing to his having taken the precaution of marking each upward step in chalk, that he was ever able to get down again. The prospect from the summit—the approach to which was by a ridge so narrow that he sat astride upon its edge—seems amply to have repaid the exertion; and I do not think I can give you a better idea of the general effect of Spitzbergen scenery than by quoting his striking description of the panorama he beheld.

“The prospect was most extensive and grand. A fine sheltered bay was seen to the east of us, an arm of the same on the north-east, and the sea, whose glassy surface was unruffled by a breeze, formed an immense expanse on the west; the icebergs rearing their proud crests almost to the tops of mountains between which they were lodged, and defying the power of the solar beams, were scattered in various directions about the sea coast and in the adjoining bays. Beds of snow and ice filling extensive hollows, and giving an enamelled coat to adjoining valleys, one of which, commencing at the foot of the mountain where we stood, extended in a continued line towards the north, as far as the eye could reach—mountain rising above mountain, until by distance they dwindled into insignificance—the whole contrasted by a cloudless canopy of deepest azure, and enlightened by the rays of a blazing sun, and the effect aided by a feeling of danger, seated as we were on the pinnacle of a rock almost surrounded by tremendous precipices—all united to constitute a picture singularly sublime.

“Our descent we found really a very hazardous and, in some instances, a painful undertaking. Every movement was a work of deliberation. Having by much care, and with some anxiety, made good our descent to the top of the secondary hills, we took our way down one of the steepest banks, and slid forward with great facility in a sitting posture. Towards the foot of the hill, an expanse of snow stretched across the line of descent. This being loose and soft, we entered upon it without fear, but on reaching the middle of it, we came to a surface of solid ice, perhaps a hundred yards across, over which we launched with astonishing velocity, but happily escaped without injury. The men whom we left below

viewed this latter movement with astonishment and fear."

So universally does this strange land bristle with peaks and needles of stone, that the views we ourselves obtained—though perhaps from a lower elevation, and certainly without the risk—scarcely yielded either in extent or picturesque grandeur to the scene described by Dr. Scoresby.

Having pretty well overrun the country to the northward, without coming on any more satisfactory signs of deer than their hoofprints in the moss, we returned on board. The next day—but I need not weary you with a journal of our daily proceedings—for however interesting each moment of our stay in Spitzbergen was to ourselves, as much perhaps from a vague expectation of what we might see, as from anything we actually did see—a minute account of every walk we took, and every bone we picked up, or every human skeleton we came upon, would probably only make you wonder why on earth we should have wished to come so far to see so little. Suffice it to say that we explored the neighbourhood in the three directions left open to us by the mountains, that we climbed the two most accessible of the glaciers, rowed across to the opposite side of the bay, descended a certain distance along the sea coast, and, in fact, exhausted all the lions of the vicinity.

During the whole period of our stay in Spitzbergen, we had enjoyed unclouded sunshine. The nights were even brighter than the days, and afforded Fitz an opportunity of taking some photographic views by the light of a *midnight* sun. The cold was never very intense, though the thermometer remained below freezing; but about four o'clock every evening, the salt water bay in which the schooner lay was veneered over with a pellicle of ice one eighth of an inch in thickness, and so elastic that even when the sea beneath was considerably agitated, its surface remained unbroken, the smooth, round waves taking the appearance of billows of oil. If such is the effect produced by the slightest modification of the sun's power in the month of August, you can imagine what must be the result of his total disappearance beneath the horizon. The winter is, in fact, unendurable. Even in the height of summer the moisture inherent in the atmosphere is often frozen into innumerable particles, so minute as to assume the appearance of an impalpable mist. Occasionally persons have wintered on the island, but unless the greatest precautions have been taken for their preservation, the consequences have been almost invariably fatal. About the same period as when the party of Dutch sailors were left at Jan Mayen, a similar experiment was tried in Spitzbergen. At the former place it was scurvy rather than cold, which destroyed the poor wretches

left there to fight it out with winter; at Spitzbergen, as well as could be gathered from their journal, it appeared that they had perished from the intolerable severity of the climate, and the contorted attitudes in which their bodies were found lying, too plainly indicated the amount of agony they had suffered. No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the flesh it brings the skin away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?

It was now time to think of going south again; we had spent many more days on the voyage to Spitzbergen than I had expected, and I was continually haunted by the dread of your becoming anxious at not hearing from us. It was a great disappointment to be obliged to return without having got any deer, but your peace of mind was of more consequence to me than a shipload of horns; and accordingly we decided on not remaining more than another day in our present berth, leaving it still an open question whether we should not run up to Magdalena Bay—if the weather proved very inviting—the last thing before quitting for ever the Spitzbergen shores.

We had killed nothing as yet, except a few eider ducks and one or two ice-birds—the most graceful winged creatures I have ever seen, with immensely long pinions and plumage of spotless white. Although enormous seals from time to time used to lift their wise, grave faces above the water, with the dignity of sea-gods, none of us had any great inclination to slay such rational, human-looking creatures, and—with the exception of these and a white fish, a species of whale—no other living thing had been visible. On the very morning, however, of the day settled for our departure, Fitz came down from a solitary expedition up a hill with the news of his having seen some ptarmigan. Having taken a rifle with him instead of a gun, he had not been able to shoot more than one, which he had brought back in triumph as proof of the authenticity of his report; but the extreme juvenility of his victim hardly permitted us to identify the species, the hole made by the bullet being about

the same size as the bird. Nevertheless, the slightest prospect of obtaining a supply of fresh meat was enough to reconcile us to any amount of exertion; therefore, on the strength of the pinch of feathers which Fitz kept gravely assuring us was the game he had bagged, we seized our guns—I took a rifle in case of a possible bear—and set our faces toward the hill. After a good hour's pull we reached the shoulder which Fitz had indicated as the scene of his exploit, but a patch of snow was the only thing visible. Suddenly I saw Sigurdr, who was remarkably sharp-sighted, run rapidly in the direction of the snow and, bringing his gun up to his shoulder, point it—as well as I could distinguish—at his own toes. When the smoke of the shot had cleared away, I fully expected to see the Icelandic prostrate, but he was already reloading with the greatest expedition. Determined to prevent the repetition of so dreadful an attempt at self-destruction, I rushed to the spot. Guess, then, my relief when the bloody body of a ptarmigan—driven by so point blank a discharge a couple of feet into the snow—was triumphantly dragged forth by instalments from the sepulchre which it had received contemporaneously with its death wound, and thus happily accounted for Sigurdr's extraordinary proceeding. At the same moment I perceived two or three dozen other birds, brothers and sisters of the defunct, calmly strutting about under our very noses. By this time Sigurdr had reloaded, Fitz had also come up, and a regular massacre began. Retiring to a distance—for it was the case of Mahomet and the mountain reversed—the two sportsmen opened fire upon the innocent community, and in a few seconds sixteen corpses strewed the ground.

Scarcely had they finished off the last survivor of this Niobe family, when we were startled by the distant report of a volley of musketry, fired in the direction of the schooner. I could not conceive what had happened. Had a mutiny taken place? Was Mr. Wyse re-enacting, with a less docile ship's company, the pistol scene on board the Glasgow steamer? Again resounded the rattle of the firing. At all events, there was no time to be lost in getting back; so, tying up the birds in three bundles, we flung ourselves down into the gulley by which we had ascended, and leaping on from stone to stone, to the infinite danger of our limbs and necks—rolled rather than ran down the hill. On rounding the lower wall of the curve which hitherto had hid what was passing from our eyes, the first thing I observed was Wilson breasting up the hill, evidently in a state of the greatest agitation. As soon as he thought himself within earshot, he stopped dead short, and making a speaking-trumpet with his hands, shrieked—rather than shouted: “If you please, my lord!”—(as I have already

said, Wilson never forgot *les convenances*)—"If you please, my lord, there's a b-e-a-a-a-r!" prolonging the last word into a polysyllable of fearful import. Concluding by the enthusiasm he was exhibiting, that the animal in question was at his heels, hidden from us probably by the inequality of the ground, I cocked my rifle and prepared to roll him over the moment he should appear in sight. But what was my disappointment when, on looking towards the schooner, my eye caught sight of our three boats fastened in a row, and towing behind them a white floating object, which my glass only too surely resolved the next minute into the dead bear!

On descending to the shore, I learned the whole story.

As Mr. Wyse was pacing the deck, his attention was suddenly attracted by a white speck in the water, swimming across from Prince Charles's Foreland—the long island which lies over against English Bay. When first observed, the creature, whatever it might be, was about a mile and a half off—the width of the channel between the island and the main being about five miles. Some said it was a bird, others a whale, and the cook suggested a mermaid. When the fact was ascertained that it was a bona fide bear, a gun was fired as a signal for us to return; but it was evident that unless at once intercepted, Bruin would get ashore. Mr. Wyse, therefore, very properly determined to make sure of him. This was a matter of no difficulty: the poor beast showed very little fight. His first impulse was to swim away from the boat; and even after he had been wounded, he only turned round once or twice upon his pursuers. The honour of having given him his death wound rests between the steward and Mr. Wyse; both contend for it. The evidence is conflicting, as at least half a dozen mortal wounds were found in the animal's body; each may be considered to have had a share in his death. Mr. Grant rests his claim principally upon the fact of his having put two bullets in my new rifle—which must have greatly improved the bore of that instrument. On the strength of this precaution, he now wears as an ornament about his person one of the bullets extracted from the gizzard of our prize.

All this time, Wilson had been on shore, busily occupied in taking photographs. As soon as the bear was observed, a signal was made to him from the ship, to warn him of the visitor he might shortly expect on shore. Naturally concluding that the bear would in all probability make for the tent as soon as he reached land, it became a subject of consideration with him what course he should pursue. Weapons he had none, unless the chemicals he was using might be so regarded. Should he try the influence of chloroform on his enemy; or launch the whole photographic apparatus at his grisly head, and

take to his heels? Thought is rapid, but the bear's progress seemed equally expeditious; it was necessary to arrive at some speedy conclusion. To fly was to desert his post and leave the camp in possession of the spoiler; life and honour were equally dear to him. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

At the time the goat had been disembarked to take her pleasure on *terra firma*, our crow's nest barrel had been landed with her. At this moment it was standing unoccupied by the side of the tent. By creeping into it, and turning its mouth downward on the ground, Wilson perceived that he should convert it into a tower of strength for himself against the enemy, while its legitimate occupant, becoming at once a victim to the bear's voracity, would probably prevent the monster from investigating too curiously its contents. It was quite a pity that the interposition of the boats prevented his putting this ingenious plan into execution. He had been regularly *done* out of a situation, in which the most poignant agony of mind and dreary anticipations would have been absolutely required of him. He pictured the scene to himself; he, lying fermenting in the barrel like a curious vintage; the bear sniffing querulously round it, perhaps cracking it like a cocoanut, or extracting him like a periwinkle! Of these chances he had been deprived by the interference of the crew. Friends are often injudiciously meddling.

Although I felt a little vexation that one of us should not have had the honour of slaying the bear in single combat—which would certainly have been for the benefit of his skin—the unexpected luck of having got one at all, made us quite forget our personal disappointment. As for my people, they were beside themselves with delight. To have killed a Polar bear was a great thing—but to eat him would be greater. If artistically dealt with, his carcass would probably cut up into a supply of fresh meat for many days. One of the hands happened to be a butcher. Whenever I wanted anything, a little out of the way, to be done on board, I was sure to find that it happened to be the *spécialité* of someone of the ship's company. In the course of a few hours, the late bear was converted into a row of the most tempting morsels of beef, hung about the rigging. Instead of in flags, the ship was dressed in joints. In the meantime it so happened that the fox—having stolen a piece of offal—was in a few minutes afterwards seized with convulsions. I had already given orders that the bear's liver should be thrown overboard, as being—if not poisonous—at all events very unwholesome. The seizure of the fox, coupled with this injunction, brought about a complete revolution in the men's minds with regard to the delicacies they had been so daintily preparing for themselves. Silently, one by one, the pieces were untied and thrown

into the sea: I do not think a mouthful of bear was eaten on board the *Foam*. I never heard whether it was in consequence of any prognostics of Wilson's that this act of self-denial was put into practice. I observed, however, that for some days after the slaughter and dismemberment of the bear, my ship's company presented an unaccountably sleek appearance. As for the steward, his head and whiskers seemed carved out of black marble: a varnished boot would not have looked half so bright: I could have seen to shave myself in his black hair. I conclude, therefore, that the ingenious cook must—at all events—have succeeded in manufacturing a supply of genuine bear's grease, of which they had largely availed themselves.

The bagging of the bear had so gloriously crowned our visit to Spitzbergen, that our disappointment about the deer was no longer thought of; it was therefore with light hearts, and most complete satisfaction, that we prepared for departure.

Maid Marian had already carved on a flat stone an inscription in Roman letters, recording the visit of the *Foam* to English Bay; and a cairn having been erected to receive it, the tablet was solemnly lifted to its resting place. Underneath I placed a tin box, containing a memorandum similar to that left at Jan Mayen, as well as a printed dinner invitation from Lady —, which I happened to have on board. Having planted a boat's flag beside the rude monument, and brought on board with us a load of driftwood, to serve hereafter as Christmas yule logs—we bade an eternal adieu to the silent hills around us; and weighing anchor, stood out to sea. For some hours a lack of wind still left us hanging about the shore, in the midst of a grave society of seals; but soon after, a gentle breeze sprang up in the south, and about three o'clock on Friday, August 11, we again found ourselves spanking along before a six-knot breeze over the pale green sea.

In considering the course on which I should take the vessel home, it appeared to me that in all probability we should have been much less pestered by the ice on our way to Spitzbergen if, instead of hugging the easterly ice, we had kept more away to the westward; I determined therefore, as soon as we got clear of the land, to stand right over to the Greenland shore, on a due west course, and not to attempt to make any southing until we should have struck the Greenland ice. The length of our tether in that direction being ascertained, we could then judge of the width of the channel down which we were to beat, for it was still blowing pretty fresh from the southward.

Up to the evening of the day on which we quitted English Bay, the weather had been most beautiful; calm, sunshiny, dry and

pleasant. With a few hours of our getting under weigh, a great change had taken place, and by midnight it had become as foggy and disagreeable as ever. The sea was pretty clear. During the few days we had been on shore, the northerly current had brushed away the great angular field of ice which had lain off the shore, in a north-west direction; so that instead of being obliged to run up very nearly to the eightieth parallel—in order to round it—we were enabled to sail to the westward at once. During the course of the night, we came upon one or two wandering patches of drift ice, but so loosely packed that we had no difficulty in pushing through them. About four o'clock in the morning, a long line of close ice was reported right ahead, stretching south as far as the eye could reach. We had come about eighty miles since leaving Spitzbergen. The usual boundary of the Greenland ice in summer runs—according to Scoresby—along the second meridian of west longitude. This we had already crossed; so that it was to be presumed the barricade we saw before us was a frontier of the fixed ice. In accordance, therefore, with my pre-determined plan, we now began working to the southward, and the result fully justified my expectations.

The sea became comparatively clear, as far as could be seen from the deck of the vessel; although small vagrant patches of ice that we came up with occasionally—as well as the temperature of the air and the sea—continued to indicate the proximity of larger bodies on either side of us.

It was a curious sensation with which we had gradually learnt to contemplate this inseparable companion: it had become a part of our daily existence—an element—a thing without which the general aspect of the universe would be irregular and incomplete. It was the first thing we thought of in the morning, the last thing we spoke of at night. It glittered and grinned maliciously at us in the sunshine; it winked mysteriously through the stifling fog; it stretched itself like a prostrate giant with huge, portentous shoulders and shadowy limbs right across our course; or danced gleefully in broken groups, in the little schooner's wake. There was no getting rid of it, or forgetting it; and if, at night, we sometimes returned in dreams to the green summer world—to the fervent harvest fields of England, and heard "the murmurs of innumerable bees," or the song of larks on thymy uplands—thump! bump! splash! gra-a-ate! came the sudden reminder of our friend on the starboard bow; and then sometimes a scurry on deck and a general "scrimmage" of the whole society in endeavours to prevent more serious collision. Moreover, I could not say, with your old French friend, that "Familiar'ty breeds despise." The more we saw of it, the less we liked it; its cold presence sent a

chilly sense of discouragement to the heart, and I had daily to struggle with an ardent desire to throw a boot at Wilson's head every time his sepulchral voice announced the "*Ice all round!*"

It was not until August 14, five days after quitting Spitzbergen, that we lost sight of it altogether. From that moment the temperature of the sea steadily rose, and we felt that we were sailing back again into the pleasant summer.

A sad event which occurred soon after, in some measure marred our enjoyment of the change. Ever since she had left Hammerfest, it had become too evident that a sea-going life did not agree with the goat. Even the run on shore at Spitzbergen had not sufficed to repair her shattered constitution, and the bad weather we had had ever since completed its ruin. It was certain that the butcher was the only doctor who could now cure her. In spite, therefore, of the distress it occasioned Maid Marian, I was compelled to issue orders for her execution. Sigurdr was the only person who regarded the *tragical* event with indifference, nay, almost with delight. Ever since we had commenced sailing in a southerly direction, we had been obliged to beat; but during the last four-and-twenty hours the wind kept dodging us every time we tacked, as a nervous pedestrian sets to you sometimes on a narrow *trottoir*. This spell of ill-luck the Iclander heathenishly thought would only be removed by a sacrifice to Rhin, the goddess of the sea, in which light he trusted she would look upon the goat's body when it came to be thrown overboard.

Whether the change which followed upon the consignment of her remains to the deep really resulted from such an influence, I am not prepared to say. The weather immediately thereafter certainly *did* change. First the wind dropped altogether; but though the calm lasted several hours the sea, strangely enough, appeared to become all the rougher, tossing and tumbling restlessly *up and down*—(not over and over as in a gale)—like a sick man on a fever bed; the impulse to the waves seeming to proceed from all four quarters of the world at once. Then—like jurymen with a verdict of death upon their lips—the heavy, ominous clouds slowly passed into the north-west.

A dead stillness followed—a breathless pause—until, at some mysterious signal, the solemn voice of the storm hurtled over the deep. Luckily we were quite ready for it; the gale came from the right quarter, and the fiercer it blew the better. For the next three days and three nights it was a scurry over the sea such as I never had before; nine or ten knots an hour was the very least we ever went, and 240 miles was the average distance we made every four-and-twenty hours.

Anything grander and more exciting than the sight of the sea under these circumstances—you cannot imagine. The vessel herself remains very steady; when you are below you scarcely know you are not in port. But on raising your head above the companion, the first sight which meets your eye is an upright wall of black water, towering—you hardly know how many feet—into the air over the stern. Like a lion walking on its hind legs, it comes straight at you, roaring and shaking its white mane with fury; it overtakes the vessel; the upright shiny face curves inwards; the white mane seems to hang above your very head; but ere it topples over, the nimble little ship has already slipped from underneath. You hear the disappointed jaws of the sea monster snap angrily together—the schooner disdainfully kicks up her heel and, raging and bubbling up on either side the quarter, the unpausing wave sweeps on, and you see its round back far ahead, gradually swelling upwards as it gathers strength and volume for a new effort.

We had now got considerably to the southward of North Cape. We had already seen several ships, and you would hardly imagine with what childish delight my people hailed these symptoms of having again reached more “Christian latitudes,” as they called them.

I had always intended, ever since my conversation with Mr. T. about the maelstrom, to have called in at Loffoden Islands on our way south, and ascertain for myself the real truth about this famous vortex. To have blotted such a bugbear out of the map of Europe, if its existence really was a myth, would at all events have rendered our cruise not altogether fruitless. But, since leaving Spitzbergen we had never once seen the sun, and to attempt to make so dangerous a coast in a gale of wind and a thick mist, with no more certain knowledge of the ship's position than our dead reckoning afforded, was out of the question; so about one o'clock in the morning, the weather giving no signs of improvement, the course I had shaped in the direction of the island was altered, and we stood away again to the southward. This manœuvre was not unobserved by Wilson, but he mistook its meaning. Having, I suppose, overheard us talking at dinner about the maelstrom, he now concluded the supreme hour had arrived. He did not exactly comprehend the terms we used, but had gathered that the spot was one fraught with danger. Concluding from the change made in the vessel's course that we were proceeding towards the dreadful locality, he gave himself up to despair and lay tossing in his hammock in sleepless anxiety. At last the load of his forebodings was greater than he could bear; he gets up, steals into the doctor's cabin, wakes him up and, standing over him—as the

messenger of ill-tidings once stood over Priam—whispers: “*Sir!*” “What is it?” says Fitz, thinking perhaps someone was ill. “Do you know where we are going?” “Why, to Thronthjem,” answered Fitz. “We *were* going to Thronthjem,” rejoins Wilson, “but we ain’t now—the vessel’s course was altered two hours ago. Oh, sir! we are going to Whirlpool—to *Whirl-rl-l-pooo-l!* sir!” in a quaver of consternation—and so glides back to bed like a phantom, leaving the doctor utterly unable to divine the occasion of his visit.

The whole of the next day the gale continued. We had now sailed back into night; it became therefore a question how far it would be advisable to carry on during the ensuing hours of darkness, considering how uncertain we were as to our real position. As I think I have already described to you, the west coast of Norway is very dangerous; a continuous sheet of sunken rocks lie out along its entire edge for eight or ten miles to sea. There are no lighthouses to warn the mariner off; and if we were wrong in our reckoning, as we might very well be, it was possible we might stumble on the land sooner than we expected. I knew the proper course would be to lie to quietly until we could take an observation; but time was so valuable, and I was so fearful you would be getting anxious! The night was pretty clear. High mountains, such as we were expecting to make, would be seen, even at night, several miles off. According to our log we were still 150 miles off the land, and however inaccurate our calculation might be, the error could not be of such magnitude as that amounted to. To throw away so fair a wind seemed such a pity, especially as it might be days before the sun appeared; we had already been at sea about a fortnight without a sight of him, and his appearance at all during the summer is not an act *de rigueur* in this part of the world; we might spend yet another fortnight lying to, and then after all have to poke our way blindfold to the coast; at all events it would be soon enough to lie to the next night. Such were the considerations, which—after an anxious consultation with Mr. Wyse in the cabin, and much fingering of the charts—determined me to carry on during the night.

Nevertheless, I confess I was very uneasy. Though I went to bed and fell asleep—for at sea nothing prevents that process—my slumbers were constantly agitated by the most vivid dreams that I ever remember to have had. Dreams of an arrival in England, and your coming down to meet us, and all the pleasure I had in recounting our adventures to you; then suddenly your face seemed to fade away beneath a veil of angry grey surge that broke over low, sharp-pointed rocks; and the next moment there resounded over the ship that cry which has been the preface to so many a disaster—the ring of

which, none who have ever heard it are likely to forget—"Breakers ahead!"

In a moment I was on deck, dressed—for it is always best to dress—and there sure enough, right ahead, about a mile and a half off, through the mist—which had come on very thick—I could distinguish the upward shooting fluff of seas shattering against rocks. No land was to be seen, but the line of breakers every instant became more evident; at the pace we were going, in seven or eight minutes we should be upon them. Now, thought I to myself, we shall see whether a stout heart beats beneath the silk tartan! The result covered that brilliant garment with glory and salt water. To tack was impossible, we could only wear—and to wear in such a sea was no very pleasant operation. But the little ship seemed to know what she was about, as well as any of us: up went the helm, round came the schooner into the trough of the sea; high over her quarter toppled an enormous sea, built up of I know not how many tons of water, and hung over the deck; by some unaccountable wriggle, an instant ere it thundered down, she had twisted her stern on one side, and the wave passed underneath. In another minute her head was to the sea, the mainsail was eased over, and all danger was past.

What was now to be done? That the land we had seen was the coast of Norway, I could not believe. Wrong as our dead reckoning evidently was, it could not be so wrong as that. Yet only one other supposition was possible, viz., that we had not come so far south as we imagined, and that we had stumbled upon Roost—a little rocky island that lies about twenty miles to the southward of the Loffoden Islands. Whether this conjecture was correct or not, did not much matter; to go straight away to sea, and lie to until we could get an observation, was the only thing to be done. Away then we went, struggling against a tremendous sea for a good nine hours, until we judged ourselves to be seventy or eighty miles from where we had sighted the breakers—when we lay to, not in the best of tempers. The next morning, not only was it blowing as hard as ever, but all chance of getting a sight that day seemed also out of the question. I could have eaten my head with impatience. However, as it is best never to throw a chance away, about half-past eleven o'clock, though the sky resembled an even sheet of lead, I got my sextant ready, and told Mr. Wyse to do the same.

Now, out of tenderness for your feminine ignorance, I must state, that in order to take an observation, it is necessary to get a sight of the sun at a particular moment of the day: this moment is noon. When, therefore, twelve o'clock came, and one could not so much as guess in what quarter of the heavens he might be lying *perdu*, you may

suppose I almost despaired. Ten minutes past. It was evident we were doomed to remain, kicking our heels for another four-and-twenty hours where we were. No!—yes!—no! By Phœbus! there he is! A faint spongy spot of brightness gleamed through the grey roof overhead. The indistinct outline grew a little clearer; one half of him, though still behind a cloud, hardened into a sharp edge. Up went the sextant. “52.43!” (or whatever it was) I shouted to Mr. Wyse. “52.41, my lord!” cried he, in return; there was only the discrepancy of a mile between us. We had got the altitude; the sun might go to bed for good and all now, we did not care—we knew our position to an inch. There had been an error of something like forty miles in our dead reckoning, in consequence—as I afterwards found—of a current that sets to the northward along the west coast of Norway, with a velocity varying from one to three miles an hour. The island upon which we had so nearly run *was* Roost. We were still nearly 200 miles from our port. “Turn the hands up! Make sail!” and away we went again on the same course as before.

By three o'clock next day we were up with Vigten; and now a very nasty piece of navigation began. In order to make the northern entrance of the Thronthjem Fiord, you have first to find your way into what is called the Froh Havet—a kind of oblong basin about sixteen miles long, formed by a ledge of low rocks running parallel with the mainland at a distance of ten miles to seaward. Though the space between this outer boundary and the coast is so wide—in consequence of the network of sunken rocks which stuffs it up—the passage by which a vessel can enter is very narrow, and the only landmark to enable you to find the channel is the head one of the string of outer islets. As this rock is about the size of a dining-table, perfectly flat, and rising only a few feet above the level of the sea, to attempt to make it is like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. It was already beginning to grow very late and dark by the time we had come up with the spot where it ought to have been, but not a vestige of such a thing had turned up. Should we not sight it in a quarter of an hour, we must go to sea again and lie to for the night—a very unpleasant alternative for any one so impatient as I was to reach a port. Just as I was going to give the order, Fitz—who was certainly the Lynceus of the ship's company—espied its black back just peeping up above the tumbling water on our starboard bow.

In another half-hour we were stealing down in quiet water towards the entrance of the fiord. No pilot had appeared; and it was without any such functionary that the schooner swept up next morning between the wooded, grain-laden slopes of the beautiful loch, to Thronthjem, the capital of the ancient sea kings of Norway.

ROGER ASCHAM to LADY JANE GREY

Roger Ascham, a celebrated scholar of his time, and tutor to Queen Elizabeth, was a great admirer of the learning of Lady Jane Grey, who, for her years—she was only seventeen when she was executed for her hapless part in the rising against Mary Tudor—was a remarkably fine classical scholar. This letter to her was written while Ascham was secretary to the English Ambassador to Charles V of Austria.

Dated Augsburg, January 18, 1551.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADY,

In this long travel of mine, I have passed over wide tracts of country, and seen the largest cities, I have studied the customs, institutes, laws, and religion of many men and diverse nations, with as much diligence as I was able: but in all this variety of subjects, nothing has caused in me so much wonder as my having fallen upon you last summer, a maiden of noble birth, and that too in the absence of your tutor, in the hall of your most noble family, and at a time when others, both men and women, give themselves up to hunting and pleasures, you, a divine maiden, reading carefully in Greek the *Phaedo* of the divine Plato; and happier in being so occupied than because you derive your birth, both on your father's side, and on your mother's, from kings and queens! Go on then, most accomplished maiden, to bring honour on your country, happiness on your parents, glory to yourself, credit to your tutor, congratulation to all your friends, and the greatest admiration to all strangers!

O happy Elmar in having such a pupil, and happier still you, in having such a tutor . . . I ask two things of you, my dear Elmar, for I suppose you will read this letter, that you will persuade the Lady Jane to write me a letter in Greek as soon as possible; for she promised she would do so. . . . I have also lately written to John Sturm, and told him that she had promised. Take care that I get a letter soon from her as well as from you. It is a long way for letters to come, but John Hales will be a most convenient letter carrier and bring them safely. . . .

JOHN MILTON *to* THOMAS JURE

This is a very early letter of the great poet, written in Latin to a master at St. Paul's School when he was only seventeen.

Dated London, March 26, 1625.

MY DEAR PRECEPTOR,

Although I had determined to send you a short letter in verse, I concluded that I would not be satisfied without writing another in prose; for the boundless gratitude which you may justly claim from me is not to be expressed in that restricted method, which must be measured by feet and syllables; but in untrammelled language, or rather, if I could accomplish it, in the exuberant style of the East. Yet, to declare how much I owe you, is far beyond my abilities, even were I to appropriate all the "topics" that Aristotle, or the logician of Paris has furnished; and exhaust the fountains of eloquence. You complain with truth, that my letters to you are very rare and short; but my deficiency in this agreeable and welcome duty does not grieve me, so much as the consciousness gratifies me—almost to exultation, that I occupy such a place in your friendship as requires to hear from me frequently. I beg you not to put a bad construction on the fact that I have not written to you for more than three years, but in your great kindness and good nature, put a milder interpretation on my neglect. For I call God to witness, that I honour you as a father; that I have a particular veneration for you, but fear to disturb you with my scribblings; and since they have nothing else to recommend them, I am resolved that they shall be rare. And as the strong affection I have for you enables me at any time to bring you before me, and see you and address you as if you were present, I can console my sorrow (as is usual in love) with the bare imagination of your company, though indeed I fear that as soon as I should think of sending you a letter, it would suddenly occur to me how distant you are, and my regret for your absence, just as it was alleviated, would be renewed, and the vision vanish.

I received some time ago your very acceptable present of a Hebrew Bible. I write this in London, in the midst of city distractions, and not surrounded by books as I am accustomed to be; and if this letter should disappoint, instead of gratifying you, it shall be compensated in a more elaborate attempt when I return to the walks of the muses.

ALEXANDER POPE to JOSEPH ADDISON

Pope's "Essay on Criticism" was first published in his own name in 1711, and though at first it sold slowly, it later was brilliantly successful. Addison did much to add to Pope's growing reputation by his praise of "Essay on Criticism" in the "Spectator," No. 253. In connexion with a reprint of the essay, Pope wrote this letter.

Dated October 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility, being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of *Cato* can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your goodwill, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a further request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the *Essay on Criticism*, to which you have done too much honour in your *Spectator* of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature

into that essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written, but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same *Spectator*, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics. I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, *Heglouvdewgoroyarwy*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, your, etc.

DEAN SWIFT to ALEXANDER POPE

This letter was written when the literary world was hugely diverted by the publication of "Travels Into Several Remote Nations of the World," by Lemuel Gulliver, known more simply now as "Gulliver's Travels." Swift published this book anonymously at first, and though Pope was in the secret, it pleases Swift here to keep up the pretence.

Dated Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered, and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed; so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do

not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a Court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is very much longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables. . . . Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems in the second volume particularly.

Adieu.

JOHN GAY to JONATHAN SWIFT

The author of the "Beggar's Opera," writing to Swift on the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," is being very waggish about the anonymous authorship of the book.

Dated November 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since; the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search of particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your Friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares that she has now found out that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part

of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say his design is impious; and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand; though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed lords and commons *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house; which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice

we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to where you can get better.

You fancy we envy you; but you are mistaken: we envy those you are with; for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

ALEXANDER POPE to JONATHAN SWIFT

Pope is sending a newspaper cutting to Dr. Swift, in which he has found the names Gulliver and Jonathan in conjunction, and telling him all the literary gossip of London—among other things of the great success of Gay's "Beggar's Opera." Dr. Swift's reply follows this letter.

Dated March 23, 1727-1728.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England; wherein you will find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age; which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds: he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said; for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts or words, in quiet. I despise the world, yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you; and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend, I would suppress my dullness (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*)—how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends

to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could be as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily; my greatest, both by duty, gratitude and humanity, time is shaking every moment; and it now hangs by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable; your deafness would agree with my dullness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that, it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself):—

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, credite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean that *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows,* it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom. Adieu.

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them.

JONATHAN SWIFT to ALEXANDER POPE

Dated Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my lord lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easiness and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*); and for England, I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess

freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this *Dunciad*; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the *Beggar's Opera* hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satur*. Adieu.

THOMAS GRAY to HORACE WALPOLE

The friendship of Thomas Gray, the poet, with Horace Walpole, son of Sir Robert Walpole, is famous. The two men were at Eton together, and later made the Grand Tour together. They quarrelled, and returned home separately, but later, in 1744, their friendship was renewed. These two letters were written when Gray was twenty-three and before the famous Continental tour.

Dated September, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous; both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like

* At Burnham, in Buckinghamshire.

most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:—

And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud, too, that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old,* and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

Dated Burnham, September, 1737.

I SYMPATHIZE with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part, I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do; but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and, heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more, I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather choose to converse with the living dead that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; and prefer a picture of still life to the realities of a noisy one; and, as I guess, will imitate what you prefer, and for an hour or two at noon will stick yourself up as formal as if you had been fixed in your frame for these hundred years, with a pink or rose in one hand, and a great seal ring on the other. Your name, I assure you, has been propagated in these countries by a convert of yours, one —; he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now

* He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called *tragi-composition*.

they are absolute Walpolians. We have hardly anybody in the parish but knows exactly the dimensions of the hall and saloon at Houghton, and begin to believe that the lanthorn* is not so great a consumer of the fat of the land as disaffected persons have said; for your reputation, we keep to ourselves your not hunting nor drinking hogan, either of which here would be sufficient to lay your honour in the dust. Tomorrow se'nnight I hope to be in town, and not long after at Cambridge. I am, etc.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH *to* HIS MOTHER

Oliver Goldsmith had a somewhat checkered career as a youth. While he was pursuing a not very happy course at Trinity College, Dublin, his father died, leaving the family in very poor circumstances. In 1744, Oliver obtained his degree, and the next two years were spent partly at home and partly trying to settle down to some career. In all essays in this direction, including an attempt to enter the Church, he was unsuccessful. In 1751, he determined to emigrate to America; and with relief, his family saw him set off for Cork, with £30 in his pocket, riding a good horse. What happened is best told in this letter to his mother, written from Cork.

[c. 1751.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,

IF you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my

* A favourite object of Tory satire at the time.

dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and made adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way, I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he

dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?" I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have often done for you." To which he firmly answered: "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he; "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not in the first place apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if

nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives; one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them: for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

*I read this book, & it gives
me a great interest of
reader.*

Read it

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU *to* THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Elizabeth Montagu was famous for her learning and for the intellectual circles in which she moved during a time when such tastes among women were comparatively rare. Followers of her set called her the Madame du Deffand of London, but popularly she and her friends were called the "Blue Stockings." She wrote the last three of the dialogues in Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead." These three letters to the Duchess of Portland are typical of her scholarly and polished style.

Dated Allerthorpe, October 2, 1742.

MY MOST DEAR FRIEND,

Love is the fulfilling of the law; your Grace orders me to write to you a sheet of quarto paper brimful; behold, my inclination, exceeding your command has chosen a folio. Most glad I am to lengthen out the time I may thus employ; how few conversations are there wherein the head or the heart are interested! If the country would afford a few reasonable companions or burthen us with none that are not so, it would really make life a different thing; but for me, who have not any sociable instinct, to lead me to creatures merely human, and, I think, scarce rational, it is really not a place of uninterrupted felicity. I do hourly thank my stars I am not married to a country squire, or a beau; for in the country all my pleasure is in my own fireside, and that only when it is not littered with queer creatures. One must receive visits and return them, such is the civil law of the nations; and if you are not more happy in it in Nottinghamshire than I am in Yorkshire, I pity you most feelingly. In London, if one meets with impertinence and offence, once seeks entertainment and pleasure only; but here one commits wilful murder on the hours, and with premeditated malice to oneself becomes *felo de se* for whole days. For an antediluvian a dining visit was proportioned to the time he had to throw away, but for the juniors of Methusalem to be thus prodigal of life, is the way to be soon bankrupt of leisure and happiness. Could you but see all the good folks that visit my poor tabernacle; O, your Grace would pity and admire! You make complaints of a want of conversation; to your sighs I reply in murmurs. When may I hope for our meeting in London? Till you come, kings' palaces and high places appear desolate. The parliament, I hear, will meet on November 15, but you did not use

to come up till January—a barbarous and heathenish custom; though when I was passing time in the delights of Bullstrode I was of another opinion. O Bullstrode, Bullstrode! when I forget thee, may my head and hand forget their cunning! A small loss perhaps you will think for the most unpolitic head, and the most unskilful hand in the world; but their little *savoir faire* is necessary. I hope to see Bullstrode again before my eyes grow dim with age, and, what is more presumptuous, to see the honour and ornaments of Bullstrode at Sandleford. Mr. William Robinson is just come, I must go down to him.

I am returned again to my dear lady duchess; I stole from the company below stairs, after they had drunk tea, and have again for the thousandth time read over your delightful letter; you have brought wit out of — and —; verily I had not known the trees by the fruit; but you can work wonders when you please. They are indeed half as witty as Sir John Falstaff; that is, they are the cause of wit in other people. Your account of them is extremely entertaining; but I forgot that you never could write tolerably, but were always a mighty dull correspondent; you have told me so a thousand times, and it is a strange thing I never could remember it. I should be glad to have a party of horse to guard your letters, but for mine I am assured they will go very safely by the by-post; if I revoke I will pay two tricks, as they do at cards. I am sorry my first letter was not so formidably formal* as it should have been; but, to say the truth, I thought if it was too much upon the serious it would be suspected of being wrote for the occasion. As for what I said of Don, if — likes her, we are of the same opinion, if not, we shall not be rivals. I said, in my last letter, that I should not write to you till I have finished my peregrinations, and intimated that I should forbear troubling you with a letter till I could send your Grace a map of Yorkshire; you may suppose that was said on purpose to prevent any inquiries after my letters, for as to my travels, the serjeant's circuit round the fire would be a tour as well worthy of memory. Pray when shall you visit the noble family at Brodsworth? I wish I was in their neighbourhood; I fancy it is a paradisaical family, and having the honour to be in some degree of favour with your Grace, I should hope to be admitted to their acquaintance. I honour their manner of life and affection for each other; to maintain continual cheerfulness, without the gay pleasures of our great city, is great praise. Oh that you were to go, with only the duke, to Brodsworth, and that Doncaster were within a day's journey from hence! I have love for your company that

* The duchess was unwilling to show the whole of their intimate correspondence to Lady Oxford.

would, if not remove mountains, pass them. We might meet at Doncaster, if it were not for that odious impediment of almost all human desires, impossibility. I should be much diverted to hear that Desdemona was enamoured by these stories "passing strange"; the hero being a fair man into the bargain, and having, in all "hair-breadth 'scapes," received not one scar; it is not impossible but something "wondrous pitiful" may be awakened in her tender heart. I return a thousand thanks for your long letter; I rejoice that the duke and the little angels are well.

I am, madam, your Grace's ever grateful, affectionate, faithful, humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

Dated November 5, 1742.

MADAM,

My heart and hand are too much yours to permit me to employ another's to dictate, or write to your Grace, when I am able to do it. I had your letter, for which I am obliged to you; I feel all the sensibility of friendship when I reflect you are unhappy. I hope my lord duke will have no more of the complaint in his stomach. Lady Oxford really knows her remedy, and I hope you will prevail upon her ladyship to go to Bath. I had not any letter from Dr. Sandys, but you know he has always a very tedious labour when he goes of a letter.

I wish though, he was well delivered of this, for I am impatient to know my doom; whether I am to sit here, like Patience on a monument, or may be allowed, in my quondam character of a Fidget, to bustle into the bustling world. My appetite for the country is satisfied, and I should like to see London fine town again; and I shall be a poor wife (pity, but for the verse, if were maiden) forsaken,

"Yet must bear a contended mind,
But when leave of me he has taken,
I can't have another as kind."

The last line sets forth the melancholy circumstance. As for single ladies, the loss of a lover is nothing; for, as Millament says, one makes as many as one pleases, and keeps them as long as one pleases; but it is worth while to take care of a good husband, for they are reckoned rarities. I am pretty well at present, but I don't much like this sort of constitution. I believe Sandys would not tell his wife a secret for fear she should go abroad to tell it, and, you know, he loves she should sit, like sober puss in the corner, to offend all those

who would annoy the cheese, or other good things in his cupboard; for, I guess, it is from some principle of economy that he keeps her at home.

I am, madam, your Grace's faithful, humble servant,

E. M.

Dated Allerthorpe, November 19, 1742.

MADAM,

What prophets are my fears! they whispered to me your Grace was not well, and I find their suggestions were true. Hard state of things, that one may believe one's fears but cannot rely upon one's hopes! I imagined concern would have an ill effect on your constitution; I know you have many pledges in the hands of fate, and I feared for you, and everything that was near and dear to you. I am sensible your regard and tenderness for Lady Oxford will make you suffer extremely when you see her ill; she has therefore a double portion of my good wishes, on her own and your Grace's account. When sensibility of heart and head makes you feel all the outrages that fortune and folly offer, why do you not envy the thoughtless giggle and unmeaning smile? "In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy." Wisdom's cup is often dash'd with sorrow, but the nepenthe of stupidity is the only medicine of life; fools neither are troubled with fear nor doubt. What did the wisdom of the wisest man teach him? Verily, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A painful lesson fools will never learn, for they are of all vanities most vain. And there is not so sweet a companion as that same vanity; when we go into the world it leads us by the hand; if we retire from it, it follows us; it meets us at court, and finds us in the country; commends the hero that gains the world, and the philosopher that forsakes it; praises the luxury of the prodigal, and the prudence of the penurious; feasts with the voluptuous, fasts with the abstemious, sits on the pen of the author, and visits the paper of the critic; reads dedications, and writes them; makes court to superiors, receives homage of inferiors; in short, it is useful, it is agreeable, and the very thing needful to happiness: had Solomon felt some inward vanity, sweet sounds had been ever in his ears without the voices of men-singers, or women-singers; he had not then said of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, what doeth it? Vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing, that fame may be acquired by it, where, like the proposal for the grinning wager,

"The frightfullest grinner
Is the winner."

Did not we think Lady C—— would get nothing by that broad grin but the toothache? But vanity, profitable vanity, was her better counsellor; and as she always imagined the heart of a lover was caught between her teeth, I cannot say his delay is an argument of her charms, or his gallantry, but she has him secure by an old proverb, that what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh, and no doubt but this love was bred in the bone, even in the jaw-bone. No wonder if tame, weak man, is subdued by that weapon with which Sampson killed the mighty lion. Mr. Montagu got well to London on Monday night. I am glad your facetious senator is gone to Parliament, where all his conversation will be yea, yea, and nay, nay; and even of that cometh evil sometimes. Time will not allow me to lengthen this epistle with anything more than my sister's compliments to your Grace.

I am, madam, yours, etc.,

E. M.

FREDERICK, KING OF PRUSSIA to MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE

The King of Prussia was a great admirer of Voltaire, and had corresponded with him since 1736. He repeatedly begged him to come to Potsdam and take up his residence at the Court there. In the first of the three following letters, Frederick is writing to Voltaire and again pressing him to leave Paris. Madame du Chatelet, to whom Voltaire had been deeply attached, had died the year before and Voltaire at length acceded to Frederick's request. He took with him to Potsdam, his niece, Madame Denis, to act as his housekeeper. As was only to be expected, Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia disagreed violently after a very short period, and he had been in Prussia less than two years before relationships became so bad between the two men that Voltaire left Potsdam in March, 1753. The second letter, the authorship of which is immaterial, tells the circumstances of Voltaire's disgrace. Voltaire and Madame Denis stayed at Frankfurt for a while but Frederick's enmity pursued them and he had them both arrested and treated in a brutal fashion. The third letter is written by Voltaire to Madame Denis and refers to this incident.

Dated August 23, 1750.

I HAVE seen the letter which your niece writes you from Paris. The friendship which she expresses for you hath gained her my esteem. If I were Madame Denis, I should think as she does, but being what I am, I think otherwise. It would be the greatest affliction to me, to be the cause of an enemy's misery; how then can I wish ill to a man whom I esteem, and who hath sacrificed to me his native country, and everything that mankind holds most dear? No, my dear Voltaire, if I could foresee that your transplantation could possibly turn in the least degree to your disadvantage, I would be the first to dissuade you from it. Yes, I would prefer your happiness to the extreme pleasure your presence would give me. But you are a philosopher; I am one, too: and can anything be more natural, more rational, and more regular, than that philosophers, united by the same studies, the same taste, and a similar manner of thinking, and born to live together, should give themselves that satisfaction? I respect you as my master in eloquence and science: I love you as a virtuous friend: what slavery, what misfortunes, what changes, what inconstancy of fortune then have you to fear in a country where you are as much esteemed as in your native country, and with a friend who hath a grateful heart? I am not so vain as to imagine that Berlin is equal to Paris. If riches, grandeur and magnificence make a city delightful, we yield to Paris. If there be a place in the world where good taste is more universally and extensively diffused, I know and agree that it is at Paris. But do not you introduce this taste wherever you go? We have organs which suffice to applaud you, and in point of sentiment and gratitude, we yield to no country in the world. I pay regard to the friendship which attaches you to Madame du Chatelet, but after her I am one of your oldest friends. What, because you will live in my house, it will be said that this house is your prison! What, because I am your friend, I shall be your tyrant: I own to you that I do not understand this logic; that I am firmly persuaded that you will be very happy here during my life, that you will be regarded as the father of learning and taste, and that you will find in me all the consolation that a man of your merit may expect from one who perfectly esteems him. Good night.

Dated July 20, 1753.

You are surprised, sir, and so is all Europe, at M. Voltaire's disgrace with the King of Prussia. Nobody can yet comprehend how it hath been possible to exasperate a philosophic king against his

first favourite, to whom, during sixteen years, he hath behaved rather like a faithful friend than a gracious prince. All the world knows that His Majesty, charmed with the lyre of this new Orpheus, never ceased his applications to draw him to his court, that he might be more intimately acquainted with his muse, which hath so much contributed to refine his taste and to make him an author; a character of which he is as jealous as he is of that of a king. M. Voltaire had resolved not to quit his native country, but he could not resist the pressing instances of his Prussian Majesty, which were too honourable to him to be disregarded. He therefore left Paris and went to Berlin, in the summer of the year 1750. The King of Prussia immediately loaded him with his favours. Not content with assigning him a large pension, he also honoured him with the key of chamberlain, and his Order of Merit.

For two years together M. Voltaire continued in high favour with His Majesty, and thought himself well established, when he began to perceive some marks of jealousy in a man whom he had before reckoned amongst his friends, and who had obtained the king's protection by the great noise he had caused to be made about his northern expedition; and when he saw the high opinion that had been conceived of his merit was upon the decline, and that he was unable to keep it up by any other extraordinary performances, endeavoured to secure the continuance of the royal favour by craft and artifice. This was M. Maupertuis, president of the academy of Berlin. It is well known to the literary world how he hath strained to obtain the character of a great man, and an inventor, by a piece which he hath published under the title of *Letters*.

The learned, and amongst the rest M. Voltaire, found so many absurdities in these letters, that he could not forbear writing a satire on the occasion. This satire was upon the point of being published at Potsdam, under the title of *The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia*, when M. Maupertuis, being apprised of it by one of his creatures, obtained the king's orders for suppressing the work. It is probable that this suppression was only designed by His Majesty to reconcile the two compatriot courtiers; but M. Maupertuis looked upon it as a mark of his superiority in the esteem of his master; and, relying upon this, he took the liberty to tell the king a thousand lies to ruin the credit and reputation of M. Voltaire.

A manuscript copy of *The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia* having fallen into the hands of a bookseller in Holland, it soon appeared in print, to the great satisfaction of the public. M. Maupertuis was enraged at this, and the more so, as M. Voltaire, in this satire, had taken

part with M. Koenig, counsellor and library keeper to his most Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder at The Hague, who, with the strongest arguments, had attacked his principle of the least action, the dispute concerning which is well known to all the learned in Europe. M. Maupertuis immediately, with all the aggravating circumstances he could think of, represented this to His Majesty as an offence against the royal authority. It was necessary to make the king consider it in this light, in order to raise his indignation to the highest pitch. It was in vain that M. Voltaire protested, and even made oath, that he did all he could to prevent the impression (and of this I myself was an eye witness). He was condemned; *The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia* was, by the king's order, burnt at Berlin, by the hands of the common executioner, and the king caused the transaction to be published in the gazettes of Berlin.

The first step which M. Voltaire took after this scene, was to return the king his key of chamberlain and his Order of Merit, and to beg leave to retire. The king immediately sent back the key and the cross, accompanied with a very courteous letter, wherein he intimated that it would be very agreeable to him if M. Voltaire would continue to reside at his Court, and accept his pension. Out of respect to His Majesty, M. Voltaire retained the key and the cross, but persisted in desiring his dismissal. To this request he could get no answer. M. Maupertuis continued his intrigues, and even obtained the king's leave to compromise his academical dispute with M. Koenig. The king published a letter, wherein he thought proper to relate all the injurious things concerning Messrs. Voltaire and Koenig, that M. Maupertuis had presumed to tell him one night, after the opera when His Majesty went in his domino to M. Maupertuis's house.

The public in general declared for M. Voltaire and M. Koenig; but notwithstanding this, M. Maupertuis found means to hinder truth from approaching the throne. M. Voltaire was disgraced, and yet could not obtain his dismissal, not even permission to go to the waters for the recovery of his health. It was even prohibited, throughout the marquisate of Brandenburg, to furnish M. Voltaire with horses, or to suffer him to pass. At length, however, I know not how, he obtained permission to go to the baths at Plombieres, and he took his leave of the king at Potsdam, to which place he promised to return in the month of October. But his enemy, who threatened to go to Leipsic to assassinate him, hath played his part so well, that M. Voltaire hath been disgraced afresh, as you will see by the letters herewith sent. These letters, as well as that of the King of Prussia, which I send on account of the relation it has to the others, are very authentic. I have the honour to be, etc.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE *to* MADAME DENIS

Dated Mayence, July 9, 1753.

THREE or four years having elapsed since I shed a tear, I flattered myself that mine eyes would not have known this weakness again till they had closed for ever. Yesterday Count de Stadian's secretary found me dissolved in tears; your departure and present situation was the cause of my affliction. The cruel severity of your sufferings lost its horror when you were present; your patience and your courage roused mine; but after your departure I had no support. I cannot sometimes help imagining that it is all a dream; I fancy these things to have been transacted in the reign of Dionysius of Syracuse.

Can it be true, I ask myself, that a lady of Paris, travelling with a passport from the king her master, can have been dragged through the streets of Francfort by soldiers, imprisoned without any form of trial, denied the convenience of a waiting woman or any domestic, the door of the prison guarded by four soldiers, with their bayonets fixed to their muskets, and compelled to suffer a tool of this Freytag, one of the most abandoned villains, to pass the night alone in her apartment? When La Brinvilliers was confined, the executioner was never left alone with her. So barbarous an indecency is without example. And what was your crime? The having travelled a hundred leagues to accompany to the waters of Plombieres a dying uncle, whom you regard as your father. It is certainly a dishonour to the King of Prussia that he has not yet made reparation for such an indignity, committed in his name, by a man who calls himself his minister.

An additional affliction this to me: He caused me to be arrested to regain his printed book of poems, with which he had favoured me, and to which I had some claim. He had left it with me as the pledge of his favour, and as the reward of his toils. He was desirous to resume it; a single word would have done; there was no occasion to imprison an old man who was going to drink the waters. He might have remembered, that by his winning favours for above sixteen years, he had given me reason to believe myself in his good graces; that he had taken me from my country in my old age; that I had assisted him, for two years together, in perfecting his talents; that I served him faithfully, and had never failed in any part of my duty; lastly, that it was unworthy his rank and glory to take part in

an academical quarrel, and for my only recompence, to end all, by ordering soldiers to demand his poems of me. I hope that sooner or later he will be convinced that he has gone too far, that my enemy has deceived him, and that neither the author nor the king ought so greatly to have embittered the last days of my life. He hath followed the dictates of his passion, but he will hereafter follow those of his reason and goodness. But what will he do to atone for the abominable outrages offered to you in his name? My Lord Marshal will, doubtless, be charged to efface, if possible, the remembrance of the horrors of Freytag's treatment.

Letters have been sent me hither for you. One of them is from Madame Fontaine, and is not very consolatory. It is pretended that I have been a Prussian; if by this is meant, that by my attachment and enthusiastic zeal I have made a return for the extraordinary favours which the King of Prussia hath conferred upon me for sixteen years running, the charge is just; but if it is designed to insinuate that I have been his subject, or ceased to be a Frenchman for a single moment, it is entirely false. The King of Prussia never proposed any such thing, and gave me the key of chamberlain only as a mark of his goodness, which he himself calls frivolous in the verses which he made when he gave me this key and the cross, both of which I have laid at his feet. These marks of distinction required neither oath, duty, nor naturalization. Wearing an order does not make one a subject. M. Decoville, who is in Normandy, yet retains the key of chamberlain to the King of Prussia, which he wears with the cross of the Order of St. Lewis. It would be highly unjust not to regard me as a Frenchman, when I have all along kept my house at Paris, and have paid the capitation. Is it possible that the author of *The Age of Lewis XIV* should be seriously charged with not being a Frenchman? Would any one dare to say it before the statues of Henry IV? I will add, of Lewis XV, since I am the only academician who wrote his panegyric when he gave us peace, and since he has himself this panegyric translated into six languages. His Prussian Majesty, being deceived by my enemy, and impelled by passion, may have irritated the king my master against me; but his justice and greatness of soul will gain the ascendant, and he will be the first to desire the king my master to permit me to end my days in my own country. He will call to mind that he has been my disciple, and that I have gained nothing from him but the honour of enabling him to write better than myself. He will be contented with this superiority, and will not make use of that which his rank gives him to oppress a stranger, who hath sometimes instructed, always esteemed and respected him.

I cannot ascribe to him the letters published against me in his name. He hath too much greatness of mind to treat a private person in such an outrageous manner. He knows too well how a king ought to write, and what regard is to be paid to good manners and decency of behaviour. He is born signally to display his goodness and clemency. This was the character of our good and glorious king, Henry IV. He was hasty and passionate, but he soon recovered himself; passion governed only for a moment, humanity all his life.

See, my dear, what an uncle, or rather a sick father, dictates to his daughter. It will be some comfort to me if you arrive in good health. My compliments to your brother and sister. Adieu! May I die in your arms unknown to men and kings!

SAMUEL RICHARDSON to MISS M. COLLIER

Richardson, the author of "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Sir Charles Grandison," takes a definite place in this anthology of letters; for two of his most famous novels, "Pamela" and "Clarissa" were written in letter form. "Pamela" indeed owed its origin to a request from two booksellers to Richardson, then a printer, to produce a guide or model for letter writers "unable to indite for themselves." His private correspondence was prolific to a degree, and conducted chiefly with young women admirers whose letters constituted in modern terms, his fan mail. The following two letters are typical of his replies. When they were written Richardson was well over sixty.

Dated December 24, 1755.

If my dear Miss Collier knew how much I have been immersed in bricks, mortar, plasterers' and carpenters' work, all the summer, and till within this month past, and in that month wholly engrossed by the removal of all my printing materials into the new building, she would think the less hardly of my long silence to a letter that I admire in every line of it.

Do not let this silence deprive me of the description you intended to give me of the views, prospects, situations, that were to offer to you in the excursions you were to make with your hospitable friend, Mrs. Roberts, and her amiable daughters.

Alas! they have left you, I doubt! How are you now? Who have you to associate with when you carry yourself out of that happy circle? Happy it must be; your ambition trodden under-foot—your passions calmed. What a happy creature must you be in these conquests, in your lot, even as you describe it, though it would draw a tear from the eyes of readers less subdued. Your old couple, methinks I love them. I *must*, if they remain kind to you. Sweetly do you describe the power your amiable affability has given you over the affections of the children in your neighbourhood.—“The gentlewoman,” my dear Miss Collier.—The honest villagers distinguish well: you are indeed *the gentlewoman*, and, what is far greater, *the Christian*! I always loved you; but never so well as since I have had the favour of your last letter. How often have I determined to sit down to answer it, and to tell you all I thought of it and you, in the time of this long silence.

You regret, my dear Miss Collier, the hard fate of women of genius in being denied the merit of their own works, when well received, and in having them attributed to their brothers and other men friends, etc. But think you not that this is a great deal owing to your own sex, who (the capable ones I mean) hide their talents in a napkin, and are afraid, lovely dastards, of showing themselves capable of the perfections they are mistresses of?—It is well I have not the punishing of such *degraders* of their own sex, so I was going to call them; for do they not, by their wilful and studious concealments of the gifts God has blessed them with, confess, at least indirectly, an inferiority to the other? What is it they fear in asserting themselves with modesty, and when occasionally called forth? Is it that the men will be afraid of them, and shun them as wives? Unworthy fear! Let the wretches shun and be afraid of them. Unworthy of such blessings, let such men not dare to look up to merits so superior to their own; and let them enter into contact with women, whose sense is as diminutive as their own souls. What loss would a woman of high attainments and of genius have, in a man of a character so low, as to be afraid of the perfections of the woman who would give him the honour of calling her his.

I was not a little pleased to hear that you kept up a correspondence with so excellent a woman as Mrs. Berthon is described to be by my good friend Mrs. Watts. Miss Lodwich, another admirable lady. But who can forbear being extremely anxious for them, and for many others, among the multitudes that have perished in the most tremendous catastrophe of Lisbon? What a dreadful dispensation!

Some impatience, in my dear Miss Collier, seems still remaining to be conquered; and *when* that can be done, and a thorough reliance

made on the Divine goodness, so as neither to covet life, nor to wish for death, but to wait the appointed time with cheerfulness—Who will be so happy as my dear friend in the Isle of Wight?

But what shall we do for a door to your apartment this cold weather? Cannot you find a way to draw upon me, payable at sight, for five guineas? Oblige me, my dear Miss Collier, in the grant of this request.—The promissory note I annex.*

My wife and girls most particularly desire their best wishes to be wafted to you.

Once more excuse my long silence; and believe me to be, with great truth.

Your, etc.

* A note for five guineas.

Dated London, January 5, 1756.

I AM sorry my dear Miss Collier had the thought of returning the note she mentions, unused. Give me not, madam, that mortification: I hope you will not; and in that hope, will say no more on the subject.

The Miss B——'s! True, my dear; they are among the dastards I had in my head, when I inveighed *so vehemently*, you say, against the geniuses of your sex, who, studiously in many inexplicable plaits, wrap up their napkin'd talents. "Punish them." I wish it were in my power. How do you think it should be, for the first fault, on conviction? Why, to banish them for three months to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight—Miss Collier to be the inflictor, and the example too, of all *human* divestments (allow me the odd expression) for that space of time.

But think you, my good Miss Collier, that this elaborate concealment of *God-given* talents, is an *honest* one? Would these girls put a cheat upon some little-minded creatures, who would be afraid of such talents in their respective wives, as would do them credit? Would they break upon them, when they could not help themselves, and *astun* them with a superiority of good sense? Rather let me ask, would such girls be afraid that such men would slight them were they to unplait their napkins? Would they condescend to join hands with men *capable* of slighting them for the excellencies they gave not to themselves? Can you, who read Ariosto, help thinking that you see, on such an idea as this will raise, a lady possessed of the shield of Ruggiero, uncovering it, by surprise, and darting radiant glory in the face of her husband; the caitiff, as in one of the cuts of Harrington's translation, sprawling, dazzled, at her feet?

You honour me with the noble title of a vindicator of your sex; but let me desire you to whisper in the ears of the ladies you mention—"Who, my dears, shall vindicate the honour of a sex, the most excellent of which desert themselves?"—Don't mind their blushing looks at one another by turns:—whisper over again the question, till they are determined to amend; *or*—what *or*?—be sent to the Isle of Wight. No severe punishment, neither, I hope!—the complicated fault considered.

Mrs. Berthon and family, I have the pleasure of telling you, are safe in their persons. Mr. Millar has a letter from Mr. W.—I have not seen it. That gentleman was almost miraculously saved. Terribly extensive indeed has been this earthquake! God Almighty preserve us from the effects of these terraqueous convulsions! Were we to persuade ourselves that they are sent as judgments, what have not we of this kingdom to fear?

Your poor frantic girl, perhaps, thought she was avoiding the evil to come, and which she had prophesied would come when she sought her death in the water. There have been unhappy people, more in their senses than she seems to have been, who have thrown themselves into the arms of death, for fear of dying. This girl must have been earthquake-mad, as well as otherwise delirious. Don't you think so?

My wife, my girls, desire their particular respects to you, and join with me in wishing the begun year may be the happiest you have ever known. In the enviable frame of mind you are in, it must be so.

God bless you! adieu! and adieu, my dear Miss Collier!

MISS FIELDING to SAMUEL RICHARDSON

The following letter is from one of Richardson's admirers and needs no comment.

Dated January 8, 1748-9.

SIR,

You cannot imagine the pleasure Miss Collier and I enjoyed at the receipt of your kind epistles. We were at dinner with a *hic, hæc, hoc* man, who said, Well, I do wonder Mr. Richardson will be troubled with such *silly women*: on which we thought to ourselves (though we did not care to say it), if Mr. Richardson will bear us, and not think us impertinent in pursuing the pleasure of his correspondence, we don't care in how many languages you fancy you

despise us; not but we know you do love and like us too, say what you will to the contrary.

'Tis but a sham quarrel between you and your pen; for had it been real, I flatter myself, that, knowing how delighted, how overjoyed, I should have been, with making your pen my master, you would have solicited him to had admitted me as his servant. Humble and faithful would I have been; I would have obeyed his call; his hours, though six, or even five, in the morning, should have been mine. Indeed, what is there I would not have done? Pleasantly surprised should I have been suddenly to have found all my thoughts strengthened, and my words flow into an easy and nervous style; never did I so much wish for it as in this daring attempt of mentioning Clarissa; but when I read of her, I am all sensation; my heart glows; I am overwhelmed; my only vent is tears; and unless tears could mark my thoughts as legibly as ink, I cannot speak half I feel. I become like the Harlowes' servant, when he spoke not; he could not speak; he looked, he bowed, and withdrew. In short, sir, no pen but yours can do justice to Clarissa. Often have I reflected on my own vanity in daring but to touch the hem of her garment; and your excuse for both what I have done, and what I have not done, is all the hopes of, sir, your, etc.

MISS COLLIER to MR. RICHARDSON

The recipient of Richardson's preceding letters writes to him discussing, to begin with, the behaviour of his heroine and hero, Clarissa and Lovelace in his novel "Clarissa."

Dated April 13, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I return you my thanks for the play you sent me; and by what I have read of it, I think Mr. Garrick is very much obliged to the author for showing the world how much he was in the right for refusing it. I thought to have called upon you this morning, but cannot; nor do I believe that I shall see you, unless your kind intentions should lead you this way, before you go to North-End. Mr. Harris was telling me the other day, that he heard your sweet girl most unmercifully condemned for not marrying Lovelace at St. Albans. "She should (said the lady who blamed her) have laid aside all delicacy; and if Lovelace had not asked her in the manner she

wished, she ought to have asked him." And more things of the same kind she ran on with; but, at last, closed all with saying: "In short, Lovelace is a charming young fellow, and I own I like him excessively."

You know I love to tell you everything I hear concerning your *Clarissa*, or otherwise I should not furnish you with more instances of what you have reason to say you too often meet with; namely, the fondness most women have for the character of Lovelace. It vexes me so much when I hear of people talking in such a manner, that I cannot help attempting something like an answer; but the best answer to the present criticism is, to give you the history and character of the lady who so ingenuously avowed her fondness for Lovelace. This lady is a person of very high rank, and therefore you must excuse my naming names. She lived as a mistress with a man for many years, and proved herself to have done so in a court of justice, in order to recover some money for a child she had by that very man. She then went into keeping with a noble lord (now her husband), and after having lived with him some years, she prevailed with him to marry her, by showing him the *meekness* of her spirit, and the *gentleness* of her passions: for (besides being frequently in fits, and sometimes in the most violent passions of rage) she once attempted to take laudanum to destroy herself; and, being prevented, she another time hanged herself, just as she knew he was coming up stairs; which last stratagem gained her ends: and now she is a woman of quality, and a woman of taste, and a perfect judge of delicacy, as appears by the before-mentioned criticism. I wonder whether her husband ever read your books, and whether he attended to your description of Belton and his Thomasine!

If I should not have the pleasure of seeing you before you go out of town, I beg my compliments to Mrs. Richardson; and believe me, dear sir, etc.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON to EDWARD YOUNG

Edward Young is chiefly remembered as the author of "Night Thoughts." As a satirist he had been completely outrivalled by Alexander Pope. He was one of his few literary contemporaries with whom Richardson was friendly. A letter of his to Richardson follows.

Dated January, 1758.

REV. AND EVER DEAR SIR,

I congratulate you with my whole heart on the good effect the waters have at last had on your health.

What may we not promise ourselves from so sound and good a constitution, from your regularity and temperance, and from the powers of *such* a mind invigorating the whole! a mind which can enjoy, and even enlarge itself, by that very sleeplessness which tears in pieces the health of others!

"Our cases in some points are similar." Ah, my dear and good sir! But that exercise, that journeying, which will contribute to your cure, I am unable to take. What a motive do you give me to make you a Bath visit, were I able! But I hope on your return I shall not be deprived of the blessing of your company, and the favour of Mrs. Hallowes's, as was my request, by my daughter Ditcher. I have been often at Bath; but remember not that I received benefit from the waters. The late worthy Dr. Hartley once whispered me that I must not expect any.

"You are about a great work: to learn to die with safety and comfort." My dear sir, you that have been so admirable a *teacher* of this very doctrine in your excellent *Night Thoughts*, must be more than a *learner*. You have not left to *superannuated hours* (which, I hope, if ever they come, are far, very far, distant) that great work. How comfortably, therefore, may you enjoy life, as well as contemplate the closing scene. Your etc.

P.S. I am sorry that sleeplessness is your complaint. But when you sleep, you are awake to noble purpose; I, to none at all: my days are nothing but hours of dozing, for want of nightly rest, and through an impatience that I am ashamed of, because I cannot subdue it.

DR. YOUNG *to* MR. RICHARDSON

Dated April 30, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

I gratefully accept the kind offer you made me of being under your roof for some days while I transact an affair in town. I shall be with you on Monday next, God willing; that God willing, who at this moment has a thousand agents at work for my sake, of which I know nothing, though they are all within me; and should any one of them cease to work, it would prove my instant death. I

mean the animal functions. Yet how merry should I make the world, should they hear me say: "If it please God, I will rise from my seat;" or: "I will open my mouth;" or: "If it please God, I will set pen to paper," etc. So ignorant are our wise ones of God and man.

With the utmost freedom of a true friend to truth and to me, favour me with the full opinion of the *dedication* to my sermon; for I am, my dear sir, somewhat uneasy till I can determine myself about it; and my own judgment is at a loss.

Is there any thing *mean* in what I say of *myself*, and *my long service at court*?

Is there *impropriety* or too *great length* in what follows about the army?

Pray let me know your real sentiments. Or shall I take your silence as a tender way of your letting me know that you disapprove? Your, etc.

LAURENCE STERNE to DAVID GARRICK

Laurence Sterne made his great literary success with "Tristram Shandy," published in 1760. Two years later he was ordered abroad for his health's sake. He went to the South of France, and on the way stayed in Paris, where he met with a reception which gave him great pleasure. This letter to his friend Garrick, the great actor, was written from there.

Dated Paris, January 31, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Think not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish or at least your faith give credit to—by the bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. *Tristram* was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners

and suppers upon my hands. My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourg—the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do. This baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *Sçavans* who are no wits—keeps open house three days a week—his house is now, as yours was to me, my own—he lives at great expense. 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire. I found him reading *Tristram*—this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the Duke of Orlean's collections, every day I have time. I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne. I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *sçavoir-vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe.

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation. I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Claron, in *Iphigene*—she is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but 'tis too much. Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself. By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper all happy—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding and good nature—in a post or two, I will write again. Foley is an honest soul—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days—but more of this hereafter. We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remise*—bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

LAURENCE STERNE to LYDIA STERNE

Though Sterne's married life was not really happy, he was deeply attached to his daughter, Lydia. As he did not live very much with his wife and indeed, later was separated from her altogether, a good deal of his relationship with his daughter was carried on by letters. Of the three following letters, one is written to Lydia while he is in Paris and Lydia and her mother are also travelling on the Continent to join him in the South of France; the second is written to her from Naples when she and her mother are on tour, and the third is written after Sterne has returned from his health tour and speaks first of all of the reception of "Sentimental Journey" and secondly refers to a plan for leaving Lydia in the care of Mrs. Draper, the "Eliza" of his correspondence, and the most famous of the women in his life.

Dated Paris, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me. I have sent you the *Spectators*, and other books, particularly *Metastasio*; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement. I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay, I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition. You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural. If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject, your mother will say). There was a concourse of all nations, and religions, too. I shall leave Paris in a few days. I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——; they are good and generous souls; tell

your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate, etc.

Dated Naples, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL,

Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry. Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher—which must occasion fogs and damp, unwholesome weather—therefore, for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues. I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me which I have been long a stranger to; but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then. The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable; I shall ever honour her; and Mr. C—— is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de —— is an imposter, and not worthy of your acquaintance; he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother. I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours. If fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee! If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father.

Dated Old Bond Street, February 20.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

My *Sentimental Journey*, you say, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion? The want of health bows me down and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast—this vile influenza. Be not alarm'd, I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May; and

if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child, unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me. The subject of thy letter has astonished me. She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to —. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I should entrust my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about; from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of. Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me; do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother. My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother. I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same. I wish tho' I had thee to nurse me, but I am denied that. Write to me twice a week, at least. God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father.

LAURENCE STERNE to MR. JOHN HALL STEVENSON

Hall Stevenson was a great friend of Sterne's who lived near him at Skelton Hall, known as "Crazy Castle," in Yorkshire, and his occasional literary efforts show the influence that Sterne had upon him. This letter of Sterne to his friend was written from Naples during his health tour.

Dated Naples, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H.

'Tis an age since I heard from you—but as I read the *London Chronicle*, and find no tidings of your death; or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wish it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and spirits; and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek and well-liking—not improving in stature, but in breadth. We have a jolly

carnival of it—nothing but operas—punchinellos—festinos and masquerades. We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be superb. The English dine with her (exclusive)—and so much for small-chat—except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character, than I shall see one hastily again. I stay here till the holy week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month. My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home; but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw and thence through Holland to England—'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reached Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine—at least, I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and goodwill. Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does: to get me a letter of recommendation to our ambassador (Lord Stormont) at Vienna. I have not the honour to be known to his lordship, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it in your next letter to me at Belloni. You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded anything known till within these three weeks, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. Give my kind services to my friends—especially to the household of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy colonel—to Cardinal S——, to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel. Dear cousin Anthony, receive my kindest love and wishes. Yours affectionately.

EDWARD GIBBON to J. HOLROYD

The three following letters were written by the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is interesting to note how, while he traces the causes of the break up of the Roman Empire he is simultaneously watching with deep interest the birth of a new and great power across the Atlantic, for the crisis preceding the American War of Independence is at its height.

Dated February 8, 1775.

I AM not d——d, according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young speakers in every sense of the word, both on Thursday in the grand committee, and Monday on the report to the House, that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides; the latter displayed his usual talents; the former, taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate, which neither his friends hoped, nor his enemies dreaded. We voted an address (three hundred and four to one hundred and five), of lives and fortunes, declaring Massachussets Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thousand men at Boston; three generals, Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton. In a few days we stop the ports of New England. I cannot write volumes; but I am more and more convinced that with firmness all may go well; yet I sometimes doubt. I am now writing with ladies (Sir S. Porten and his bride), and two card-tables, in the library. As to my silence, judge of my situation by last Monday. I am on the Grenvillian Committee of Downton. We always sit from ten to three and a half; after which, that day, I went into the House, and sat till three in the morning. Adieu.

Dated February 25, 1775.

WE go on with regard to America, if we can be said to go on; for on last Monday a conciliatory motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themselves, was introduced by Lord North, in the midst of lives and fortunes, war and famine. We went into the House in confusion, every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm, but all in vain; till at length Sir Gilbert declared for administration, and the troops all rallied under their proper standard.

On Wednesday we had the Middlesex election. I was a patriot;

sat by the Lord Mayor, who spoke well, and with temper; but before the end of the debate fell fast asleep. I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror.

When do you move? my lady answered like a woman of sense, spirit and good nature. Neither she nor I could bear it. She was right, and the Duchess of Braganza would have made the same answer. Adieu.

Dated Almack's, June 24, 1776.

YES, yes, I am alive, and well; but what shall I say? Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed very agreeable hours, is the only place which still unites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational society here, than in any other club to which I belong. Mrs. Gibbon still hangs in suspense, and seems to consider a town expedition with horror. I think, however, that she will be soon in motion; and when I have her in Bentinck Street, we shall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excursion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Constantine, and, from the specimens which I have already seen, I can venture to promise that the second volume will not be less interesting than the first. The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell seems to mutter something of a third edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun, or his French translation. What a lazy dog! Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her, *en partant*, the most solemn assurances of following her *paws* in less than two months; but the voice of indolence begins to whisper a thousand difficulties, and unless your absurd policy should thoroughly provoke me, the Parisian journey may possibly be deferred. I rejoice in the progress of — towards light. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Washington's resignation, and quarrel with the Congress, seems to revive. Adieu.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON *to* THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

In 1747, Dr. Johnson began his great work, "A Dictionary of the English Language." The prospectus was addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield, whose patronage Johnson solicited. Lord Chesterfield, though he valued the homage thus paid to him as a patron of learning, did nothing to help Johnson during the years of preparation on the work, and, indeed, turned the uncouth, boorish scholar from his fashionable doors. When the dictionary was complete, and about to be published, however, Chesterfield expected that it would be dedicated to him, and sought to smooth over Johnson's justly ruffled feelings. In this famous letter, Johnson replies to the earl's overtures.

Dated February 7, 1775.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, are by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in *Virgil* grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

DR. JOHNSON *to* MRS. THRALE

Lord George Gordon, a violent anti-Papist, organized a demonstration against Catholics in London. The rioters got out of hand and ran amok. Considerable damage was done in London; windows were broken, houses were looted and burned, and all available troops had to be turned out to restore order. George III himself showed considerable courage and presence of mind by calling out the troops on his personal initiative. In these three following letters, Dr. Johnson gives his account to Mrs. Thrale.

Dated June 10, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

You have ere now heard and read enough to convince you, that we have had something to suffer and something to fear; and therefore I think it necessary to quiet the solicitude which you undoubtedly feel, by telling you that our calamities and terrors are now at an end. The soldiers are stationed so as to be everywhere within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are hunted to their holes, and led to prison; the streets are safe and quiet; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day with a party of soldiers in my neighbourhood, to seize the

publisher of a seditious paper. Everybody walks, and eats, and sleeps, in security. But the history of last week would fill you with amazement; it is without any modern example.

Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the king and the law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security, and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe. I am, dearest lady, your, etc.

Dated June 12, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

All is well, and all is likely to continue well. The streets are all quiet, and the houses are all safe. This is a true answer to the first inquiry which obtrudes itself upon your tongue at the reception of a letter from London. The public has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number; and, like other thieves, with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares that if he be trusted with power he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue ribbon is any longer worn.

—— — called on Friday at Mrs. Gardiner's, to see how she escaped or what she suffered; and told her that she had herself too much affliction within doors, to take much notice of the disturbances without.

It was surely very happy that you and Mr. Thrale were away in the tumult; you could have done nothing better than has been done, and must have felt much terror which your absence has spared you.

We have accounts here of great violences committed by the Protestants at Bath; and of the demolition of the mass-house. We have seen so much here that we are very credulous.

Pray tell Miss Burney that Mr. Hutton called on me yesterday, and spoke of her with praise; not profuse, but very sincere, just as I do. And tell Queeney, that if she does not write oftener, I will

try to forget her. There are other pretty girls that perhaps I could get, if I were not constant.

My *Lives* go on but slowly. I hope to add some to them this week. I wish they were well done.

Thus far had I written when I received your letter of battle and conflagration. You certainly do right in retiring; for who can guess the caprice of the rabble? My master and Queeney are dear people for not being frightened, and you and Burney are dear people for being frightened. I wrote to you a letter of intelligence and consolation; which, if you staid for it, you had on Saturday; and I wrote another on Saturday, which perhaps may follow you from Bath, with some achievement of John Wilkes.

Do not be disturbed; all danger here is apparently over; but a little agitation still continues. We frighten one another with seventy thousand Scots to come hither with the Dukes of Gordon and Argyle, and eat us, and hang us, or drown us; but we are all at quiet.

I am glad, though I hardly know why, that you are gone to Brighthelmston rather than to Bristol. You are somewhat nearer home, and I may perhaps come to see you. Brighthelmston will soon begin to be peopled, and Mr. Thrale loves the place; and you will see Mr. Scrase; and though I am sorry that you should be so outrageously unroosted, I think that Bath has had you long enough.

Of the commotions of Bath there has been talk here all day. An express must have been sent; for the report arrived many hours before the post, at least before the distribution of the letters. This report I mentioned in the first part of my letter, while I was yet uncertain of the fact.

When it is known that the rioters are quelled in London, their spirit will sink in every other place, and little more mischief will be done. I am, dear madam, your, etc.

Dated London, June 14, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

Everything here is safe and quiet. This is the first thing to be told; and this I told in my last letter directed to Brighthelmston. There has indeed been an universal panic, from which the king was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrate, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such as a rabble's government must naturally produce.

Now you are at ease about the public, I may tell you that I am not well; I have had a cold and cough for some time, but it is grown so bad, that yesterday I fasted and was blooded, and today took physic

and dined; but neither fasting, nor bleeding, nor dinner, nor physic have yet made me well.

No sooner was the danger over, than the people of the Borough found out how foolish it was to be afraid, and formed themselves into four bodies for the defence of the place; through which they now march morning and evening in a martial manner.

I am glad to find that Mr. Thrale continues to grow better; if he is well, I hope we shall be all well; but I am very weary of my cough, though I have had much worse. I am, etc.

DR. JOHNSON to JAMES BOSWELL

Dr. Johnson writes in his most charming manner to his famous biographer, Boswell.

Dated London, August 21, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I find you have taken one of your fits of taciturnity, and have resolved not to write till you are written to; it is but a peevish humour, but you shall have your way.

I have sate at home in Bolt Court all the summer, thinking to write the *Lives*, and a great part of the time only thinking. Several of them, however, are done, and I still think to do the rest.

Mr. Thrale and his family have, since his illness, passed their time first at Bath, and then at Brighthelmston; but I have been at neither place. I would have gone to Lichfield, if I could have had time; and I might have had time, if I had been active; but I have missed much, and done little.

In the late disturbances Mr. Thrale's house and stock were in great danger; the mob was pacified at their first invasion, with about fifty pounds in drink and meat; and at their second, were driven away by the soldiers. Mr. Strahan got a garrison into his house, and maintained them a fortnight; he was so frightened that he removed part of his goods. Mrs. Williams took shelter in the country.

I know not whether I shall get a ramble this autumn; it is now about the time when we were travelling. I have, however, better health than I had then, and hope you and I may yet show ourselves on some part of Europe, Asia, or Africa. In the meantime let us play no trick, but keep each other's kindness by all means in our power.

The bearer of this is Dr. Dunbar, of Aberdeen, who has written and published a very ingenious book, and who, I think, has a

kindness for me, and will, when he knows you, have a kindness for you.

I suppose your little ladies are grown tall; and your son is become a learned young man. I love them all; and I love your naughty lady, whom I never shall persuade to love me. When the *Lives* are done, I shall send them to complete her collection; but must send them in paper, as, for want of a pattern, I cannot bind them to fit the rest. I am, sir, yours most affectionately.

DR. JOHNSON *to* THE HON. WARREN HASTINGS

Warren Hastings was at this time Governor-General of Bengal, and Dr. Johnson writes to him to ask permission to bring to his notice a servant of the East India Company with literary abilities.

Dated January 9, 1781.

SIR,

Amidst the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known and long esteemed in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking, he has already shown. He is desirous, sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing for a clerk of the India House to translate poets. It is new for a Governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of, sir, your most humble servant.

DR. JOHNSON to MR. JAMES MACPHERSON

James Macpherson had considerable literary talent and a knowledge of Gaelic poetry, and produced eight books of an epic poem, supposed to be translations from a Gaelic poet called Ossian. They were much admired, but Dr. Johnson declared himself not satisfied with their authenticity. Called upon to produce the original, Macpherson had to concoct his MSS. Eventually, after Macpherson's death, it was decided that the Ossianic poems consisted of fragments of original Gaelic poetry intercepted with passages of Macpherson's own writings. While the controversy was at its height during Macpherson's lifetime, he wrote an abusive letter to Johnson. Dr. Johnson, in one of his royal wraths, replies to the impertinent letter.

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reason to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

WILLIAM COWPER to LADY HESKETH

When he was a very young man, Cowper used to visit the house of his Uncle Ashley, in London, where he met and fell deeply in love with his cousin, Theodora. Cowper's father, the Rev. John Cowper, refused to sanction the marriage, partly, it is believed, because of the blood tie, and partly because he feared that William's melancholia might develop into mania. He was effective in separating the two, but Cowper really remained faithful to his early love all his life. Two of the three following letters are written to Lady Hesketh, Theodora's sister, with whom he continued a friendship all his life. The fears of William's father were realized to some extent. A crisis in his life brought on temporary insanity. After his recovery he went to live in the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, to whose son the third letter here is written. Morley Unwin was thrown from his horse and killed in 1767. Cowper continued to live with Mrs. Unwin and her children, and the Rev. John Newton, who exercised a great influence over Cowper.

Dated July 12, 1765.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

You are very good to me, and if you will only continue to write at such intervals as you find convenient, I shall receive all that pleasure, which I proposed to myself from our correspondence. I desire no more than that you would never drop me for any length of time together, for I shall then think you only write because something happened to put you in mind of me, or for some other reason equally mortifying. I am not, however, so unreasonable as to expect you should perform this act of friendship so frequently as myself; for you live in a world swarming with engagements, and my hours are almost all my own. You must every day be employed in doing what is expected from you by a thousand others, and I have nothing to do but what is most agreeable to myself.

Our mentioning Newton's treatise on the Prophecies, brings to my mind an anecdote of Dr. Young, who you know died lately at Welwyn. Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, payed him a visit about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health; the antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the doctor's eye, the appearance of a

prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon this book of Newton, when Young closed the conference thus: "My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock: the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of our religion, are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this: If the prophecies have been fulfilled (of which there is abundant demonstration), the Scripture must be the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true."

This treatise on the Prophecies serves a double purpose: it not only proves the truth of religion, in a manner that never has been, nor ever can be controverted; but it proves likewise, that the Roman Catholic is the apostate and anti-Christian Church so frequently foretold both in the Old and New Testaments. Indeed, so fatally connected is the refutation of Popery with the truth of Christianity, when the latter is evinced by the completion of the prophecies, that in proportion as light is thrown upon the one, the deformities and errors of the other are more plainly exhibited. But I leave you to the book itself; there are parts of it which may possibly afford you less entertainment than the rest, because you have never been a schoolboy; but in the main it is so interesting, and you are so fond of that which is so, that I am sure you will like it.

My dear cousin—how happy am I in having a friend to whom I can open my heart upon these subjects! I have many intimates in the world, and have had many more than I shall have hereafter, to whom a long letter, upon these most important articles, would appear tiresome at least, if not impertinent. But I am not afraid of meeting with that reception from you, who have never yet made it your interest, that there should be no truth in the word of God. May this everlasting truth be your comfort while you live, and attend you with peace and joy in your last moments! I love you too well not to make this a part of my prayers; and when I remember my friends on these occasions, there is no likelihood that you can be forgotten. Yours, ever.

P.S.—Cambridge.—I add this postscript at my brother's rooms. He desires to be affectionately remembered to you, and if you are in Town about a fortnight hence, when he proposes to be there himself, will take a breakfast with you.

Dated September 4, 1765.

THOUGH I have some very agreeable acquaintance at Huntingdon, my dear cousin, none are so agreeable as the arrival of your letters.

I thank you for that which I have just received from Droxford, and particularly for that part of it where you give me an unlimited liberty upon the subject I have already so often written upon. Whatever interests us deeply, as naturally flows into the pen, as it does from the lips, when every restraint is taken away, and we meet with a friend indulgent enough to attend to us. How many, in all that variety of characters with whom I am acquainted, could I find, after the strictest search, to whom could I write, as I do to you? I hope the number will increase, I am sure it cannot easily be diminished. Poor ——! I have heard the whole of his history, and can only lament, what I am sure I can make no apology for. Two of my friends have been cut off during my illness, in the midst of such a life as it is frightful to reflect upon; and here am I, in better health and spirits than I can almost remember to have enjoyed before, after having spent months in the apprehension of instant death. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favour, and blessed with the greatest happiness I can ever know or hope for in this life, while these were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it? His infinite wisdom, to whose infinite mercy I owe it all, can solve these questions, and none beside Him. If a freethinker, as many a man miscalls himself, could be brought to give a serious answer to them, he would certainly say: "Without doubt, sir, you were in great danger, you had a narrow escape, a most fortunate one indeed." How excessively foolish, as well as shocking! As if life depended upon luck; and all that we are or can be, all that we have or hope for, could possibly be referred to accident. Yet to this freedom of thought it is owing, that He, who, as our Saviour tells us, is thoroughly apprised of the death of the meanest of His creatures, is supposed to leave those whom He has made in His own image, to the mercy of chance; and to this, therefore, it is likewise owing, that the correction which our heavenly Father bestows upon us, that we may be fitted to receive His blessing, is so often disappointed of its benevolent intention, and that men despise the chastening of the Almighty. Fevers and all diseases are accidents; and long life, recovery at least from sickness, is the gift of physician. No man can be a greater friend to the use of means upon these occasions than myself, for it were presumption and enthusiasm to neglect them. God has endued them with salutary properties on purpose that we might avail ourselves of them, otherwise that part of His creation were in vain. But to impute our recovery to the medicine, and to carry our views no further, is to rob God of His

honour, and is saying in effect, that He has parted with the keys of life and death, and, by giving to a drug the power to heal us, has placed our lives out of His own reach. He that thinks thus, may as well fall upon his knees at once, and return thanks to the medicine that cured him; for it was certainly more immediately instrumental in his recovery than either the apothecary or the doctor. My dear cousin—a firm persuasion of the superintendence of Providence over all our concerns is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Without it, we cannot be said to believe in the Scripture, or practise anything like resignation to His will. If I am convinced that no affliction can befall me without the permission of God, I am convinced likewise that He sees, and knows, that I am afflicted; believing this, I must in the same degree believe that if I pray to Him for deliverance, He hears me; I must needs know likewise, with equal assurance, that if He hears, He will also deliver me, if that will upon the whole be most conducive to my happiness; and if He does not deliver me, I may be well assured that He has none but the most benevolent intention in declining it. He made us, not because we could add to His happiness, which was always perfect, but that we might be happy ourselves; and will He not in all His dispensations towards us, even in the minutest, consult that end for which He made us? To suppose the contrary, is (which we are not always aware of) affronting every one of His attributes; and at the same time the certain consequences of disbelieving His care for us, is, that we renounce utterly our dependence upon Him. In this view it will appear plainly, that the line of duty is not stretched too tight, when we are told, that we ought to accept everything at His hand as a blessing, and to be thankful even while we smart under the rod of iron with which He sometimes rules us. Without this persuasion, every blessing, however we may think ourselves happy in it, loses its greatest recommendation, and every affliction is intolerable. Death itself must be welcome to him who has this faith; and he who has it not, must aim at it, if he is not a madman. You cannot think how glad I am to hear you are going to commence lady and mistress of Freemantle.* I know it well, and could go to it from Southampton blindfold. You are kind to invite me to it, and I shall be so kind to myself as to accept the invitation; though I should not, for a slight consideration, be prevailed upon to quit my beloved retirement at Huntingdon. Yours ever.

Dated September 21, 1779.

Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I

* Freemantle, a villa near Southampton.

have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine-plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows, till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If Government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed, with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius, who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task; and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in the morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast, for I feed them always upon the gravel-walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I, last week, made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself, without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the garden elegantly disposed, the hot-house in the most flourishing state, and the orange trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all.
Yours.

JOHANN VON GOETHE to FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

The long correspondence between Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) and Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805) is a landmark in the culture of Germany. Not only did it help to develop to the full the powers of her two greatest men of letters, but it also opened countless new paths of art, philosophy and science to their successors.

Dated Weimar, September 4, 1794.

THE manuscripts you sent me, as well as the fragment on the Sublime, I have read with much pleasure, and am thereby more than ever convinced, that not only do the same things interest us, but also that on the whole we look at them in the same way. I see that on all the chief points we are of one mind; and as to differences in the mode of combining and expressing them, why, these issue from the richness of the theme and the many varieties of treatment which it therefore permits. I will now entreat you to provide me with all that you have written on this subject, in order that, without loss of time, we may bring the past to life again.

And now I have a proposal to make to you. Next week the Court goes to Eisenach, and for a fortnight I shall be alone and independent—an opportunity that will not soon repeat itself. Will you not come to see me during this period, and stay with me? You would be able to occupy yourself in quiet with any kind of work. At suitable hours, we could talk together, or see those friends who are most congenial to us, and we would not part without profit. You could live entirely after your own fashion, and be as much as possible as if you were in your own house. In this way, I should be able to show you what is most valuable in my literary store, and many threads of connexion would be joined between us. After the fourteenth, you will find me free and ready to receive you.

Until then, I will reserve much that I have to say. In the meantime I wish you all happiness.

Have you seen *Charis* by Ramdohr? I have done everything in my power to get hold of this book, but as yet have not found a single page that I could lay my hands on.

Farewell, and greet your friends from me.

CHARLES LAMB to S. COLERIDGE

Charles Lamb met Coleridge when he was at school at Christ's Hospital and formed with the poet a friendship that lasted all his life. Lamb was employed as a clerk in East India House, the London office of the East India Company. His home life was not too happy for his family lay under the threat of insanity. This letter to Coleridge was written when one of the worst tragedies of his life occurred; his sister, Mary, in a fit of insanity, killed their mother. Lamb took upon himself the charge of his sister, who suffered from fits of insanity all her life; nevertheless, brother and sister were deeply attached. Lamb himself at one time was threatened with the same sort of seizures but recovered his balance, though the fear of it coloured all his life.

Dated September 27, 1796.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines. My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of our own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me "the former things are passed away," and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us in His keeping!

Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family; I have reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us!

LEIGH HUNT to HORACE SMITH

This letter of Leigh Hunt's explains itself. He is writing to a friend the tragic news of Shelley's death.

Dated Pisa, July 25, 1822.

DEAR HORACE,

I trust that the first news of the dreadful calamity which has befallen us here will have been broken to you by report, otherwise I shall come upon you with a most painful abruptness; but Shelley, my divine-minded friend, your friend, the friend of the universe, he has perished at sea. He was in a boat with his friend, Captain Williams, going from Leghorn to Lerici, when a storm arose, and it is supposed the boat must have foundered. It was on the 8th instant, about four or five in the evening, they guess. A fisherman says he saw the boat a few minutes before it went down; he looked again and it was gone. He saw the boy they had with them aloft furling one of the sails. We hope his story is true, as their passage from life to death will then have been short; and what adds to the hope is, that in S.'s pocket (for the bodies were both thrown on shore some days afterwards conceive our horrible certainty, after trying all we could to hope) a copy of Keats's last volume, which he had borrowed of me to read on his passage, was found *open* and doubled back as if it had been thrust in, in the hurry of a surprise. God bless him! I cannot help thinking of him as if he were alive as much as ever, so unearthly he always appeared to me, and so seraphical a thing of the elements; and this is what all his friends say. But what we all feel, your own heart will tell you. . . .

It has been often feared that Shelley and Captain Williams would meet with some accident, they were so hazardous; but when they set out on the 8th, in the morning it was fine. Our dear friend was passionately fond of the sea, and has been heard to say he should like it to be his death-bed. . . .

WIT AND WISDOM

HORACE WALPOLE to GEORGE MONTAGU

The three following letters are from the correspondence of Horace Walpole, one of the greatest observers of contemporary affairs, a talented literary man, and a great wit. The letters are chosen to show him in three different moods. The first was written when Walpole was still at Cambridge, and is an excellent specimen of what the "clever" young man of fashion of the time considered a witty letter.

The "Cambridge congratulation" he mentions, were the verses prepared by the university and presented to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his marriage. George Montagu, to whom he wrote was a schoolfellow at Eton.

Dated King's College, May 30, 1736.

DEAR GEORGE,

You show me in the prettiest manner how much you like Petronius Arbiter; I have heard you commend him, but I am more pleased with your tacit approbation of writing, like him, prose interspersed with verse. I shall send you soon in return some poetry interspersed with prose; I mean the Cambridge congratulation with the notes, as you desired. I have transcribed the greatest part of what was tolerable at the coffee houses; but by most of what you will find, you will hardly think I have left anything worse behind. There is lately come out a new piece, called *A Dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes on false Religion*, by one Mr. Coventry, A.M. and fellow, formerly fellow commoner, of Magdalene. He is a young man, but 'tis really a pretty thing. If you can't get it in town, I will send it with the verses. He accounts for superstition in a new manner, and I think a just one; attributing it to disappointments in love. He don't resolve it all into that bottom; ascribes it almost wholly as the source of female enthusiasm; and I dare say there's ne'er a girl from the age of fourteen to four-and-twenty, but will subscribe to his principles, and own, if the dear man was dead that she loves, she would settle all her affections on heaven, whither he was gone.

Who would not be an Artemisia, and raise the stately mausoleum to her lord; then weep and watch incessant over it like the Ephesian matron?

I have heard of one lady who had not quite so great a veneration for her husband's tomb, but preferred lying alone in one, to lying on his left hand; perhaps she had an aversion to the German custom of left-handed wives. I met yesterday with a pretty little dialogue on the subject of constancy; 'tis between a traveller and a dove:—

Le Passant.

Que fais tu dans ce bois, plaintive Turturette?

La Tourterelle.

Je gémiss, j'ai perdu ma compagne fidelle.

La Passant.

Ne crains tu pas que l'oiseleur

Ne te fasse mourir comme elle?

La Tourterelle.

Si ce n'est lui, ce sera ma douleur.

'Twould have been a little more apposite, if she had grieved for her lover. I have ventured to turn it to that view, lengthened it, and spoiled it, as you shall see.

P.—Plaintive turtle, cease your moan;

Hence away!

In this dreary wood alone

Why d'ye stay?

T.—These tears, alas! you see flow

For my mate!

P.—Dread you not from net or bow

His sad fate?

T.—If, ah! if they neither kill,

Sorrow will.

You will excuse this gentle nothing, I mean mine, when I tell you, I translated it out of pure good nature for the use of a disconsolate wood pigeon in our grove, that was made a widow by the barbarity of a gun. She coos and calls me so movingly, 'twould touch your heart to hear her. I protest to you it grieves me to pity her. She is so allicholly as anything. I'll warrant you now she's as sorry as one of us would be. Well, good man, he's gone, and he died like a lamb. She's an unfortunate woman, but she must have patience; 'tis what we must all come to, and so as I was saying,

Dear George,

Good-bye t'ye,

Yrs. sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I don't know yet when I shall leave Cambridge.

HORACE WALPOLE to HORACE MANN

In this letter Walpole describes and comments on one of the biggest events of his lifetime, the 1745 rebellion of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart. He had landed in Scotland alone, from France, and the Highlands at once rose in his favour. English troops were defeated at Prestonpans, and the young prince marched on his triumphal way. In England, the Hanoverian George I, prepared to fly; but once Prince Charles had marched south of the Highlands enthusiasm waned. People turned out to see him march as they'd watch a procession, but few joined him. The Pretender's troops reached, as far south as Derby. Then their nerve broke, and they retreated, eventually to be cut to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden Moor.

Horace Mann was the recipient of the majority of Walpole's vast collection of letters.

The duke mentioned in the first paragraph is the Duke of Cumberland.

Dated Arlington Street, December 9, 1745.

I AM glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The duke, from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four-and-twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation; but His Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter. They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty wagons of sick. The duke has sent General Hawley with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade, to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales, where they will probably all perish, or go

to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the king's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief-Justice Willes, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the king's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the Battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and, what convinces me that he is not

a gentleman, stays here and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts, upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits, and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal. But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? *Adieu!*

HORACE WALPOLE *to* LADY MARY COKE

Lady Mary Coke was a renowned beauty: and it was rumoured at one time that Walpole might marry her. In any case, this letter to her is a product of studied gallantry—no gentleman could have asked a favour of a lady more prettily!

Arlington Street, Tuesday night.

DEAR MADAM,

Would you take me for a solicitor? You must, since I consider you as a minister, and the only one of whom I would ask a favour. The greatest man in this country to military eyes is my Lord Legonier; now all the world knows you govern him. I want an advancement for a young man who has served some time, and with great gallantry, and whose family are the worthiest people upon earth. Yet I will not deceive you, there is an objection to him, the one he cannot help, but I have too great a regard for you not to respect even your ladyship's prejudices—in short, he is a Scotchman, a nation you don't love. However, if you can surmount your aversion, it will exceedingly oblige me; I am so unfortunate as to love that unfashionable people, and wish to serve them. Command my Lord Legonier to grant the enclosed request; the more earnest you are, the more generous the action will be; in short, if you don't do it, I will not believe, what hitherto I always had believed, that even fourscore cannot resist you. You must not be content that I, who am but half-way, am your absolute slave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

How is your cold?

SYDNEY SMITH to LORD HOLLAND

Sydney Smith, cleric, upholder of women's rights, and of complete religious toleration, wit, writer and bon viveur, lived in that astonishing era which saw the end of the brilliant, licentious, gay and degenerate eighteenth century, and the establishment of the solidarity of the Victorian reign. He was destined for a brilliant career in the Church and did not lack influential friends among the all-powerful Whigs. He refused, however, to mould his political views to serve his material ends, and therefore was passed over for preferment with genuine regret, ending by reaching no higher clerical dignity than that of canon. He was allied by marriage ties to the Holland family, and was the intimate friend of Lord Grey. His most famous pleading for Catholic emancipation was written in his "Peter Plymley's Letters" which, according to Lord Holland, was the most brilliant satire since Swift—but lost him a bishopric. The churches where he preached were crowded, his parishoners in Yorkshire, suffering from the depression of the Industrial Revolution, found in him a true and generous friend who not only attended to their spiritual needs but did his best to aid them materially by encouraging farming.

The following letters selected to show his many interests and talents must be read solely on their individual merits, as explanation for each is not indicated in the study of his life and letters.

Dated Bristol, November 5, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD HOLLAND,

Today I have preached an honest sermon (November 5), before the mayor and corporation, in the cathedral; the most Protestant corporation in England! They stared at me with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep the turtle on their stomachs. I know your taste for sermons is languid, but I must extract one passage for Lord Holland, to show that I am still as honest a man as when he first thought me a proper object for his patronage.

"I hope, in the condemnation of the Catholic religion, in which I sincerely join their worst enemies, I shall not be so far mistaken as to have it supposed that I would convey the slightest approbation of any laws which disqualify and incapacitate any class of men for civil offices, on account of religious opinions. I consider all such laws as fatal and lamentable mistakes in legislation: they are the mistakes of troubled times and half-barbarous ages. All Europe is gradually

emerging from their influence. This country has lately made a noble and successful effort for their abolition. In proportion as this example is followed, I firmly believe the enemies of the Church and State will be lessened, and the foundation of peace, order, and happiness will receive additional strength.

"I cannot discuss the uses and abuses of this day; but I should be beyond measure concerned if a condemnation of theological errors were construed into an approbation of laws so deeply marked by the spirit of intolerance."

I have been reading the *Duke of Rovigo*. A fool, a villain, and as dull as it is possible for any book to be about Bonaparte. Lord Bathurst's place is ugly; his family and himself always agreeable. Believe me always very affectionately.

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH to MRS. BARING

Dated Weymouth Street, Portland Place, 1834.

DEAR MRS. BARING,

I have a favour to ask: could you lend our side such a thing as a Chancellor of the Exchequer? Some of our people are too little—some too much in love—some too ill. We will take great care of him, and return him so improved you will hardly know him.

You will be glad to hear my eyes are better—nearly well. Ever sincerely yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

P.S.—What is real piety? What is true attachment to the Church? How are these fine feelings best evinced? The answer is plain: by sending strawberries to a clergyman. Many thanks.

S. S.

SYDNEY SMITH to COUNTESS GREY

Dated Combe Florey, February 1, 1836.

MY DEAR LADY GREY,

I write a line to say that my tributary cheese is only waiting in Somersetshire, because you are waiting in Northumberland; and it will come to town to be eaten as soon as it is aware that you are there to eat it. I hope that Lord Grey and you are well; no easy thing, seeing that there are about fifteen hundred diseases to which man is subject.

Without having thought much about them (and, as I have no part to play, I am not bound to think about them), I like all the Whigs have done. I only wish them to bear in mind that the consequences of giving so much power to the people have not yet been tried at a period of bad harvest and checked manufactures. The prosperity of the country during all these changes has been without example.

Mrs. Sydney and I have been leading a Darby-and-Joan life for these last two months, without children. This kind of life might have done very well for Adam and Eve in Paradise, where the weather was fine, and the beasts as numerous as in the Zoological Gardens, and the plants equal to anything in the gardens about London; but I like a greater variety.

Mackintosh kept all his letters. He had a bundle of mine, which his son returned to me. I found a letter written thirty-five years ago, giving an account of my first introduction to Lord and Lady Holland. I sent it to Lady Holland, who was much amused by it. Your grateful and affectionate friend,

SYDNEY SMITH.

P.S.—I had no idea that, in offering my humble caseous tribute every year, I should minister in so great a degree to my own glory. I bought the other day some Cheshire cheese at Cullam's, in Bond Street, desiring him to send it to Mr. Sydney Smith's. He smiled, and said: "Sir, your name is very familiar to me." "No," I replied, "Mr. Cullam, I am not Sir Sidney Smith, but Mr. Sydney Smith." "I am perfectly aware of it," he said; "I know whom I am addressing; I have often heard of the cheeses you send to Lord Grey." So you see there is no escaping from fame.

SYDNEY SMITH *to* HIS GRANDCHILD

On sending him a letter over weight.

OH, you little wretch! your letter cost me fourpence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings; I will undress your dolls and steal their under-petticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of your eyes; when nobody else whips you, I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugar plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees.

Your loving grandfather,

SYDNEY SMITH.

LETTERS OF MODERN TIMES

LEWIS CARROLL to MARY MACDONALD

There can be no more delightful published correspondence in the world than the letters of Charles Dodgson—better known as Lewis Carroll—to his child friends. The creator of Alice, himself a bachelor, had more close friends under the age of twelve than any man before or since. Here are four of the letters he wrote to them. Mary Macdonald was the daughter of George Macdonald, the novelist.

Dated November 14, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,

Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she had a cross old uncle—his neighbours called him a curmudgeon (whatever that may mean)—and this little girl had promised to copy out for him a sonnet Mr. Rossetti had written about Shakespeare. Well, and she didn't do it, you know: and the poor old uncle's nose kept getting longer and longer, and his temper getting shorter and shorter, and post after post went by, and no sonnet came—— I leave off here to explain how they sent letters in those days: there were no gates, so the gate posts weren't obliged to stay in one place—consequence of which, they went wandering all over the country—consequence of which, if you wanted to send a letter anywhere, all you had to do was to fasten it on to a gate post that was going in the proper direction—(only they sometimes changed their minds, which was awkward)—This was called "sending a letter by the post." They did things very simply in those days: if you had a lot of money, you just dug a hole under the hedge, and popped it in: then you said you had "put it in the bank," and you felt quite comfortable about it. And the way they travelled was—there were railings all along the side of the road, and they used to get up, and walk along the top, as steadily as they could, till they tumbled off—which they mostly did very soon—This was called "travelling by rail—" Now to return to the wicked little girl. The end of her was, that a great black WOLF came, and —— I don't like to go on, but nothing was found of her afterwards, except three small bones.

I make no remark. It is rather a horrid story.

Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

LEWIS CARROLL to DORA ABDY

He had promised to take the child to a matinee performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," and had been asked what dress was suitable.

Dated July 3, 1880.

So E.D. is *de rigueur*? Very good. It is not the *only* E.D. I have met with possessing this character. But why "of course"? Are there *no* exceptions? Surely, if you go to morning parties in evening dress (which you *do*, you know), why not to evening parties in morning dress?

Anyhow, I have been invited to *three* evening parties in London this year, in each of which "morning dress" was specified.

Again, doctors (not that *I* am a real one—only an amateur) must always be in trim for an instant summons to a patient. And when you invite a doctor to dinner (say) do you not always add "morning dress"? (I grant you it is done by initials in *this* case. And perhaps you will say you don't understand M.D. to stand for "morning dress"? Then take a few lessons in elementary spelling.)

Aye, and many and many a time have I received invitations to evening parties wherein the actual colours of the morning dress expected were stated!

For instance, "red scarf: vest pink." That is a *very* common form, though it is usually (I grant you) expressed by initials.

But I spare you. No doubt you are by this time duly ashamed of your too-sweeping assertion, and anxious to apologize. Will you plead that you know not how to apologize, and that ladies never *do* apologize to gentlemen? Then take a few lessons in elementary manners.

yours affect.,

LEWIS CARROLL.

P.S.—You will say: "What morning parties do I go to in evening dress?" I reply: "Balls." You will say again: "*What* balls ever go on in the morning?" I reply: "*Most* balls."

LEWIS CARROLL to WINIFRED STEVENS

Dated May 22, 1887.

MY DEAR WINNIE,

But you will be getting tired of this long letter: so I will bring it to an end, and sign myself,

Yours affectionately,
C. L. DODGSON.

P.S.—I enclose two copies of *Castle Croquet*.

P.P.S.—You have no idea what a struggle it was to me to put “Winnie” instead of “Miss Stevens,” and “affectionately” instead of “yours truly”!

P.P.P.S.—The year after next, or thereabouts, I *hope* to find an opportunity to take you for another walk. By that time, I fear, Time will have begun to write “wrinkles on your azure brow”; however, I don’t care! A really *venerable* companion makes one look youthful oneself, and I shall like to hear people whisper to each other: “Who in the world is that *very* interesting-looking boy who is walking with that old lady with snowy tresses, and taking as much care of her as if she were his great-grandmother?”

P.P.P.P.S.—No time for more.

LEWIS CARROLL to “THE LOWRIE CHILDREN”

In answer to a letter received by him from these American children.

No date.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

It was a real pleasure to me to get your letter; but before I answer it, I have two humble requests to make: One is, please don’t make it generally known that I have written to you, so as to bring on me a flood of letters from all the American children who have read *Alice* and who would expect answers! I don’t want to spend all the rest of my life (being close on the age when Dr. O. W. Holmes says “old age” begins) in writing letters! (I wonder if you know his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*? I delight in it.) And my other request is please never again praise me at all as if any powers I may have, in writing books for children, were my own doing. I just feel

myself a trustee, that is all—you would not take much credit to yourselves, I suppose, if a sum of money had been put into your hands and you had been told “spend all this for the good of the little ones”? And besides, praise isn’t good for any of us: love is, and it would be a good thing if all the world were full of it; I like my books to be loved, and I like to think some children love me for the books, but I don’t like them praised—I’ll tell you what I like to think of best, about the *Alice* books—I’ve had a lot printed on cheaper paper, in plain bindings, and given them to hospitals and convalescent homes—for poor, sick children: and it’s ever so much pleasanter to think of one child being saved some weary hours, than if all the town followed at my heels crying “how clever he is!” I am sure you would think so, too.

Some rather droll things happened about those hospitals: I sent round a printed letter, to offer the books, with a list of the hospitals, and asking people to add to the list any I had left out. And one manager wrote that he knew of a place where there were a number of sick children, but he was afraid I wouldn’t like to give them any books—and why? do you think, “Because they are Jews!” I wrote to say of course I would give them some: why in the world shouldn’t little Israelites read *Alice’s Adventures* as well as other children!

Another—a “Lady Superior”—wrote to ask to see a copy of *Alice* before accepting it: for she had to be very careful, all the children being Roman Catholics, as to what religious reading they got! I wrote to say “you shall certainly see it first if you like: but I can guarantee that the books have no religious teaching whatever in them—in fact they do not teach anything at all.” She said she was quite satisfied and would accept the books.

But while I am running on in this way I’m leaving your letter unanswered. As to the meaning of the Snark? I’m very much afraid I didn’t mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I’m very glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best that I’ve seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to a newspaper)—that the whole book is an allegory on the search after happiness. I think this fits beautifully in many ways—particularly about the bathing machines: when the people get weary of life, and can’t find happiness in town or in books, then they rush off to the seaside to see what bathing machines will do for them.

Would you mind giving me a more definite idea of whom I am writing to, by sending me your names and your ages? I feel as if we

were kind of friends already: but the one idea of "The Lowrie Children" is too shadowy to get hold of fairly. It is like making friends with a will-o'-the-wisp. I believe nobody ever succeeded in making an intimate friend of one of those things. Read up your ancient history and you won't find a single instance of it. I would have added, to "names and ages," "and your cartes," only I'm afraid you'd then expect mine, and that I never give away (my reason is that I want to be personally unknown: to be known by sight by strangers would be intolerable to me), so I am afraid I can't, with a good grace, ask for yours.

I'm very fond of inventing games; and I enclose you the rules of one, "Misch-Masch": see how you like it. One advantage is that it needs no counters or anything: so you can play it out walking, or up in a balloon, or down in a diving bell, or anywhere!

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

After posting the letter, I remembered I had never said a word about Jabberwocky and *Der Tyroler und sein Kind*. Thank you very much for it: it is one of the loveliest airs I know—and oh, so much too good for such words! Once more, your loving friend (your twopenny-halfpenny friend this time)

LEWIS CARROLL.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH to HIS SISTER JESSIE

The friend who collected and edited the letters of Sir Walter Raleigh said they were his best biography, and it is a matter of regret that we can only publish one or two examples from that biography. For he did indeed reveal himself better in his own letters than any of his friends could paint him, and make his readers share with him that terrific enthusiasm for the adventure of living. His deep love and appreciation of his life's work, too, runs through them all, a deep, steady undertone that is always there.

Walter Raleigh was the first holder of the Chair of English Literature at Oxford. He lectured at many universities, including nearly two years at Aligarh University in India. He went to Oxford in 1904; he was there all during the war and until his untimely death in 1922; he was knighted in 1911. His earlier written works, essays of criticism, are known chiefly to the student of English literature. The war stirred him into writing more general works. "Might is Right," "The War of Ideas," "England and the War." Towards the end of the war, he accepted with the keenest pleasure the work of Official Historian to the Air Force. At the same time, he lectured to the men who had come back from the war—men the same age as his own sons. He contracted typhoid as a result of an air trip to Baghdad, and died in May, 1922. His humour, his kindness, his scholarship had enriched the university enormously, and his loss was deeply felt.

The letters require no explanation.

*Dated Pig Perch, Drizzleton, Slush, April 29, 1889
(Manchester).*

ONLY a note. I have altered my opinion about Crabbe. I lectured on him without reading him as I intended, and I think I gave him a pretty severe dressing. Then when he was smarting from the effects of this, I read a lot of him. He is a splendid teller of a story, there can be no doubt. But I did not remand the order for his execution ("he had such ugly ankles")—I mean he is never a poet in any specialized sense. Since then I have been making hay of Samuel Rogers and putting Bloomfield at a cart's tail. But I have already defied Burns, and I am going to cut Keats up into little

stars and paste them on the firmament. Or rather I am going to point out that it has been done.

Scott tomorrow—not a poet, but fine old man. Good old Scott.

I lecture in a very picaroon, jolly beggar, kind of way, think it wakes them up. On Crabbe I say:—

“Why should we abuse Crabbe? He has never done us any harm: we have none of us read him.”

On Keats I am tempted to say:—

“We now come to John Keats. It does not matter when or where he lived. You have come prepared to put down on paper, for committal to memory, any facts I may give you concerning his life—and you none of you, I know, have sufficient leisure to read his works. I must ask you to alter this. The facts, it is true, tell in examination. But you will none of you be any nearer heaven ten years hence for having taken a B.A. degree, while for a love and understanding of Keats you may raise yourselves several inches. In any case, you cannot expect me to give you any facts about his life in one short hour. If you waste your time, I am determined not to waste mine.”

This sort of thing will obtain for me the rich, the enviable, sack. I think I will stoop to, say, three facts.

I have offers from both Cambridge and Oxford, so doing nothing was well. Sadler says: “My impression is that there will be eventually a large demand for your services.”

How the professors here manage to give a dozen lectures a week, as they do, I cannot make out. A single lecture of my own, if I take trouble with it, costs me so much that I want to be carried out on a stretcher at the end, not to begin afresh for the next hour on Roman history. They think I have very light work with six hours a week—neither do I work long hours, but unless I alleviated it by reproducing rubbish, of set intent, for a part of the time, I should be killed by it. As it is, I can't sleep.

I rather pine for my larger and much more interesting audience. The mechanical dogs here afflict me and I get dog on the brain. You see I could make £300 a year extensionizing, I think, so it is hard to set it aside. But for doubts as to my own toughness I should jump at it. I am going to the Principal tomorrow to ask him if he is going to formally invite me to be in his party next year.

But I want power—I have found three or four monstrous blots on the system here (I am not a reformer by temperament) and I can do nothing. Everything is exceedingly black, blacker than you would suppose by looking at the facts without the glasses of my convictions or moods.

I love Diana—she is a lady—and there are so few. I have bought all George Meredith's poems—one, called *Love in the Valley* is beyond words lovely. He is the best poet.

I must now go out. I never work in the afternoon lest it should send me the furze-bush way to the everlasting bonfire. I can work about four hours a day.

TO JOHN SAMPSON

Dated 7 Brompton Avenue, July 28, 1893.

My sister Ada and my friend Strachey were wedded on Wednesday and were very pleased with your telegram. Their demeanour up to the last moment was resigned and their conversation edifying. Both accepted the penultimate administrations of the Church with exemplary humility, went up the trap with great fortitude, and exhibited none but Christian feelings towards the curate who turned them off. Strachey's behaviour was especially beautiful and calm. I saw a good deal of him, for he spent the last week walking with me in Cornwall. In our conversation I often urged him to withdraw his thoughts from present cares, and fix his mind on the future, to trouble less about the periodic division between us of liabilities incurred for ginger brandy and cigars, and to remember that his losses at Californian Jack, a game he is a poor hand at, were my gains. He listened with great docility to my advice, and actually accomplished the perusal of a devotional work entitled *Autour du Divorce*, by "Gyp," professing that he had derived much profit from it and gained light on future things. He freely forgave the officials who carried out the last sad function, telling them that they only did their duty, and giving them 31s. 6d. among them to buy mourning rings. I was much impressed with his fortitude and calm. When I expressed my regret that the Church should deem it necessary to make such pointed mention of fornication in the service celebrated over him he rebuked me sternly. "It seems to me," said he, "that we ought all to be very thankful that the Church did not seize the opportunity to enlarge upon graver offences. They have dealt very gently with us and shown an unexpected forbearance, in which I rejoice." So determined was he to rise above a grovelling dejection, and find good in the severest dispensations.

They bade good-bye to their immediate relatives (the public at large and all reporters were rigorously excluded) and are now at a

public-house, small, remote and secluded, on the banks of the Thames. I derive satisfaction from the knowledge that I was with them at the ordeal and supported them in the triple capacity of best man, chief (and only) bridesmaid, and father of the bride. Strachey, whose own sufferings did not prevent his having keen sympathy to bestow on others, was pleased to commend the manner in which I gave the bride away. The question "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" he told me, is commonly responded to with stentorian vigour and indecent alacrity; from me it elicited no response, and a graceful hesitation was apparent in my carriage. The presiding parson then beckoned me to approach; the spirit of command ennobled his gesture, and yielding to pressure, I indicated by an inclination of my head that I would no longer withhold the bride. I would not tell you this if it were not that it gave pleasure to my poor friend, and prompted him to express his satisfaction. He said that I yielded at the precise moment when to hesitate any longer might have run the risk of the imputation of discourtesy. To hesitate is permissible, to refuse were churlish. And worst of all is the attitude of him in the story, who on hearing the question put "Who giveth this woman away?" rose in the body of the church vociferating "I could, but I won't."

I thought you might care to know these few poor details of the accident whereby I have become to my sister "one of my husband's friends"—to my friend "a brother of his wife's." For a circle may be described round any centre; and a whole planetary system be transferred in the twinkle of an eye.

When will you be at the library? I should like to come in on, say, Tuesday—if you happen to be there.

Could you tell me from biblog. works whether Vincent's Spec. Hist. 1591 Venice is complete and accurate as to text?

Yours ever,

W. A. RALEIGH.

Dated Uffington, Faringdon, Berks., August 23, 1903.

My literary style is being rapidly and severely modified by my son's weekly letters from school. I admire these so much that I have been infected. So I hope you like the style, and I will use it for this letter.

Leonard Whibley has Henley's *Milan*. I don't mind. We are glad you are coming to Berkshire. The Wylds are near here. We had a daughter this morning. She is quite well. So is her mother. The Clarendon Press has accepted Harington and is making a copy

of the M.S. I wish you would look at it, when it is ready. I will send it, if you like. I am to complete Henley's Edinburgh Shakespeare. Please send me the Furness Variorum *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* (Text volume only) and *Lear*, if you possibly can. I will send them back. It will be jolly seeing you.

GERTRUDE BELL to FLORENCE BELL

Gertrude Bell was quite one of the most remarkable women who have ever lived. After a brilliant career at Oxford, she visited her uncle, Sir Frank Lascelles, British Minister at Tehran. It was this visit which gave her her deep interest in the East and she spent the rest of her life exploring and investigating in Asia Minor and Arabia. In 1913, already an acknowledged authority on Asia Minor, she set off on a journey into the interior of Arabia. She managed to reach Hayil, but from there was turned back by the authorities. The letter published here was written to her stepmother during that famous journey. During the war of 1914-1918 she did valuable intelligence work at Baghdad, where indeed, she was the real power behind the scenes. Though her real work finished in 1923, she could not bear to leave the East she loved so well, so accepted the post of Honorary Director of Antiquities, helping to create the museum at Baghdad. In 1926 she died, and, as she would have wished, was buried in Baghdad.

Dated December 20, 1913.

I got off safely on the 16th from the kind Mackinnons, drove out a couple of hours, picked up my camels, loaded water and went off into the desert. We camped early, about an hour or more S. of Dumeir, and it was as well we did so, for the first night in camp always means a good deal of sorting out, and when you have no single man with you who has ever travelled with a European you can guess what it is like. I had to show them everything, and find everything myself, Fattuh not being there, who had packed all. They did not even know how my English tents went up, nor how to boil an egg. But they are all most anxious to please me and most willing to learn, and by dint of patience and timely instruction I am getting things into shape. It rained and blew all the night of the 16th and all the day of the 17th, impossible to travel if the devil had been behind us (and I was a little afraid that the Damascene

authorities might look for us) so there we sat and shivered and overhauled our packs. I have learnt by now to bear rainy days in camp when you are never for one moment warm or dry and the hours seem endless. We sent to Dumeir for firewood for the men, chopped straw for the camels and cotton cloth for me, with which I sat at my needle and made bags for all our provisions. It is long since I have sewed so diligently. Next day was fine, but what with wet tents and unaccustomed men we took two and a half hours to break camp—I despaired, but kept silence until later, and the second morning we were under one and a half hours from the time I woke till the time we marched and that is as good as anybody can expect. I have good servants, you see, and besides I know the job and they soon find that out. We struggled on the 18th for an hour through the mud and irrigation canals of the Dumeir husbandry—a horrible business with the camels slipping and falling. At last we were out in the open desert, with the rising ground of the stony volcanic country, the region of tells, under our feet, and mud forgotten. We marched through it all yesterday and all today, a barren region of volcanic stones and tells. We have sighted but one camp of Arabs in all our way. A man rode out from it to see who we were and we found them to be one of the half-cultivator tribes from near Damascus. For water we have an occasional rain pool, very muddy, but I still have drinking water with me from Damascus, and bread and meat and eggs and butter, so that hardships have not yet begun. It was bitter cold last night; the temperature fell to twenty-eight degrees and I woke up several times shivering. When we set off today in a dense mist the sparse grass and shrubs were all white with frost and we ourselves blue with it. But one takes no harm. The mist did not lift till near midday, which made mappings most tedious as I could take no long bearings, but we came into camp early in the afternoon (having started early) in glorious sunshine and I am now writing in the long afterglow of a cloudless sunset: Already I have dropped back into the desert as if it were my own place; silence and solitude fall round you like an impenetrable veil; there is no reality but the long hours of riding, shivering in the morning and drowsy in the afternoon, the bustle of getting into camp, the talk round Muhammad's coffee fire after dinner, profounder sleep than civilization contrives, and then the road again. And as usual one feels as secure and confident in this lawless country as one does in one's own village. We have a Rafiq, a comrade of the Ghiyatah with us—we fetched him from Mumeir to stand surety for us if we met his tribe. We ought by rights to have a man of the Beni Hassan, with whom our Ghiyatah is useless since they are deadly foes and

if we come across the B. Hassan we will take one along. Good, please God! the earth is ours and theirs and I do not think we shall trouble one another. Such good mushrooms grow here. I have them fried for dinner.

Dated December 21, Jebel Sais.

We have reached our first goal and a very curious place it is, but I will begin at the beginning. It was horribly cold last night. The temperature dropped to nineteen degrees and it was impossible to keep warm in bed. N.B.—I am not cut out for Arctic exploration it is clear. Anyhow I kept waking up to shiver. The men's big tent was frozen hard and they had to light fires under it to unfreeze the canvas, otherwise it would have torn when they packed it. But the sun rose gloriously, clearing away the mists, just as we marched, and in half an hour we were all warm. We sighted J. Sais at eight and reached it at twelve, marching over almost flat ground covered with volcanic stones—a desolate country which must be a furnace in summer. But the rains have filled all the water pools and the grass and shrubs are growing. On our way Muhammad saw two men in the distance and was much perturbed, but they were probably only shepherds of the Saiyad and anyway I did not bother about them. I have got men enough with me who will recognize or be recognized by all these tribes. J. Sais is a big and very perfect volcano, with a sort of deep moat round the W. and S. sides, ending to the S.E. in a lake, now full of water. I took some photographs while the men pitched camp and then climbed with my Ghiyatah guide to the lip of the volcano to take bearings. "Oh! Hamad," said I, as we breasted the stony slope, "who can have lived in this strange place?" "By God," said he, "we would learn from you. But, indeed, oh lady, there is no guide to truth but God." It was a wonderful view from the top—desert, desert and desert; wide stretches of yellow earth, great shining water pools, and miles and miles of stones. We scanned the whole world for Arab tents, but saw none anywhere. With that I ran down the hill and had just time to plan all the ruins before sunset. There remains a little photography and taking of angles for tomorrow morning. I have not for a long time enjoyed anything so much as this afternoon's work. Content reigns in my camp and all goes smoothly.

Dated December 22.

A preposterous and provoking episode has delayed us today. We had marched about two hours when we sighted camels and the smoke of tents. We took them to be (as indeed they were) Arabs

of the Mountain, the Jebel Druze, with flocks. I told you that we tried in Dumeir to get one of the Jebel Druze Arabs as a companion and failed—and we suffered for it. Presently a horseman came galloping over the plain, shooting as he came, into the air only. He wheeled round us, shouting that we were foes, that we should not approach with weapons, and then while he aimed his rifle at me or other of us Muhammad and Ali tried to pacify him, but in vain. He demanded of Ali his rifle and fur cloak, which were thrown to him, and by this time a dozen or more men had come galloping or running up, some shooting, all shouting, half dressed—one of them had neglected to put on any clothes at all—with matted black locks falling about their faces. They shrieked and leapt at us like men insane. One of them seized Muhammad's camel and drew the sword which hangs behind his saddle with which he danced round us, slashing the air and hitting my camel on the neck to make her kneel. Next they proceeded to strip my men of their revolvers, cartridge belts and cloaks. My camel got up again and as there was nothing to be done but to sit quiet and watch events that's what I did. Things looked rather black, but they took a turn for the better when my camel herd, a negro, was recognized by our assailants, and in a minute or two some sheiks came up, knew Ali and Muhammad, and greeted us with friendship. Our possessions were returned and we rode on together in quiet and serenity. But to avoid the occurrence of such events, or worse, we are to take with us a man from their tents, and to that end we have been obliged to camp near them that a suitable companion may be found. The sheiks have drunk coffee with me, enjoyed a long conversation with all of us and been so good as to accept my *backsheesh* in token of our gratitude in being rescued from the hands of the shepherds. And they have given us a comprehensive letter to all the Arabs of the Mountain. Good, please God, but I feel not a little impatient at the delay.

Dated December 23.

It rained hard till eight o'clock this morning and the desert turned into paste. But it dries quickly and by ten we were off, at the bidding of my impatience. All went well, however. We had no more rain though it remained cold and grey. We have with us to guard us against the Arabs of the Mountain the oldest old man you could wish to see. He crouches upon a camel by day and over the camp fire by night. He seldom speaks and I can scarcely think that any one would respect a party introduced by so lifeless and ragged a guarantor. We are camped in a strange bleak place under a gloomy volcanic hill.

Winter travel has its trials. We got off an hour before dawn in a sharp frost. No sooner had the sun risen than a thick mist enveloped the world and hung over it till ten-thirty. My faith, but it was cold! far too cold to ride so I walked for some four hours, the mist freezing into a thick hoar frost on my clothes. We had passed out of the black hills before sunrise and we walked on and on over an absolutely level plain with the white walls of the fog enclosing us. It was not unpleasant—though I wonder why? One turns into nothing but an animal under these conditions, satisfied with keeping warm by exercise and going on unwearied and eating when one is hungry. But I was glad when the sun came out and we could see our way again. I got bearings back to the hills of our camp so that my map will not suffer. This business of mapmaking, far from being a trouble, is a great amusement and alleviation in the long hours of riding and walking. The light came upon us just as we entered a wide and shallow valley up which we shall march until we reach our goal—the fort of Burqa, which has been heard of but never seen.

Dated Burqa, December 24.

We sighted the keep of the fort at ten this morning and reached it at one o'clock—I with an excitement scarcely to be kept in bounds. Burqa has proved most interesting. There is a good Kufic inscription which I have deciphered—it is dated in the year eighty-one A.H. and as inscriptions of the first century A.H. are very rare, it is exceptionally important.

Dated December 25.

What sort of Xmas Day have you been spending? I have thought of you all unwrapping presents in the Common Room and playing with the children. But you were certainly not breakfasting out of doors in a temperature of twenty-eight degrees, which was what I was doing at 7 a.m. It was so cold that I could not take rubbings of my inscriptions till late in the morning, because it was impossible to keep the water liquid. I have worked hard all day, planned, photographed, taken a latitude. Late in the afternoon I discovered that the boulders were covered with Safaitic inscriptions and I copied them till night fell. They are pre-Mohammedan, the rude inscriptions of nomad tribes who inhabited these deserts and wrote their names upon the stones in a script peculiar to this region. So you can picture the history of Burqa—the Byzantine outpost with Safaitic tribes camping round it; the Mohammedan garrison of the seventh century; then a gentleman who passed along in the eighth century

of the Hejira and wrote his name and the date upon the walls; then the Bedouin laying their dead in the courtyard of the fort (it is full of graves) and scratching their tribe-marks on the stones; and lastly we to read the meagre tale. Well, I have had a profitable day. I have not had time to think whether it has been merry. Bless you all.

Dated December 26.

I should like to mention that it was twenty-five degrees when I breakfasted this morning. The wonder is that one minds it so little. I walk for an hour or two every morning so as to unfreeze after the painful process of getting up and packing before dawn. We have been doing today the very thing I dreamt of doing. We have been following an ancient road, not metalled, but marked all the way by Safaitic inscriptions.

Heaven be praised, it is ten degrees warmer tonight than it was last night. What with sun and frost I am burnt out of all knowledge and, as you may imagine, I feel like the immortal gods for health. Nor do I believe that they sleep half so well as I, nor eat so much.

Dated December 27.

I copied inscriptions for another two hours this morning and then we broke up camp and set off. But the devil took possession of the old old man who is my *rafiq* and he set off independently or went to sleep somewhere or I don't know what. Anyhow after half-an-hours searching we discovered he was not with us, and having spent an hour in looking for him, he turned up from quite a different direction and we all cursed him, poor old thing, for wasting our time and energies. It was a horrid march today in the teeth of a strong wind and over endless stones with no apparent path through them. Heaven send us better ground tomorrow.

Dated December 28.

The last prayer was not answered. We marched over stones all day, and marched far, being waterless. At four in the afternoon we reached a *khabra* nearly dry and after some time we espied the smoke of Arab tents far off and camped hastily, hoping that they would not notice us. At night we watched their distant fires flickering and sinking. No doubt they watched ours for we had not been more than a couple of hours on our way today before we heard sounds which meant that our neighbours were stirring. We left

Abu Ali, my old, old *rafiq*—on top of a stony ridge to tackle them and ourselves descended into low ground and halted. Presently a horseman topped the ridge and greeted us with a customary rifle shot, but Abu Ali met him and found him to be of his kin. So all was well. Meantime we had lighted a fire, round which we sat with the newcomer, gave him food and tobacco and exchanged with him information as to the movements of tribes. He told us we should meet the Serdiyyeh moving camp and half an hour later we did meet them and went through the usual formulæ. It happened to be the chief Sheik, Ghalib, whose people we had met, and he joined us and insisted on our camping with him that night. There was no help for it since we shall have to take a *rafiq* from him to guarantee us with his tribe further on. So I have spent the afternoon sitting with him, sitting with the women, drinking coffee, doctoring a man with a horribly bad foot—my only remedy was boric ointment, which can work neither harm nor good, but if I had said I could do nothing they would not have believed me. And now I am going to dine with Ghalib, who has killed a sheep for us. In return for which I shall give him a cloak. The new moon is just setting in a wonderful clear sky, the fires are all alight in the Arab tents; it's all very lovely and primeval, but I prefer a solitary camp.

Dated December 31.

Yesterday we rode all day over stones. At noon we reached a Roman outpost, a little fort on a hill top. I sent my camels on and keeping two men with me planned and photographed the place. We got into camp late, but since we were without the baggage camels we trotted our camels wherever the ground permitted. It was a nice camp by some springs—the joy of clean water! This morning we moved into Qasr Azraq, which stands among palm trees, surrounded by a multitude of springs. I had ridden on with one man, whom I left with my camels while I went into the castle alone. It is inhabited by Arabs, but in the front room I found a Druze who greeted me with the utmost cordiality and gave me coffee. I then began to plan the castle when immediately I was surrounded by Arabs all shouting at the top of their voices that if I wrote a line they would burn my book. I took them all down to my agent, Ali, the postman of three years ago (they had shut the great stone gate of the castle to keep me prisoner the better while they haggled with me). We sat down under the palm trees and I smoked and left Ali to explain, with the result that before long they declared themselves

to be entirely at my service. I've worked at this place all day and shall have another day at it tomorrow. I really don't know if it was worth the trouble, but I dislike leaving things undone in far away places. I rather think I have got one new Greek inscription. I must take a rubbing of it tomorrow and see what can be made of it. So the year ends.

Dated January 2, 1914.

They were all outlaws and outcasts at Azraq and, as Ali observed as we rode away this morning: "The world would be more restful if they were all dead."

It was really warm today for the first time. I dined after sunset with my tent all open. But there seems to have been no rain here and the question of water may present difficulties. We can carry—and are carrying today—water for four nights if we are careful with it—no baths and very little washing, I fear! After dinner I sit for an hour or so at the men's camp fire and they tell tales of raiding and of desert journeying. The fire lights us as we sit in a circle and one after another takes up his story. The negro camel herd, if he is not asleep in a corner (for he takes the first watch at night), looks over the shoulders of us gentry with his face one gleaming smile as the detailed adventures grow more and more blood curdling. When I get up to go they all rise and send me away with a blessing. I often look round the circle and think how closely I resemble Herbert's picture of me.

Dated January 5.

I have had three days of very hard work at Kharaneh, another of the Umayyad pleasure palaces. Nothing so interesting has come into my way since Ukhaider. It is not my discovery, but I have done much more at it than any one else; in fact, it has not been studied at all as yet. Besides the wonderful architectural details I have got heaps of Kufic graffites which I hope Moritz will be able to study from my copies and photographs. One at least is dated A.H. 92. The difficulty here has been water, as we feared. My men have scoured the country round, but four waterskins was all the neighbourhood offered. But with what we brought with us we had enough for three nights here which was all I wanted and we still have tomorrow's supply in case we come across none on our march. Lack of water has unfortunately frustrated my admirable plan of sending in to Madeba while I worked here. As we don't know when the next supply will be found we could arrange no rendezvous. It means, too, no washing and I begin to feel that I shall never be clean again. However Kharaneh is worth it all—delays and dirt and everything. I have worked these days from

6.30 a.m. till 5 p.m. with half an hour off for lunch. But it has been glorious. So now we march west, towards Madeba, and camp where God ordains.

Dated January 6.

My letter goes and I fetch letters.

D. H. LAWRENCE *to* KATHERINE MANSFIELD

This letter written by the novelist to his friend and fellow-novelist reveals almost by its very casualness the perceptive vision that makes his descriptions of places and people such a very important part of his work. Written just after the Armistice, it betrays a spring-like sense of relief and expectancy. Lawrence hoped for great social changes but he did not live long enough even to find out whether his fiercely sincere efforts had any effect.

Dated November, 1918.

MY DEAR KATHERINE,

This morning finds the world rather Macbeth-looking—brownish little strokes of larch trees above, the bracken brown and curly, disappearing below the house into shadowy gloom. But the fields to the well are grey-green and luminous almost like stone. On the lawn the moles have turned up a circle of strange black mounds, very magical. But I regret it. Tomorrow I am going to Ripley and Eastwood, for the weekend. My sister is at Ripley.

The wind is getting up. This place is a wind centre, I warn you.

If you come soon, you must sit tight on your courage, and not be daunted, then you'll be all right. I should like Jack to come, too.

The railway people, when one travels, seem rather independent and Bolshy.

Quick—sharp—get better.

D. H. L.

Please thank Ida Baker for the trouble she took for me.

One feels here like a man looking out from a fortress.

Bless my soul, the sun is shining—and Mrs. Doxey has just brought me a patriarchal cake of bread cooked in a frying pan.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD to JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

The last nine years of Katherine Mansfield's life were an unending struggle against ill-health and poverty. She had all her life been delicate, but tuberculosis was threatened in 1913, and she was forced to go on a weary and lonely pilgrimage from one place to another seeking health. Living as she did under the threat of death, Katherine Mansfield had an intense love of life and beauty, and with it a clarity of vision, and a passion for truth and honesty which were the secret of her unique, delicate genius. Her written works consist of a few volumes of short stories, each one of which is as perfect as the fine workmanship of her creative ability could make it, and her letters and journals. The two letters published here were written to her husband, Mr. Middleton Murry. The first is from Paris; the second from the South of France.

Dated Saturday evening, May 15, 1915.

THE lamplighter is just going his rounds, but I am sitting in the dusk still. I have just come in from a small walk. I returned to the garden of Notre Dame. It was dusk already and the smell of the flowery trees a wonder to enjoy. Hardly anybody was there; an old man on the other end of my bench kept up a buzzing in his beard, and a few extremely wicked babies, without any hope of bed, played ball, just their heads and knees and flying hands to be seen. How black the tree stems were and how fine the leaves! They were like a tune given out in the bass with a wonderful running treble—and above the trees uprose Notre Dame in all her venerable beauty. Little birds flew among the towers—you know the little birds that always fly about ruins. Looking at them I wanted to write a sonnet, using as an image of old age and the thoughts of old age flying out and returning, the tower and the birds. I shall write it one day.

I have been writing my book all the afternoon. How good the fatigue is that follows after!

Lovers are idling along the Quai. They lean over the parapet and look at the dancing water and then they turn and kiss each other, and walk a few steps farther arm in arm and then stop again and again kiss. It is rather the night for it, I must say.

The rain stopped after I had posted your letter today, but it is still *un temps très lourd*. I bought a litre of white wine today for 45c.

(very good) and it is lying in a basin of water in the kitchen sink. The butter and the milk sit on a brick outside the kitchen window. "Some summer," as a fool at the music hall would say.

Write to me as often as you can. Of course, no human being could compete with my effusions and well I know it, but alone in furrin parts is not the same as being even as alone as you are in England.

Sunday morning.

I have just had your summer letter. London does sound good, and the idea of drinking cider and then sitting in my special little garden was very alluring. I know that garden better than any other in the world. I see it now as I write. But for some strange reason, I have always gone there to cry. I well remember one dreadful New Year's Eve when I went there and sat on one of the benches, crying into a little black velvet muff with blue ribbons (L. had it after) and an awful old woman with a jet bonnet watched a long time, and then she sighed and said: "Well, that's 'ow it is, my dear."

If you lean over the Pont St. Louis you look down on to a little court which is called Port de L'Hôtel de Ville. It is a pleasant cobbled square with poplars and lime trees growing against the wall; where it slopes down to the river there are two upturned boats. An old man in a straw hat sat by one of them today, tapping it with a hammer, and over the other two little boys wriggled, dabbling their hands in the water. There were some mattresses propped against the wall in the sun, and a wooden frame set up covered with a square of red linen. An old woman in a lilac print dress, with a white band over her head and under her chin, was tossing grey flock and feathers on the red linen square. An immense heap of them beside her was lifted and shaken and gathered up for her by a younger woman in black, wearing a cotton bonnet. It was very warm in the sun, and the flock and feathers were so dusty that the two women coughed and sneezed as they worked, but they seemed very happy. I watched until the mattress was filled and folded over like a pie crust. Then the young woman took a little camp stool and sat down with a needle and thread, stitching, and the old one replaced the "buttons" in the cover with a long needle like a skewer. Now and again the two little boys ran up to have their noses blown, or the old man sang out something and they sang back.

Whose fault is it that we are so isolated—that we have no real life—that everything apart from writing and reading is "felt" to be a waste of time?

I walked on today and came to a garden behind Notre Dame. The pink and white flowering trees were so lovely that I sat down on a bench. In the middle of the garden there was a grass plot and a marble basin. Sparrows taking their baths turned the basin into a fountain, and pigeons walked through the velvety grass, pluming their feathers. Every bench and every chair was occupied by a mother or a nurse or a grandfather and little staggering babies with spades and buckets made mud pies or filled their buckets with fallen chestnut flowers or threw their grandfathers' caps on to the forbidden grass plot. And then there came a Chinese nurse trailing two babies. Oh, she was a funny little thing in her green trousers and black tunic, a small turban clamped to her head. She sat down with her darning and kept up a long bird-like chatter all the time, blinking at the children and running the darning needle through her turban.

But after I had watched a long time I realized I was in the middle of a dream. Why haven't I got a real "home"—a real life—why haven't I got a Chinese nurse with green trousers and two babies who rush at me and clasp my knees? I'm not a girl—I'm a woman. I *want* things. Shall I ever have them? To write all the morning and then to get lunch over quickly and to write again in the afternoon, and have supper and *one* cigarette together and then to be alone again till bedtime—and all this love and joy that fights for outlet, and all this life drying up, like milk in an old breast. Oh, I want life! I want friends and people and a house. I want to give and to spend.

Dated Sunday morning, March 10, 1918.

Another *jour glacé*—so cold indeed that the country might be under deep, deep snow. It's very quiet, and through the white curtains the sea shows white as milk. I am still in my *bye*, for I have just had *mon petit déjeuner*. It *was* good. I made it boiling in my tommy cooker. I really think that Maman must have gone to see a fire eater or been frightened by one before I was born. Why else should I always demand of my *boissons* that they be in a "perfect bladge" before I drink 'em? And now I am waiting for the courier.

Alas! the same light, quick steps won't carry it to me any more—for Juliette is gone. She came into my room last evening in an ugly stiff black dress without an apron. I noticed she had her boots on and that she was very thickly powdered.

She leaned against a chair, looking at the floor, and then suddenly she said, with a fling of her arm: "*Alors je pars—pour toujours. . . . J'ai reçu des mauvaises nouvelles . . . une dépêche . . . mère*

gravement malade viens de suite . . . alors! Eh bien, voilà . . . va rien à faire." And then suddenly she took a deep sobbing breath. "*J'ai bien de la peine!*" I was so sorry that I wanted to put my arms round her. I could only hold her warm soft hand and say: "*Ah, ma fille, je le regrette, je le regrette de tout coeur."*

She lives on the coast of Corsica. The idea of the journey, of course, *terrifies* her. And then she was so happy—" *si bien bien bien ici!*" and the *beau temps* is just coming and she did not know how she could pack her things, for she came here "*avec toutes mes affaires enveloppées d'un grand mouchoir de maman."* But she'd never spared and always spent. "*If me faut acheter un grand 'panier sérieux' pour les emballer."*

Of course she thinks she'll never come back here again; she's in the desperate state of mind that one would expect of her, and she wept when we said good-bye. "*Qui vous donnerait les fleurs maintenant, madame, vous qui les aimez tant? C'était mon grand plaisir—mon grand plaisir!*" I saw her in the hall before she left, wearing a hideous hat and clasping her umbrella and "*panier sérieux*" as though they had cried "To the boats!" already.

I must not write any more about her, for after all, she can't mean much to you. She *has* meant an enormous lot to me. I have really loved her—and her songs, her ways, her kneeling in front of the fire and grounding the *bois vert*—her rushes into the room with the big bouquets and her way of greeting me in the morning as though she loved the day, and also the fact that she distinguished your letters from others. "*Ce n'est pas la lettre—malheur!*" Good-bye, Juliette, my charming double stock in flower. I'll never forget you. You were a real being. You had roots.

This morning it was Madeleine, the laundrymaid, Juliette's friend, promoted, who brought me *mon déjeuner*. *Très fière*, in consequence. With her fringe combed down into her big eyes, a dark red blouse and a scalloped apron—I could write about these two girls for ever, I feel today. Yes, I'll write just a bit of a story about them, and spare you any more.

You remember writing to me in your criticism of "*Je ne parle pas français*" that Dick Harmon seemed to have roots? It struck me then and the sound of it has gone echoing in me. That's really the one thing I ask of people and the one thing I can't do without. I feel so immensely conscious of my own roots. You could pull and pull and pull at me—I'll not come out. You could cut off my flowers—others will grow. . . . And I could divide up the people with or without them in a jiffy. And although one may be sometimes deceived—sometimes they are so clever, the bad ones: they plant

themselves and look so fair that those two little children we know so well stand hand in hand admiring them and giving them drops of water out of the tin watering can—they fade at the going down of the sun and the two little children are perfectly disgusted with them for being such cheats, and they *hurl* them over the garden wall before going back to their house for the night.

Well, well! The heap of dead ones that we have thrown over. But ah, the ones that remain! All the English poets. I see Wordsworth, *par exemple*, so *honest* and *living* and *pure*.

Here's the courier.

Good God! Your Tuesday letter, and I read "Wordsworth—so honest and so pure." And remember my letter yesterday, and here is yours in answer—just the same!

SPEECHES AND LETTERS ON INDIA

PART I

DEALING WITH THE
LATTER PART OF THE HISTORY OF INDIA
UNDER THE EAST INDIA COMPANY
UP TO AND INCLUDING THE
PROCLAMATION OF
1858

PART II

BY FAMOUS INDIANS
OF RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY DATE

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PART I

QUEEN VICTORIA

This is the proclamation issued by the orders of Queen Victoria when the Government of India was taken over by the Crown after the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The general spirit of sympathy and understanding with the Indian people which permeates this proclamation did a great deal to dissipate any feeling of resentment which might have existed among many of the Indian people after the mutiny.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PRINCES, CHIEFS AND PEOPLE OF INDIA,
NOVEMBER 1, 1858

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, Queen, Defender of the Faith.

Whereas, for divers weighty reason, we have resolved, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, to take upon ourselves the government of the territories in India, heretofore administered in trust for us by the Honourable East India Company.

Now, therefore, we do by these presents notify and declare that, by the advice and consent aforesaid, we have taken upon ourselves the said government; and we hereby call upon all our subjects within the said territories to be faithful, and to bear true allegiance to us, our heirs and successors, and to submit themselves to the authority of those whom we may hereafter, from time to time, see fit to appoint to administer the government of our said territories, in our name and on our behalf.

And we, reposing especial trust and confidence in the loyalty, ability, and judgment of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin Charles John, Viscount Canning, do hereby constitute and appoint him, the said Viscount Canning, to be our first viceroy and governor-general in and over our said territories, and to administer the government thereof in our name, and generally to act in our name and on our behalf, subject to such orders and regulations as he shall, from time to time, receive through one of our principal Secretaries of State.

And we do hereby confirm in their several offices, civil and military, all persons now employed in the service of the Honourable

East India Company, subject to our future pleasure, and to such laws and regulations as may hereafter be enacted.

We hereby announce to the native princes of India, that all treaties and engagements made with them by or under the authority of the East India Company are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained, and we look for the like observances on their part.

We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and, while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others.

We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own; and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.

We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fill.

Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects on pain of our highest displeasure.

And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.

We know, and respect, the feelings of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors, and we desire to protect them in all rights connected therewith, subject to the equitable demands of the State; and we will that generally, in framing and administering the law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India.

We deeply lament the evils and misery which have been brought upon India by the acts of ambitious men, who have deceived their countrymen by false reports, and led them into open rebellion. Our power has been shown by the suppression of that rebellion in the field; we desire to show our mercy by pardoning the offences of those

who have been misled, but who desire to return to the path of duty.

Already, in one province, with a desire to stop the further effusion of blood, and to hasten the pacification of our Indian dominions, our viceroy and governor-general has held out the expectation of pardon, on certain terms, to the great majority of those who, in the late unhappy disturbances, have been guilty of offences against our Government, and has declared the punishment which will be inflicted on those whose crimes place them beyond the reach of forgiveness. We approve and confirm the said act of our viceroy and governor-general, and do further announce and proclaim as follows:—

Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been, or shall be, convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects. With regard to such the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers, knowing them to be such, or who may have acted as leaders or instigators of revolt, their lives alone can be guaranteed; but, in apportioning the penalty due to such persons, full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance; and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in too credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

To all others in arms against the Government we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offences against ourselves, our Crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits.

It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with these conditions before the first day of January next.

When, by the blessing of Providence, internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people.

COLONEL CLIVE *to* THE RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

This letter was written by Clive, who at that time was one of the most important servants of the East India Company, to William Pitt, who was then Prime Minister. His leadership of the English forces against the French in India during the Seven Years' War had again been crowned with success and he had proved superior to both the French general, Lally, and the French governor, Dupleix. In writing what is really an official report to Pitt, who was one of the few English statesmen who realized the great significance of the war in India, he is advocating a plan which was probably after Pitt's own heart, and that was that the government of British India should be taken over by the Crown. It will be noted that it was a century later almost to the month, that Queen Victoria's proclamation did indeed weld British India to the Crown.

Dated January 7, 1759.

SIR,

Suffer an admirer of yours at this distance to congratulate himself on the glory and advantage which are likely to accrue to the nation by your being at its head, and at the same to return his most grateful thanks for the distinguished manner you have been pleased to speak of his successes in these parts, far indeed beyond his deservings.

The close attention you bestow on the affairs of the British nation in general has induced me to trouble you with a few particulars relative to India, and to lay before you an exact account of the revenues of this country, the genuineness whereof you may depend upon, as it has been faithfully extracted from the Minister's books.

The great revolution that has been effected here by the success of the English arms, and the vast advantages gained to the company by a treaty concluded in consequence thereof, have, I observe, in some measure, engaged the public attention; but much more may yet in time be done, if the company will exert themselves in the manner the importance of their present possessions and future prospects deserves. I have represented to them in the strongest terms the expediency of sending out and keeping up constantly such a force as will enable them to embrace the first opportunity of further aggrandizing themselves; and I dare pronounce, from a thorough knowledge of this country government, and of the genius of the people, acquired by two years' application and experience, that such

an opportunity will soon offer. The reigning subah, whom the victory at Plassey invested with the sovereignty of these provinces, still, it is true, retains his attachment to us, and probably, while he has no other support, will continue to do so; but Mussulmans are so little influenced by gratitude, that should he ever think it his interest to break with us, the obligations he owes us would prove no restraint: and this is very evident from his having lately removed his Prime Minister, and cut off two or three principal officers, all attached to our interest, and who had a share in his elevation. Moreover, he is advanced in years; and his son is so cruel, worthless a young fellow, and so apparently an enemy to the English, that it will be almost unsafe trusting him with the succession. So small a body as two thousand Europeans will secure us against any apprehensions from either; and, in case of their daring to be troublesome, enable the company to take the sovereignty upon themselves.

There will be the less difficulty in bringing about such an event, as the natives themselves have no attachment whatever to particular princes; and as, under the present Government, they have no security for their lives or properties, they would rejoice in so happy an exchange as that of a mild for a despotic Government: and there is little room to doubt our easily obtaining the mogul's sunnud (or grant) in confirmation thereof, provided we agreed to pay him the stipulated allotment out of the revenues, viz., fifty lacs annually. This has, of late years, been very ill-paid, owing to the distractions in the heart of the Mogul Empire, which have disabled that Court from attending to their concerns in the distant provinces: and the vizier has actually wrote to me, desiring I would engage the nabob to make the payments agreeable to the former usage; nay, further: application has been made to me from the Court of Delhi, to take charge of collecting this payment, the person entrusted with which is styled the king's dewan, and is the next person both in dignity and power to the subah. But this high office I have been obliged to decline for the present, as I am unwilling to occasion any jealousy on the part of the subah; especially as I see no likelihood of the company's providing us with a sufficient force to support properly so considerable an employ, and which would open a way for securing the subahship to ourselves. That this would be agreeable to the Mogul can hardly be questioned, as it would be so much to his interest to have these countries under the dominion of a nation famed for their good faith, rather than in the hands of people who, a long experience has convinced him, never will pay him his proportion of revenues, unless awed into it by the fear of the imperial army marching to force them thereto.

But so large a sovereignty may possibly be an object too extensive for a mercantile company; and it is to be feared they are not of themselves able, without the nation's assistance, to maintain so wide a dominion. I have therefore presumed, sir, to represent this matter to you, and submit it to your consideration, whether the execution of a design, that may hereafter be still carried to greater lengths, be worthy of the Government's taking it into hand. I flatter myself I have made it pretty clear to you, that there will be little or no difficulty in obtaining the absolute possession of these rich kingdoms; and that with the Mogul's own consent, on condition of paying him less than a fifth of the revenues thereof. Now I leave you to judge, whether an income yearly of upwards of two millions sterling, with the possession of three provinces abounding in the most valuable productions of nature and of art, be an object deserving the public attention; and whether it be worth the nation's while to take the proper measures to secure such an acquisition—an acquisition which, under the management of so able and disinterested a minister, would prove a source of immense wealth to the kingdom, and might in time be appropriated in part as a fund towards diminishing the heavy load of debt under which we at present labour. Add to these advantages the influence we shall thereby acquire over the several European nations engaged in the commerce here, which these could no longer carry on but through our indulgence, and under such limitations as we should think fit to prescribe. It is well worthy consideration, that this project may be brought about without draining the mother country, as has been too much the case with our possessions in America. A small force from home will be sufficient, as we always make sure of any number we please of black troops, who, being both much better paid and treated by us than by the country powers, will very readily enter into our service. Mr. Walsh, who will have the honour of delivering you this, having been my secretary during the late fortunate expedition, is a thorough master of the subject, and will be able to explain to you the whole design, and the facility with which it may be executed, much more to your satisfaction, and with greater perspicuity, than can possibly be done in a letter. I shall therefore only further remark, that I have communicated it to no other person but yourself; nor should I have troubled you, sir, but from a conviction that you will give a favourable reception to any proposal intended for the public good.

The greatest part of the troops belonging to this establishment are now employed in an expedition against the French in the Deckan; and, by the accounts lately received from thence, I have great hopes we shall succeed in extirpating them from the province of Golconda,

where they have reigned lords paramount so long, and from whence they have drawn their principal resources during the troubles upon the coast.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary effort made by the French in sending out M. Lally with a considerable force the last year, I am confident, before the end of this, they will be near their last gasp in the Carnatic, unless some very unforeseen event interpose in their favour. The superiority of our squadron, and the plenty of money and supplies of all kinds which our friends on the coast will be furnished with from this province, while the enemy are in total want of everything, without any visible means of redress, are such advantages as, if properly attended to, cannot fail of wholly effecting their ruin in that as well as in every other part of India.

May the zeal and the vigorous measures, projected for the service of the nation, which have so eminently distinguished your ministry, be crowned with all the success they deserve, is the most fervent wish of him who is, with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBT. CLIVE.

WARREN HASTINGS to LORD MANSFIELD

Warren Hastings, during his term of office as Governor of Bengal, is here writing to Lord Mansfield concerning the legal system of the Hindu peoples of India. He is pointing out that the Hindu system of judicature is in itself sound and based on excellent principles. The stories that Lord Mansfield may have heard of the barbarism of the Indian peoples are completely unfounded and he strongly urges that the culture of India should not be destroyed but should be encouraged by allowing the Indians to keep their own system of judicature.

Dated March 21, 1774.

MY LORD,

I feel a very sensible regret that I have not endeavoured to improve the opportunities which I possessed by an early introduction to your lordship's acquaintance of acquiring a better right to the freedom which I now assume in this address. The great veneration which I have ever entertained for your lordship's character, and the unim-

portant sphere in which, till lately, it has been my lot to act, were sufficient checks to restrain me from such an attempt, however my wishes might have impelled me to it.

I know not whether you will admit the subject of this letter to merit your attention by its importance. My only motive for introducing it to your lordship is, that I believe it to be of that importance, as it regards the rights of a great nation in the most essential point of civil liberty, the preservation of its own laws, a subject, of which I know no person equally able to judge, or from whom I could hope for a more ready or effectual support of any proposition concerning it.

Among the various plans which have been lately formed for the improvement of the British interests in the provinces of Bengal, the necessity of establishing a new form of judicature, and giving laws to a people who were supposed to be governed by no other principle of justice than the arbitrary wills, or uninstructed judgments, of their temporary rulers, has been frequently suggested; and this opinion I fear has obtained the greater strength from some publications of considerable merit in which it is too positively asserted that written laws are totally unknown to the Hindus, or original inhabitants of Hindustan. From whatever cause this notion has proceeded, nothing can be more foreign from truth. They have been in possession of laws, which have continued unchanged, from the remotest antiquity. The professors of these laws, who are spread over the whole empire of Hindustan, speak the same language, which is unknown to the rest of the people, and receive public endowments and benefactions from every State and people, besides a degree of personal respect amounting almost to idolatry, in return for the benefits which are supposed to be derived from their studies. The consequence of these professors has suffered little diminution from the introduction of the Mohammedan Government, which has generally left their privileges untouched, and suffered the people to remain in quiet possession of the institutes which time and religion had rendered familiar to their understandings and sacred to their affections. I presume, my lord, if this assertion can be proved, you will not deem it necessary that I should urge any argument in defence of their right to possess those benefits under a British and Christian administration which the bigotry of the Mohammedan Government has never denied them. It would be a grievance to deprive the people of the protection of their own laws, but it would be a wanton tyranny to require their obedience to others of which they are wholly ignorant, and of which they have no possible means of acquiring a knowledge.

I cannot offer a better proof of what I have before affirmed, than

by presenting you with a specimen of the laws themselves, which it will be necessary to preface with the following brief history of the manner in which it came into my hands.

A short time after my appointment to the Government of this presidency, the company were pleased to direct the administration here to take possession of the dewanny, or territorial government of these provinces, in their name, without using any longer the intervention of an officer of the ancient Mogul Government under the title of their naib, or deputy, and gave them full powers to constitute such regulations for the collection and management of the revenue as they should judge most beneficial to the company and the inhabitants.

In the execution of this commission, it was discovered that the due administration of justice had so intimate a connexion with the revenue, that in the system which was adopted, this formed a very considerable part. Two courts were appointed for every district, one for the trial of crimes and offences, and the other to decide causes of property. The first consisted entirely of Mohammedan, and the latter of the principal officers of the revenue, assisted by the judges of the criminal courts, and by the most learned pundits (or professors of the Hindu law), in cases which depended on the peculiar usages or institutions of either faith. These courts were made dependent on two supreme courts which were established in the city of Calcutta, one for ultimate reference in capital cases, the other for appeals.

In this establishment no essential change was made in the ancient constitution of the province. It was only brought back to its original principles, and the line prescribed for the jurisdiction of each court, which the looseness of the Mogul Government for some years past had suffered to encroach upon each other.

It would swell this letter to too great a bulk were I to enter into a more minute description, although I feel the necessity of making it more comprehensive to convey an adequate idea of the subject.

As it has never been the practice of this country for the pundits or expounders of the Hindu law, to sit as judges of it, but only to give their opinions in such cases as might be proposed to them, and as these perpetually occurring occasioned very great delays in our proceedings, or were decided at once by the officers of the courts, without any reference, it was judged advisable, for the sake of giving confidence to the people and of enabling the courts to decide with certainty and dispatch, to form a compilation of the Hindu laws with the best authority which could be obtained; and for that purpose ten of the most learned pundits were invited to Calcutta from

different parts of the province, who cheerfully undertook this work, have incessantly laboured in the prosecution of it, and have already, as they assure me, completed it, all but the revisal and correction of it.

This code they have written in their own language, the Shanscrit. A translation of it is begun under the inspection of one of their body into the Persian language, and from that into English. The two first chapters I have now the honour to present to your lordship with this, as a proof that the inhabitants of this land are not in the savage state in which they have been unfairly represented, and as a specimen of the principles which constitute the rights of property among them.

Although the second chapter has been translated with a dispatch that has not allowed time for rendering it quite so correct as I could wish to offer it to your lordship's view, yet I can venture to vouch for the fidelity with which it is generally executed, such parts of it as I have compared with the Persian copy having been found literally exact.

Your lordship will find a great mixture of the superstitions of their religion in this composition. Many passages in the first chapter are not to be reconciled to any rule known to us, but may be supposed to be perfectly consonant to their own maxims, as your lordship will perceive that they have been scrupulously exact in marking such cases as have received a different decision in the different originals from which this abstract is selected.

Upon the merit of the work itself I will not presume to offer an opinion. I think it necessary to obviate any misconception which you may entertain from the similitude in the arrangement and style to our own productions, by saying that I am assured they are close and genuine transcripts from the original.

With respect to the Mohammedan law, which is the guide at least of one-fourth of the natives of this province, your lordship need not be told that this is as comprehensive, and as well defined, as that of most States in Europe, having been formed at a time in which the Arabians were in possession of all the real learning which existed in the western parts of this continent. The book which bears the greatest authority among them in India is a digest formed by the command of the Emperor Aurungzebe, and consists of four large folio volumes which are equal to near twelve of ours.

I have only to add that the design of this letter is to give your lordship a fair representation of a fact of which the world has been misinformed, to the great injury of this country, and to prevent the ill effects which such an error may produce in a public attempt to deprive it of the most sacred and valuable of its rights. Even the

most injudicious or most fanciful customs which ignorance or superstition may have introduced among them, are perhaps preferable to any which could be substituted in their room. They are interwoven with their religion, and are therefore revered as of the highest authority. They are the conditions on which they hold their place in society, they think them equitable, and therefore it is no hardship to exact their obedience to them. I am persuaded they would consider the attempt to free them from the effects of such a power as a severe hardship. But I find myself exceeding the bounds which my deference for your lordship's great wisdom had prescribed, and therefore quit the subject.

I know the value of your lordship's time, and reluctantly lay claim to so great a share of it as may be required for the perusal of this letter. I assure myself that you will approve my intention. My only apprehension is, that it may arrive too late to produce the effect which I hope to obtain from it. I would flatter myself that the work which it introduces may be of use in your lordship's hands towards the legal accomplishment of a new system which shall found the authority of the British Government in Bengal on its ancient laws, and serve to point out the way to rule this people with ease and moderation according to their own ideas, manners, and prejudices. But although I should be disappointed in this expectation, I still please myself with the persuasion that your lordship will receive it with satisfaction as an object of literary curiosity, whatever claim it may have to your attention from its intrinsic merit; as it contains the genuine sentiments of a remote and ancient people at a period of time in which it was impossible for them to have had the smallest connexion or communication with the inhabitants of Europe, on a subject in which all mankind have a common interest, and is, I believe, the first production of the kind hitherto made known amongst us. I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

QUEEN VICTORIA *to* THE EARL OF DERBY

The three following letters are an expression of Queen Victoria's opinions on the Proclamation to the Indian people during the period when the terms of the Proclamation were being considered by the queen's ministers. Like the speech itself, these letters are familiar to most Indians who still remember with gratitude the close personal and persistent endeavours to make the phrasing of the Proclamation tolerant and sympathetic to all her new subjects in India.

Dated August 15, 1858.

THE queen has asked Lord Malmesbury to explain in detail to Lord Derby her objections to the draft of Proclamation for India. The queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write it himself in his excellent language, bearing in mind that it is a female sovereign who speaks to more than 100,000,000 of Eastern people on assuming the direct government over them after a bloody civil war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence, and religious feeling, pointing out the privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization.*

* The draft Proclamation was accordingly altered so as to be in strict harmony with the queen's wishes.

QUEEN VICTORIA *to* LORD STANLEY

Windsor Castle, November 20, 1858.

THE queen has received Lord Stanley's letter entering into the subject of the difficulties which have arisen in the conduct of the new Indian Department. She had from the first foreseen that it would not be an easy matter to bring the establishments of the old company's government to fall into the practice and usages of the constitutional monarchy, and was therefore most anxious that distinct rules should

be laid down before the installation of the new government, which unfortunately was not done, but she trusts will now be devised and adopted.

The queen most readily gives Lord Stanley credit for every intention to remove the obstacles in the way of the solution of these difficulties as far as he was able, but she cannot but fear that the particular form in which the opinion of the law officers has been asked, and the fact (that) the eighteen members of the council (all naturally wedded to a system under which they were trained) were made parties to the discussion between herself and her secretary of state on these difficulties—must increase instead of diminishing them.

The account given by Mr. Temple, together with the last printed letters and memoranda from the Punjab, give us serious cause of apprehension for the future, and show that the *British Army* is the only safeguard at present.

QUEEN VICTORIA *to* VISCOUNT CANNING *

Dated Windsor Castle, December 2, 1858.

THE queen acknowledges the receipt of Lord Canning's letter of October 19, which she received on November 29, which has given her great pleasure.

It is a source of great satisfaction and pride to her to feel herself in direct communication with that enormous empire which is so bright a jewel of her crown, and which she would wish to see happy, contented and peaceful. May the publication of her Proclamation be the beginning of a new era, and may it draw a veil over the sad and bloody past!

The queen rejoices to hear that her viceroy approves this passage about religion.† She strongly insisted on it. She trusts also that the certainty of the amnesty remaining open till January 1 may not be productive of serious evil.

* The queen's Proclamation to her Indian subjects had been received by Lord Canning on October 17, when he also learned that the title of viceroy was in future to dignify the governor-general's office.

† "Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects." The Proclamation proceeded to state that all the queen's Indian subjects should be impartially protected by the law, and live unmolested in the observance of their several religions.

The queen must express our admiration of Lord Canning's own Proclamation, the wording of which is beautiful. The telegram received today brings continued good news, and announces her Proclamation having been read, and having produced a good effect.

The queen hopes to hear from Lord Canning whenever he can spare time to write. She misses hearing from Lady Canning, not having heard from her since August 30; but the queen fears that she is herself to blame, as she has not written to Lady Canning for a long time; she intends doing so by the next mail. . . .

Both the prince and herself hope that Lord Canning's health is now perfectly good, as well as dear Lady Canning's. We ask him to remember us to her, and also to Lord Clyde.

The queen concludes with every wish for Lord Canning's success and prosperity, and with the assurance of her undiminished and entire confidence.

PART II
POLITICAL

DADABHAI NAOROJI

Dadabhai Naoroji, whose name is revered throughout India as one of the country's staunchest and truest patriots, was, at the time he made this speech, standing as the parliamentary candidate for North Lambeth, a London borough. Mr. Naoroji, who was enormously popular in England, was received with enthusiasm, and his plea for fair dealings with his countrymen was listened to with interest and sympathy. He is speaking on the same subject as Mr. Surendranath Banerjea, in the following address.

BRITAIN'S PROMISES TO INDIA

SPEECH DELIVERED AT A MEETING IN LONDON, C. 1905

MR. NAOROJI said that in order to understand thoroughly the subject he was announced to lecture upon, and in order to realize the full significance of British promises and performances in India, it was necessary he should narrate a few of the historical facts which led to the promises being given. British rule in India at its inception was one marked by greed, oppression, and tyranny of every kind—so much so that even the court of directors of the East India Company was horrified at what was going on. That was the first fact to be borne in mind. The second was that subsequent to the rise of the British Empire in India all war expenditure incurred in connexion with India, and by means of which the empire had been built up, had been paid out of Indian resources entirely, and the bloodshed which was the necessary accompaniment of war was mainly Indian. In the late Transvaal war Great Britain lost thousands of her sons and spent nearly 250 millions sterling, and the people of this country consequently had brought forcibly home to them what war meant, but in India, while the British claimed all the glory and reaped all the benefits, the burdens of war were borne by the natives. India had, in fact, cost Great Britain nothing in money and very little in blood. But its wealth had thereby been exhausted; it had become impoverished, and it had further been subjected to a system of government under which every Indian interest was sacrificed for the benefit of the English people. The system of corruption and oppression

continued until at last the British Government was shamed by it. Anglo-Indians of high position in the service had again and again denounced the system in the most scathing terms, but it would suffice for his present purpose to remind them that Edmund Burke pointed out how every position worth having under the Government was filled by Europeans, to the absolute exclusion of natives. The result was that there was a constant and most exhausting drain of Indian wealth. Even in those days it was estimated that the official remittances to England amounted to three millions sterling, and the capacity of the people to produce went on diminishing, until it was now only about £2 per head, as compared with £40 per head in Great Britain. This country, too, enjoyed the benefit of its wealth circulating at home, while India laboured under the disadvantage that what it produced was sent to England, and it got nothing in return. She was, in fact, deprived of wealth without mercy year after year, and, in addition to the official remittances home, to which he had already referred, the servants of the Government sent home, privately, an almost equal sum, which they themselves obtained from the natives on their own account. In the early part of last century there was a Government inquiry every twenty years into the administration of the East India Company, and these at last proved so effective that the statesmen of the day began to realize the responsibilities and duty of England to India, and to seriously discuss what should be Great Britain's policy. It was in 1833 that they got the first pledge, and in that year a clause was inserted in the Charter of the East India Company providing that in the service of the Government there should be no distinction raised of race, creed or colour, but that ability should be the sole qualification for employment by the State. That was the first promise, made to the people of India in the name of the people of the United Kingdom, and it was embodied in an Act of Parliament. Had it been faithfully and loyally carried out, the existing state of affairs in India would have been vastly different, and it would not have been necessary for him to go about the country complaining of the dishonour and disgrace of England, and of the enormity of the evils of British rule. The first promise was made in 1833, the period at which the British were rising to their highest glory in civilization, an era of emancipation of all kinds, from the abolition of slavery onwards. Macaulay himself declared that he would be proud to the end of his life of having taken part in preparing that clause of the Charter, and clearly the policy of the statesmen of that day was to extend to India the freedom and liberty which England enjoyed. But twenty years passed, and not the slightest effect was given to the clause: it remained a dead letter,

as if it had never been enacted, and the policy of greed and oppression continued to obtain in the government of India. In 1853, the East India Company's Charter was again revised, and in those days Mr. John Bright and Lord Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) urged strongly that the service should be open to all and not reserved exclusively for Europeans—for the nominees and friends of the directors of the company. They contended, too, for the holding of simultaneous examinations in India and England, but it was without avail. Then came the mutiny of 1857, and after that had been suppressed, the statesmen of Great Britain were again forced to consider what should be the policy of this country in India. The administration of India was taken over from the company, and the Proclamation which was issued was drawn up by Lord Derby, at the special request of Queen Victoria, in terms of generosity, benevolence, and religious toleration, such as might well be used by a woman sovereign speaking to hundreds of millions of a people the direct government of whom she was assuming after a bloody civil war. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the promise embodied in that Proclamation, and the Indian people heartily blessed the name of Queen Victoria for the sympathy she always evinced towards her Indian subjects. This Proclamation constituted the second pledge—it was a promise to extend British institutions to India, to, in fact, give them self-government, it re-affirmed the promise of the Charter of 1833, and it declared that Her Majesty held herself bound to the natives of her Indian territories by the same obligations of duty as bound her to all her other subjects. Indians were, in fact, to become true British subjects, with all the rights and privileges of British subjects, and the government of the country was to be administered for the benefit of all the people resident therein; for, concluded the Proclamation, “in her prosperity will be our strength, in her contentment our security, and in her gratitude our best reward.” This had well been called “India's Greater Charter.” It was everything they desired. But, unfortunately, it, too, had remained a dead letter up to the present time, and to the great and bitter disappointment of the people of India, the promises therein contained had not been faithfully and honourably fulfilled. In defiance of the Proclamation, every obstacle had been placed in the way of natives obtaining admission to posts under the Government, the efforts of men like Mr. John Bright, Lord Derby and Mr. Fawcett to secure the holding of simultaneous examinations in England and India had been frustrated. In 1870, no doubt, an effort was made by Sir Stafford Northcote, and later on by the Duke of Argyll, to give effect to the promise of admission

of natives to the service, but it was defeated by the action of the Indian Government. A native service was established, but it was made entirely distinct from the European service—a distinction which was never intended—and it was so arranged that it was bound to prove a failure. Appointments to it were made by nomination, not by examination; back-door jobbery took the place of the claims of ability, and, naturally, at the end of ten years, the service was abandoned because it had never answered. In 1877, on the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, Lord Lytton issued another Proclamation in the name of Queen Victoria reiterating the promises contained in her former Proclamation, but again the pledge was violated. At the Jubilee in 1887 there was a renewal of the promise, again to be followed by its being utterly ignored; while, later on, a resolution of the British House of Commons in favour of the holding of simultaneous examinations in India and England was carried by Mr. Herbert Paul, in spite of the opposition of the Government, and that, too, had been ignored. Thus, they had a long series of solemn promises made to the ear but absolutely violated in spirit and in letter, to the great dishonour and disgrace of Great Britain. Eminent statesmen and officials had frequently admitted the breaking of these pledges. A committee appointed by the then Secretary for India unanimously reported in 1860 that the British Government had been guilty of making promises to the ear and breaking them to the hope; and that the only way in which justice could be done to Indians was by holding simultaneous examinations in England and India, of the same standard and on the same footing, instead of forcing Indians to go to London at an expense of thousands of pounds in order to secure admission to the Government service. In 1870, the Duke of Argyll declared: "We have not fulfilled our duty or the promises and engagements we have made"; later, Lord Lytton made the confession that deliberate and transparent subterfuges had been resorted to in order to reduce the promise of the Charter of 1833 to a dead letter; and that the Governments of England and of India were not in a position to answer satisfactorily the charge that they had taken every means in their power to break to the heart the promises they had made to the ear. The Duke of Devonshire, in 1883, asserted that if India was to be better governed it was to be done only by the employment of the best and most intelligent of the natives in the service; while, finally, the late Lord Salisbury described the promises and their non-fulfilment as "political hypocrisy." That was a nice description indeed of the character of the British rule in India; it was an admission that the conduct of the British Government in India had

been disgraceful. But let them not forget that the promises were made by the British sovereign, the British Parliament, and British people, of their own free will, while the disgrace for their non-fulfilment attached solely to the British Government, which, by its refusal to act, had sullied the honour of the British people. Two of the greatest offenders in this respect had been Lord George Hamilton and Lord Curzon, both of whom had very unpatriotically introduced most reactionary measures, and had pursued a mischievous policy which had resulted in the gravest injury to the Indian Empire and the British people. Lord George Hamilton, whose object surely should have been to make the people attached to British rule, had openly declared that it never would be popular with them; while Lord Curzon had done his very utmost to make it unpopular. He was going back to that country for a second term of office as viceroy, but the suggestion that the people would welcome his re-appearance was falsified by the authoritative expression of the best native opinion, and his continuance in the office of viceroy could only be productive of serious injury, both to England and to India. What had been the result of the non-fulfilment of this long series of promises? The system of greed and oppression still obtained in the government of India; the country was being selfishly exploited for the sole benefit of Englishmen; it was slowly but surely being drained of its wealth, for no country in the world could possibly withstand a drain of from thirty to forty millions sterling annually, such as India was now subjected to; its power of production was diminishing, and its people were dying of hunger by the million. The responsibility for all this rested upon British rule. What was the remedy? Not the mischievous, reactionary policy now being pursued by Lord Curzon, but the taking of steps to transform and revolutionize in a peaceful manner the present evil and disastrous system of government, so as to enable the people themselves to take their full and proper share in the administration of the affairs of their country. Lord Curzon had described India as the pivot of the British Empire. India could not be content with the present state of affairs, and he earnestly appealed to the people of Great Britain to themselves compel the Government to redeem the promises so often made, and to secure for India real self-government, subject, of course, to the paramountcy of Great Britain.

SIR SURENDRANATH BANERJEA

Sir Surendranath Banerjea is speaking here on the subject which at that time was holding the attention of India; the question as to whether or no Indians should have exactly the same chance of entering the Civil Service as Englishmen.

SIMULTANEOUS EXAMINATIONS

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE MADRAS CONGRESS, 1895

MR. PRESIDENT, brother delegates, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you most cordially for the kind greeting which you have accorded me. I do not take it in the light of a personal compliment, but as the expression of your enthusiasm—I was going to add of your unabated enthusiasm—for the Congress cause. I have heard it said that our enthusiasm is on the wane, that the first fervour of the early days of the Congress movement is fast disappearing. I desire those sceptics who indulge in sentiments such as these to witness the grand and imposing spectacle of today, and be convinced of the error of their ways. Oh, no! our enthusiasm is not on the wane. It continues to glow as brightly as ever, and so far as some of us are concerned, it will continue to glow until the vital spark of life itself has been extinguished, and then we shall bequeath it, as a sacred legacy, to those who, coming after us, will bear our names, profit by our labours, and seek to extend the ever-widening sphere of our political rights, and hasten forward the accomplishment of the perfected destiny of an emancipated people. Gentlemen, last year about this time, we were rejoicing that the House of Commons had definitely affirmed the principle of simultaneous examinations. Last year about this time, in Congress assembled, we expressed the hope—I was somewhat sceptical about the matter—that the Government of India would see its way to give effect to the resolution of the House and fulfil the just and legitimate aspirations of the people of India. Those hopes have now been blasted. We meet today under the shadow of a great disappointment; but we need not despair. More than once before this have we led a forlorn hope to victory. More than once before this have we triumphed over vituperation and scorn and ridicule, and I hope and trust it may yet be possible for us to shatter to pieces the stronghold in which Anglo-Indian prejudice has found a safe and a last asylum. It would not be the least memorable of the many achievements of the Congress. It would be the crowning triumph of this generation.

Gentlemen, speaking at Madras and from this platform, speaking for myself, I say that it is impossible to withhold the tribute of our gratitude and admiration from the only Government in India, the Government of Madras, which supported the resolution of the House of Commons. I know that since then a change has come across the spirit of Lord Wenlock's dreams. I remember his Vizagapatam speech. *Scriptum manet*. But what is written remains, and that dispatch will continue to be regarded, at any rate for the time being, as a monument of the disinterested philanthropy, which is only another name for farsighted statesmanship, of the Government of Madras. I know not how it is, but the conduct of Madras officials has often appeared to me in the light of a riddle, which I have not been able to solve. You gentlemen of Madras may be more fortunately situated in this respect and may possibly be able to give me an answer. Madras officials, in their own country and under the wholesome influence of Madras opinion, have often been known to be the champions of progressive ideas and of liberal government. Transferred to Bengal, placed under unhealthy influences and unholy associations, they become the apostles of reactionary measures. When the Vernacular Press Act was imposed upon every other province in India, Madras escaped the scourge because the Duke of Buckingham, the Governor of Madras, would not have it. When every other Government voted against the resolution of the House of Commons, the Madras Government voted in favour of it. But, strangely enough, it was a Madras official, Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, who, from his place in the Supreme Council, stood as sponsor to the Vernacular Press Act. And, again, it was a Madras official, Sir Phillip Hutchins, who was the author of the jury notification, the inspirer and the evil genius of the policy of Lord Lansdowne. Gentlemen, one word more about Lord Wenlock. He has asked us to wait and watch and to submit to the orders of the Secretary of State. We desire to tell Lord Wenlock and all else whom it may concern, that we cannot submit to a decision which will have the effect of stereotyping our political servitude. We cannot afford to palter with our birthright, or sell it for a mess of pottage. Our sovereign has passed round the word of emancipation—she has declared that we are to be free; that we are to be eligible to the highest offices in the State; Parliament has endorsed the mandate; and we shall see to it that no minister of the crown, however highly placed he may be, that no government, however influential it may be, is permitted to nullify the gracious pledges of our sovereign and the authoritative declaration of Parliament. Gentlemen, last year about this time, I have already remarked, we were rejoicing about the resolution of the House of

Commons. These rejoicings have given place to disappointment. I do not know what view you take of the dispatch of the Secretary of State. I regard it in the light of a deliberate affront offered to the public opinion of this country. We prayed in Congress, we prayed in our public meetings, we deluged the House of Commons with petitions in favour of simultaneous examinations. I must not omit to mention the one solitary protest which was sent to the House of Commons—it emanated from this city. Half a dozen nobodies, whose names I do not remember—I do not care to remember their names—met in the back-slums of your city, concocted a bit of paper which they called a petition to Parliament, and sent it to the House of Commons. I think their conduct was very disgraceful. Who was it presented by? It was presented by no other person than General Sir George Chesney. Who is General Sir George Chesney? He was the late military member of the Viceregal Council, and, what is more to our purpose, the father of the editor of the *Pioneer* newspaper. Well this solitary protest, emanating from the back-slums of your city, signed by half a dozen nobodies, was presented to the House of Commons by the late military member of the Viceregal Council. It was indeed a desperate cause which needed such an upholding. Baron Reuter—I think I ought to call him baron and give him all his honours—thought the event to be of such great political importance that he flashed the intelligence from Europe across to Asia for the edification of the two hundred and fifty millions of the people of India.

Well, gentlemen, we thought we had made some impression on the ministry, for the late Under-Secretary of State, Mr. George Russell, from his place in the House of Commons, declared—I think it was in connexion with the Budget statement—that the Government, having offered its opposition to the resolution, would not throw further difficulties in the way of its being given effect to. How did the ministry proceed to carry out this part of their promise? They proceeded to carry it out in the same way in which they generally carry out their promises. They addressed a dispatch to the Government of India. The Government of India, in its turn, solicited the opinion of the local Governments. Mark you the *modus operandi* followed by these various Governments. They consulted in secret; they deliberated in secret; they wrote their dispatches in secret; they submitted them in secret; nobody heard a word about the matter; they did not take the opinions of those public bodies whose opinions they are accustomed to solicit in regard to questions of public importance: and they were wise in their reticence, because they knew perfectly well that, if they had followed the usual procedure, consulted the various local bodies—Hindu and Moham-

medan—for I refuse to believe that any conscientious Mohammedan (barring, of course, the celebrated half a dozen nobodies of your town) that any conscientious Mohammedan could have voted against the resolution of the House of Commons—I am perfectly convinced that, if they had consulted the public bodies, and followed the usual procedure, there would have been an overwhelming consensus of opinion in favour of the resolution of the House of Commons. Well, gentlemen, the Secretary of State based his orders upon these various dispatches which that high functionary received. The dispatch of the Secretary of State is an extraordinary document. It contains three paragraphs extending over thirteen lines. I desire to call your attention to the number “three,” which is unlucky with us Hindus, and the number “thirteen,” which is unlucky with Christians. The dispatch is short and sweet; brevity, they say, is the soul of wit; brevity is the essence of this document, but I must confess its wit is not apparent. The Secretary of State in that document invites the Government of India to state the conditions subject to which, in the opinion of the Government, the resolution may be given effect to. Mark the loyalty of the Secretary of State to his masters, the House of Commons. It is evident from the words of the dispatch which I have just quoted that, in the opinion of the Secretary of State, the resolution of the House of Commons cannot be given effect to in its entirety, for he wants an expression of opinion from the Government of India, as to the modifications subject to which the resolution may be carried out. The views of the Secretary of State—the sinister views I was going to add—become more apparent in the second paragraph of the dispatch. The Secretary of State openly invites the Government of India to open the battery of its hostile criticism upon the doomed resolution of the House. The Secretary of State says, in the language of diplomacy which is usual on such occasions, that he has no desire to fetter the discretion of the Government of India with regard to any observations which the Government may think fit to make upon the resolution of the House of Commons. I should like to know what the Secretary of State himself would think, if the Government of India were to send round a dispatch, which it had received from the Secretary of State, and invite the various subordinate Governments to treat it in the spirit of hostile criticism. But perhaps that is only an error in form, a mistake in procedure. We come to something which is a great deal worse in the third paragraph. The Secretary of State observes that it is to be an indispensable condition on the part of any recommendation which the Government of India may make, that an adequate number of appointments should be held by Europeans.

The Secretary of State need not have taken the trouble to make this reservation. It was a mere work of supererogation. At the present moment the Civil Service is the monopoly of Europeans. I don't quarrel with them for it. It is their monopoly, and we are trying to break through it. There are about 940 appointments in the Civil Service, and how many, do you think, are filled by natives of India? About forty. What is the native population of India? It is two hundred millions. The European population consists of seventy thousand souls, exclusive of the army. Out of two hundred millions, forty persons only are deemed to qualify to hold appointments in the covenanted Civil Service. Out of seventy thousand, nearly a thousand are deemed qualified for appointments in the Civil Service. These figures involve the greatest slur upon the Government of this country, for these figures, if they mean anything, mean this—that, after a century of British rule, after a century of enlightened administration and liberal education, only forty of our countrymen are found qualified for service in the higher appointments under the Government of this country. Well, gentlemen, if simultaneous examinations were held, I am quite sure that for many years to come the ratio would not be sensibly diminished, for, as the Madras Government very properly observed in their dispatch, the immediate effect of simultaneous examinations would be an accession in the number of candidates competing at the examination, but not necessarily an accession in the number of successful candidates. But, gentlemen, when the Secretary of State lays down this recommendation in this naked form, in this undisguised fashion, he invites a protest and remonstrance; for the Secretary of State now, for the first time, introduces the element of racial disability into a question from which considerations of racial disability have been eliminated for a period of more than thirty years. For what does the order of the Secretary of State amount to? It comes to this—that if simultaneous examinations were held, and, say, that fifty appointments were competed for, and the first fifty candidates were natives of India, all of them would not get the appointments—some of them would be disqualified by reason of their race; they would suffer for the crime of colour. Would the Secretary of State venture to introduce a condition like this just now? If not, why should he be permitted to conjure up into existence the dead, buried and forgotten spectre of racial disability?

Gentlemen, I say that the dispatch is inconsistent with the Charter Act of 1833. You remember the eighty-seventh section of the Charter Act. It says: "That no native of India nor any natural-born subject of his Majesty, resident therein, shall by reason, only of his

religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office or employment under the said company." The point was carried a little further by the terms of the queen's proclamation. Let us repeat the words of that gracious message, let this great assembly stand up in reverential awe of the great proclamation, which we have come here to vindicate, to uphold and to maintain. "It is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely admitted to all offices in our service the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, their ability and their integrity duly to discharge." Gentlemen, we take our stand upon this Proclamation; the Proclamation is our watchword, our battlecry, our Magna Charta, not a Magna Charta wrung by barons in open revolt against their king, but the spontaneous gift of a beneficent sovereign. It heralds the dawn of the new epoch in the history of this country; it represents the establishment of a closer relationship between the Queen of England and the people of India; it is the starting-point of modern Indian history; it was given on a great and historic occasion; it is a sacred document, and to mark its solemn character Her Majesty was pleased to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon it, "and may the God of all power," she exclaimed, "grant unto us and those in authority under us strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people." Yet a document of this character, of this importance and solemnity, is sought to be repudiated by the Government of Lord Lansdowne. I feel myself, as a loyal subject of the crown, overwhelmed with a sense of shame and humiliation at the action of our rulers who pretend to be ministers, the faithful, the loyal, the devoted agents of our sovereign—the Proclamation is repudiated, its solemn character is called in question; for this is precisely what the Government of India does in the dispatch to which I have called your attention. The Government of India says it is not necessary to make the concession for the fulfilment of the so-called pledges, upon which the claim is founded; and these so-called pledges were given by our sovereign on a great and historic occasion, invoking the aid of Divine Providence to enable her to carry them out. Gentlemen, if I can show you that the worst Government that we ever had and the best Government that we ever had, both unite in testifying to the solemnity of these pledges, we shall have made out a strong case in favour of our contention. Undoubtedly the worst Government that we ever had—it is a matter of history, it is a matter of public notoriety, a matter of general accord—was the Government of Lord Lytton—it was the Government of the Vernacular Press Act, the Government of the Arms Act, the Govern-

ment which initiated the policy of aggression beyond the frontiers, a policy which has brought about that reckless military expenditure which our friend, Mr. Wacha, deploras from year to year in vain from his place in this Congress. What does Lord Lytton say about this matter? I hope I am not tiring your patience. In a speech that he delivered in March, 1877, as Chancellor of the Calcutta University, he said that the Proclamation of the queen (I quote his words) contains solemn pledges spontaneously given and founded upon the highest justice. He went on to observe that the pledges have not yet been adequately redeemed. Then in that secret dispatch which has more than once been quoted in our discussions, in that secret dispatch which he wrote to the Secretary of State, Lord Lytton said: "We have cheated the people of India." The word "cheated" is his own word, not a paraphrase of mine. "We have cheated the people of India. We have broken to the hope, the words of promise which we have uttered to the ear." That was what was said by Lord Lytton. The best Government that we have ever had was undoubtedly the Government of Lord Ripon, the Government which repealed the Vernacular Press Act, the Government which conferred upon us the inestimable boon of local self-government, the Government which introduced a higher tone, a nobler moral ideal into the administration and placed it for the first time in touch with popular sympathies. Well, gentlemen, during the height of the Ilbert Bill discussion this matter of the Proclamation of the queen engaged the attention of the Viceregal Council. There was a gentleman of the name of Mr. Thomas, I think you gentlemen of Madras may know him; he hailed from this presidency. He was member of the Supreme Council at that time. He had read a little work, issued at that time by Sir Fitz-James Stephen; he was well-grounded in that work, and he was an apt disciple of Sir Fitz-James Stephen. He observed in the course of a speech which he made from his place in the Supreme Council that the Proclamation enjoined no duty, imposed no obligation, laid no mandate on the Government of India. Against this solemn and public repudiation of the Proclamation, Lord Ripon raised his voice in indignant protest. Let me read those words which have been read a hundred times in the past—they will be read a hundred times in the future—they will be read by generations to come until the terms of the Proclamation have been vindicated and fulfilled to the letter.

"To me it seems," exclaimed Lord Ripon, "a very serious thing to put forth to the people of India a doctrine which renders worthless the solemn words of their sovereign and which converts her gracious promises, which her Indian subjects have cherished for a quarter

of a century, into a hollow mockery as meaningless as the compliments which form the invariable opening of an Oriental letter. The document is not a treaty—it is not a diplomatic instrument—it is a declaration of principles of government which, if it is obligatory at all, is obligatory in respect to all to whom it is addressed. The document, therefore, to which Sir Fitz-James Stephen has given the sanction of his authority, I feel bound to repudiate to the utmost of my power. It seems to me to be inconsistent with the character of my sovereign and with the honour of my country, and if it were once to be received and acted upon by the Government of England, it would do more than anything else could possibly do to strike at the root of our power and to destroy our just influence. I have read in a book, the authority of which the Honourable Mr. Thomas will admit, that righteousness exalteth a nation, and my study of history, which has not been limited, has led me to the conclusion that it is not by force of her armies or by the might of her soldiery that a great empire is permanently maintained, but that it is by the righteousness of her laws, by her respect for the principles of justice. To believe otherwise appears to me to assume that there is not a God in Heaven who rules over the affairs of men, and who can punish injustice and iniquity in nations as surely as He can in the individuals of which they are composed.” But, gentlemen, I have yet a higher authority than that of Lord Ripon in support of my view: it is the authority of Her Majesty the Queen herself. I hope that is an authority which will be accepted by Lord Lansdowne and his quondam councillor, Sir Philip Hutchins. Her Majesty, when the Proclamation was being discussed, wrote a letter to Lord Derby, at that time Prime Minister, requesting him that he would be good enough to write the Proclamation in his own elegant language, in terms which would be worthy of a female sovereign addressing a vast and a distant population, and, for the first time in their history, giving them solemn pledges. But, gentlemen, the Government of India relies upon a saving clause—“So far as may be.” The saving clause won’t save the Government. The saving clause must be interpreted in connexion with the context. What is the character and the scope of the Proclamation? It is a noble declaration of a beneficent policy: it is a Royal Proclamation, and must be interpreted in the spirit of queenly beneficence. Those who have recourse to tactics of this description seem to me not to understand the slur and humiliation which they involve upon the honour of their country and sovereign. To say, as Lord Ripon puts it, that a Proclamation has been issued purporting to make solemn promises when, as a matter of fact, no such promises are made, is to be guilty of an

unheard-of piece of hypocrisy. It is a proceeding which may recommend itself to the approving judgment of official experts, but, if accepted, it would represent an instance of diplomatic mendacity unworthy of those who have recourse to it.

Gentlemen, there are one or two other matters which I wish to touch upon very briefly. The Government of India tells us that if simultaneous examinations were granted the provincial service would suffer. I should like to know since when the Government of India has developed this wonderful concern for the well-being of the provincial service? I remember the years 1870, 1880 and 1890. Through the space of twenty years there was not the smallest manifestation of this anxiety for the betterment of the prospects of the provincial service—it has probably been stimulated by our agitation in connexion with simultaneous examinations. What the Government of India really says is this: "The covenanted service is not intended for you natives of India—it is meant for Europeans. But here is another service. You may enter it, and we will improve it for you, but really this is the service that you must confine your ambition to." You may remember that in 1870 the Parliamentary Statute was passed. Under the Statute, rules were to be framed by the Government of India, subject to which rules members of the uncovenanted service were to be promoted to appointments hitherto reserved for the covenanted service. The Government framed half a dozen rules in as many years, then it paused for another six years, and then appointed a member of the uncovenanted service to an appointment hitherto reserved for the covenanted service. If the Government is really so anxious about the well-being of the provincial service, might I be permitted to ask why the Government did not accept that part of the recommendation of the Public Service Commission which provided that the divisional commissionership and a membership of the Board of Revenue should be reserved for the provincial service, or why the Government did not, in accordance with the recommendations of the Public Service Commission, alter the schedule attached to the Act of 1861, for the betterment of the provincial service?

I have been told that the martial races would resent the holding of simultaneous examinations. Why the martial races should resent such a thing is what I cannot understand. They do not care for civil appointments. Their ambition lies in a different direction altogether. They want to be the captains of our army, the leaders of our battalions. They say that the central Asian subjects of the Czar are admitted into the commissioned ranks of the Russian Army; they pray that they may be placed on the same footing with the

Mohammedan subjects of the Tsar. The Government will not gratify their ambition in this respect and ascribe to them fancied grievances which they never feel, and make them the pretext for denying to us that justice to which we are entitled. Then again it is said that an Indian official is placed at a disadvantage in comparison with a European, if he is called upon to deal with those unhappy riots between Hindus and Mohammedans which have taken place in recent years. I think, sir, I speak the sense of this great Congress and of every educated Indian, be he a Hindu or Mohammedan, when I say that we deplore these disturbances, and we go a step further and observe that the Government of India is directly responsible for them by following a policy of "divide and rule." I think it is very shameful that the Government of India, which is responsible for this state of things, should take advantage of it to deprive us of our legitimate claims to high office. I am sure that tactics so discreditable would not recommend themselves to the judgment of the British public or to Members of Parliament, two of whom we have on this platform.

One point more and I shall be done. It is said the masses do not wish that we should fill the higher appointments. It is a monstrous proposition to bring forward that the masses would prefer foreign magistrates and judges to magistrates of their own race and colour. This represents a perversity in human nature, a miracle in human disposition, which I am not prepared to accept upon the *ipse dixit* of the Government of India. Gentlemen, if the Government is really so solicitous of the interests of the masses, might I be permitted to inquire why it does not reduce the salt tax, which presses so heavily upon them? Might I be permitted to inquire why it does not abandon the opium revenue which demoralizes the masses? Might I be permitted to ask why it does not raise the taxable minimum for the income tax which would afford sensible relief to the masses? These are things which the Government will not do; but when it wants to defeat the legitimate aspirations of the educated classes, then forsooth it becomes the champion of the masses.

Gentlemen, there can be no question but that we have sustained a great defeat, and I think we owe it to ourselves that we should convert this defeat into a victory. We should consecrate our efforts by that spirit of lofty self-denial and patriotic devotion which, by making men divine, renders human endeavour irresistible. We are bound to win the fight in which we are engaged:—

For Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

In a conflict between the Government and popular rights the popular side has always triumphed. The victory has always remained with the people so long as they have manfully stuck to their guns. I cannot persuade myself to think that the sacrifices which we have hitherto made in this connexion have at all been commensurate with the greatness of the occasion or the urgency of the crisis. Where is the universal protest against Mr. Fowler's dispatch? The whole country should ring with the voice of indignant protest. It is no use recording a resolution like this and then going to sleep over it. It is no use recording a resolution like this, unless we are in a position to make every town, every hamlet, every province, every district ring with the cry of indignant protest against Mr. Fowler's dispatch. Gentlemen, it is possible for each one of us assembled here to do something according to the measure of our capacities and the measure of our opportunities. There are more than a thousand delegates before me; may we not resolve before the year 1895 has closed, to send, each one of us, to Parliament a petition containing at least a thousand signatures? Then we shall have, before the year 1895 has expired, at least a thousand petitions laid before Parliament with a million signatures. Our numbers will make an impression upon the House of Commons—they will make an impression even on that fossilized institution, the India Council. I am sure if Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji were here he would make this appeal to you, only with much greater force and emphasis than I can command. Gentlemen, it may be that, notwithstanding all these efforts, we may not succeed; it may be that success may not crown our efforts on this occasion; it may be that the flag we hold aloft, the emblem of battle and victory, may droop from our sinking hands; but we may be quite sure that others will rise up who, working in more fortunate times and under happier conditions, will carry that flag triumphantly to victory. It is this hope which sustains, animates, cheers and comforts us. I am confident that twenty years hence, when the dust and the heat of this controversy will have been allayed, English statesmen will wonder how their predecessors in office could have refused so reasonable a measure of concession to the just aspirations of the people of India. But so it has always been with the rulers of men who, decked in brief authority, too frequently forget the terrible responsibility which, under the providence of God, devolves upon them in respect to those who are placed under their care.

But, gentlemen, it is open to us in the meantime to prove our loyalty, our devotion, and self-sacrifice that we are qualified for the boon we pray for. So let the moral victory prepare the way for that political emancipation to which our fondest aspirations

tend. The promised land is full in view, but an untoward fate prevents us from entering it. Nevertheless, from the Sinai of faith and hope, like Moses of old, we may obtain a prospective view of the glories of the land of Canaan, the destined inheritance of our children and our children's children. I am confident that in the fullness of time, under the providence of God and the auspices of British rule, they will take possession of this land of promise, where their fetters will fall off, their badge of political slavery will disappear; where, being British subjects in name, they will be British subjects in reality, and where, under the fostering influence of free political institutions, they will develop a civilization, the noblest which the world has ever seen, the emblem of indissoluble union between England and India, a civilization fraught with unspeakable blessings to the people of India and of unspeakable renown to the English name. That is the future which with the eye of faith we see awaits us; that is the future which looms in the distance; that is the future which inspires us with an enthusiasm of which the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy can have no conception; that is the future for which we work, and for which some of us, at any rate, are prepared to lay down our lives; it is the future of an emancipated people, ennobled by the spirit of liberty, consecrated by the genius of self-sacrifice and consolidated by fervent loyalty to the British connexion.

G. K. GOKHALE

At this time Mr. Gokhale was in England trying to interest the English people in the cause of Nationalism. His speech here is as it was reported in the "Manchester Guardian."

THE DISCONTENT IN INDIA

SPEECH DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER ON OCTOBER 6, 1905

MR. GOKHALE, on rising to address the meeting, was received with great enthusiasm. He spoke first (according to the *Manchester Guardian* report) of the appreciation of the Indian people for the sympathetic interest which Mr. Schwann had for so many years taken in their affairs. "If the faith of my countrymen in your sense of justice and love of fair play is still alive, in spite of many disappointments and many discouragements, it is due to the fact that there are among you men like Mr. Schwann, who place righteousness above everything else." Explaining his mission in England, he said

he had come on behalf of the Indian National Congress to arouse the sympathetic interest of the electors of this country in the affairs of India. "Never, in my opinion," he said, "was there greater need of your paying attention to the affairs of that great dependency. The country is at this moment seething with discontent from one end to the other. The good work which it has taken large-hearted English statesmen years and years to do has been to a great extent undone, and one of the greatest provinces of that country, Bengal, which has one-fourth of the population of the whole country, is today in a state of open hostility to the administration of the land. This is a very serious situation, and the electors of this country, who are ultimately responsible for the good government of that land, must find out who is responsible for creating the present situation." Mr. Gokhale traced graphically the development of the situation.

He described the Liberal policy governing the administration of India up to the end of Lord Ripon's distinguished viceroyalty, and then proceeded to show how in the last ten years that good work had been destroyed. "During the last ten years a wave of Imperialism has swept over the whole of the Empire. You here suffered from that wave, and you can imagine how much more people have suffered who in their own country are more or less at the mercy of the officials whom you send out to govern them. This Imperialism has resulted in a most reactionary policy being adopted. Imaginary dangers are looked for in various directions. The Government has taken it into its head to think that if the people are not disloyal today they may be disloyal tomorrow, and so they are saying: 'Let us cripple them for once and all, so that they shall be incapable ever of rising against our rule.' The result has been that the clock has been put back amazingly. The local self-government which Lord Ripon gave us has been largely curtailed; the universities have been officialized; they have tried to fetter the Press by passing the Official Secrets Act; they have abolished competition for the higher offices, which means that official patronage has been enormously increased and the opportunities for Indian people to enter the services of their country have been largely reduced.

"But more than all these things," Mr. Gokhale continued, "there has come this partition of Bengal, about which I wish to speak specially tonight, because I understand that there is considerable soreness felt in Lancashire about the turn events have taken lately. I want you to realize that this partition, which is now driving the people of Bengal to a state of utter despair, does not stand by itself. It is the last of a series of reactionary and repressive measures which

have shaken the people's confidence in the intentions of the Government, and which have made the people feel that unless they help themselves nobody else will help them." Mr. Gokhale explained why the partition of Bengal is so objectionable to the people. He pointed out that Bengal is the largest province in India, with a population of seventy or eighty millions. That population was composed of four different communities, who differed in language, and in some cases in race. In the centre of the province were the Bengalis, some thirty millions in number. Speaking with greater liberty as a native of Bombay himself, he described the Bengalis as the most influential community in India, and as intellectually among the finest people in the world. They had a most powerful Press, they had wealth among them, they were fired by national aspirations, and they had great political influence with their countrymen. Living in Calcutta for four months every year, he knew how many lovable qualities the Bengalis had, and he knew that one had only to deal with them in a right spirit to earn their lasting friendship. Their instinct was to be docile and law-abiding. It was these people who were now being roused against the Government, and who in their despair had declared a boycott against English goods.

The Bengalis, more than any other community in India, were marked out for Government disapproval and displeasure, and there were officials who thought if these people could be gagged the work of administration would be easier. How to deal with the Bengalis had always been the problem with those who wanted to turn their back upon promises given in the past in the name of the English people. What, therefore, was the plan that had been adopted? The proposal was to divide Bengal into two parts, to put half the Bengalis into one province and the other half into another province, and to reduce them to the position of a hopeless minority in both. The Bengalis naturally received the proposal with feelings of consternation and dismay. They felt that the solidarity of their race would be destroyed. The contention of the Government was that Bengal was too great an administrative charge for one man. But partition was not the only means of dealing with the difficulty that was presented by the size of Bengal. They might, for instance, have given Bengal a governor in council in place of a lieutenant-governor, as at present. A governor in council was assisted by two colleagues, and thus there were three men to divide the work of administration, whereas a lieutenant-governor had to do all the work himself. That was the solution proposed by Sir H. Cotton. A governor in council was, however, appointed from England, and Lord Curzon would not have a man who would be partly independent of him.

Lord Curzon, therefore, preferred the plan of partition. He started the idea in 1903. The plan at first was to take away only a small slice of Bengal—two districts—and to add it to the Eastern Administration. The people who lived in this proposed slice protested. The viceroy went and visited them, but though he talked in a “firm” manner the people would not be put down—and the viceroy seemed to have dropped the idea of partition like a hot potato. From the beginning of last year until two months ago not a word was heard about partition. The people thought that nothing further would be done, and had they known the Government were going on with the scheme many of them would have come to England to call attention to the seriousness of the proposal. The Government went to work in the dark, and two months ago the new scheme of partition—a much larger one than the first, since it proposed to cut off not a twelfth but a half of the province—was sprung upon the people. The storm that was aroused was fiercer than ever. Then came the debate in the House of Commons, when the question was raised on a motion for the adjournment by Mr. Herbert Roberts. On the occasion of that debate Mr. Brodrick promised to furnish Parliament with further papers in order that the House might have better material on which to form a judgment. This was taken to mean that no further steps would be taken without Parliament having a chance to express an opinion. This, at any rate, was how Mr. Brodrick’s speech was understood. The agitation, therefore, became a little quieter. But a month ago Lord Curzon announced that the scheme of partition would be carried into effect on October 16.

Mr. Gokhale detailed as complications that must inevitably arise from the partition—the withdrawal of many men of ability and influence from residence in Calcutta, the crippling of the power of the Calcutta Press, the interference with the educational work of Calcutta, and the probable reduction of the importance of the High Court of Calcutta. These were some of the things that would make this partition disadvantageous to the people of Bengal. But there was one body that would gain very largely by the partition—the body of officials. The partition would create so many new prizes for the Civil Service that there was a fine outlook indeed for these men, and it was one of the most astonishing things in connexion with the partition that the lieutenant-governor should have reported to the viceroy saying that he had consulted several members of the Civil Service, and “they were all in favour of it.” Of course they were in favour of it; whoever expected that they would be otherwise? But was it not remarkable that although these Civil Service officials were consulted, not one word of opinion was ever asked from a non-official

Indian? The non-official Indians had to a man ranged themselves against the partition, even those who lived in mortal terror of displeasing the Government—a sure proof of their earnest conviction that a grave mistake was being made. The influential Indians had done everything possible to stop the partition, but all their efforts had proved absolutely useless. Now he wanted to ask the people of England if this was the way in which the British government of India was to be carried on? The rich zemindar was patted on the back for his loyalty, and when money was wanted for special purposes he was tapped for tens of thousands, but a question of vital importance to the interests of his country was settled without even consulting him in any way, and this, after a hundred years of progressive British rule, was a disheartening state of things.

Mr. Gokhale spoke not only of the legislative restrictions that had been imposed on the Indian population, but also of the disparaging remarks on the Bengalis as a race which Lord Curzon made at Calcutta, and said: “With feelings alienated and trampled on like this, with the partition scheme concocted in the dark, and persisted in in spite of every effort made to persuade the Government to give it up, what were the people to do? They tried to move the Government on the spot and failed. They approached the Secretary of State and failed. They approached Parliament and failed. They knew from bitter experience how difficult it is to get you English people to take any real interest in the affairs of India. I say this not to blame anybody. The situation is difficult. There are six thousand miles between us, and you have your own problems. We know that you do not wish that India should be badly governed, and all we ask is that she shall be governed in accordance with the English traditions of constitutional liberty and freedom. Therefore I am sure that when the whole position is brought home to you, you will rise as one man and put an end to these Russian methods of administration. Well, what was to be done? The question was urgent, and the people in sheer despair, driven well nigh to madness, wanted to strike at the Government somehow, since the Government would not listen to them. Then they said: ‘Manchester people are the countrymen of this Government. Lancashire pays no heed to our affairs. Lancashire could exercise its power in our favour, but it does not; very well, we shall have nothing to do with Lancashire goods.’ That was the real explanation of the boycott. The name of Manchester is greatly honoured in India for many reasons, amongst others because you are represented in the Press by a newspaper like the *Manchester Guardian*, than which there is no better friend to our people in this country; because you are represented in Parliament by

Mr. Schwann, and because we honour the great names associated with what is known as the Manchester School. The principles of the Manchester School are that there should be peace abroad and reform at home, and that peoples shall be permitted to rise according to their capabilities to the fullest possible self-government, and therefore we respect the Manchester School. Why, then, you may ask, have we taken a step against Manchester? Well, what else could the people do? The Manchester trade was the only vulnerable point at which we could strike against the Government of India, and we struck not with the object of injuring you in your pockets, because, if we must buy from outsiders, we would sooner buy from you than from America; but because you are in the position to call this reactionary Government to account. I regret the necessity for resorting to this measure. I understand that you are sore and angry. I was even told in London that it would not be a pleasant thing to come to Manchester to address a meeting, because people were embittered against the Indians for the boycott. But I said I would take the risk. I am not sorry that you are angry, because I want you to be angry, but I want you to turn your anger not against the helpless people, who have been driven to the last possible measure that they could take in an extremity, but against those officials of yours who are responsible for the unhappy situation that has been brought about."

M. A. JINNAH

Mr. Jinnah, famous as the leader of the All-India Moslem League, is making here his contribution at the Indian Round Table Conference, to the case of self-government of India.

THE CASE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE INDIAN ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE,
NOVEMBER 12, 1930

MR. PRESIDENT, to use your own words, I can assure you that we are here to co-operate, animated by a determination to succeed.

The first point that I should like to deal with is the point with regard to the moral claims of Great Britain on the one side and the sins of commission and omission by Great Britain on the other. I tell you, sir, this, that I am one of those who believe that no useful purpose will be served by going into that question. Let that question, may I say to those who indulge in it on both sides, be

decided by the historians. For my purpose it is enough that Great Britain is in India. I have no hesitation in conceding this proposition—that you have a great interest in India, both commercial and political, and therefore you are a party, if I may say so, gravely interested in the future constitution of India. But when I have said that, I want you equally to concede frankly—and frankness does not mean wounding anybody's feelings, nor that we are influenced by bitterness; it means, as I understand, particularly in a conference like this, that we should put our point of view frankly and respectfully and without wounding anybody's feelings, and therefore I shall avoid any kind of bitterness. When I have said this, I want you equally to concede that we have a greater and far more vital interest than you have, because you have the financial or commercial interest and the political interest, but to us it is all in all.

Now, in that spirit, you sitting on that side of the conference and we sitting on this side, let us approach every question. I almost said that really there are four parties, not forgetting the other smaller minorities, such as the Sikhs and the Christians, and not forgetting for a single moment the depressed classes. But there are four main parties sitting round the table now. There are the British party, the Indian princes, the Hindus and the Moslems.

Let us, sir, consider what is the issue with which we are engaged. Before I come to that issue I want to dispel one thing. There is a certain amount of misunderstanding, or want of understanding. I want you to understand particularly on account of the observations of Lord Peel. Lord Peel said that his party was gravely disturbed by the non-co-operation movement. Having emphasised that, he concluded by saying that if we came to any agreement and gave you a great advance in the constitution of India, it would be taken advantage of by those who would like to wreck it. Now, sir, let us understand the position in India. The position in India is this, and let me tell you here again, without mincing any words, that there is no section, whether they are Hindus or Mohammedans or whether they are Sikhs or Christians or Parsees or depressed classes, or even commercial classes, merchants or traders, there is not one section in India that has not emphatically declared that India must have a full measure of self-government. When you say that a large, a very influential, party in India stands for wrecking or misusing the future constitution, I ask you this question. Do you want those parties who have checked, held in abeyance the party that stands for complete independence, do you want those people to go back with this answer from you—that nothing can be done because there is a strong party which will misuse or wreck the constitution which we will

get from you? Is that the answer you want to give? Now let me tell you the tremendous fallacy of that argument and the grave danger. Seventy millions of Mussulmans—all, barring a few individuals here and there—have kept aloof from the non-co-operation movement. Thirty-five or forty millions of depressed classes have set their face against the non-co-operation movement. Sikhs and Christians have not joined it. And let me tell you that even amongst that party which you characterize as a large party—and I admit that it is an important party—it has not got the support of the bulk of Hindus. Do you want every one of the parties who have still maintained that their proper place is to go to this conference, and across the table to negotiate and come to a settlement which will satisfy the aspirations of India, to go back and join the rest? Is that what you want? Because what other position will they occupy? What will be the answer? I want you to consider the gravity of it, a gravity which was emphasized by previous speakers. You may, of course, argue it as long as you like.

Now let us understand the character and the function of this conference. Speaking on behalf of the British India Delegation, I do not want to indulge in generalities, but I want to put before you the cardinal principle by which we shall be guided in the further proceedings of this conference. I must admit that, while I am stating this cardinal principle, we must have regard to facts and to realities—and that is why we are here, to hammer out those facts and those realities and to hammer out a constitution for India which will satisfy the people of India. That cardinal principle which shall be the guide as far as we are concerned is this—that if I call it dominion status I know that Lord Reading will put a poser as to what is the meaning of dominion status; I know if I use the words “responsible government” somebody else will put me a poser, “What do you mean by responsible government?”; I know if I use the expression “full self-government” somebody else will ask me a similar question; but I say the cardinal principle which will guide us throughout the deliberations of this conference is that India wants to be mistress in her own house; and I cannot conceive of any constitution that you may frame which will not transfer responsibility in the Central Government to a Cabinet responsible to the legislature. If that is the cardinal principle by which we shall be guided, then, as Lord Reading very rightly pointed out, there may be questions, such as defence and foreign policy and so on, which will require adjustments. I do not think there is any secret on that point so far as the British India Delegation is concerned. Whoever has used the phrase dominion status so far as this table is concerned has always

said, "with safeguards during the transitional period." Sir, that is going to be our cardinal principle.

To sum up the substance of the speeches of Lord Peel and Lord Reading, the only point that emerged was the difference with regard to the pace.) I will only say one thing before I proceed a little further, and it is this, that self-government is not an abstract thing; it is a business proposition, and if the power of the Government is transferred to a Cabinet responsible to the legislature, the first and foremost thing that we have to provide is that the various interests are safeguarded, and you cannot possibly frame any constitution, unless you have provided safeguards for the rights and interests which exist in India. First, there is the minority question, which we shall have to tackle, and unless you create that sense of security among the minorities, which will secure a willing co-operation and allegiance to the State, no constitution that you may frame will work successfully. Very rightly, the Indian princes are here, and you cannot very well frame a constitution for India, for self-government in the sense in which I have described it, without taking into consideration their position; and all that the princes are anxious about is that they want certain safeguards in that constitution, as the Mussulmans demand safeguards for their community. †

The next point, sir, that I want to make is this. It was said by Lord Peel that there was the journey and the journey's end, as he read from the speech of Lord Irwin. May I point out to him that, in that very speech, this is what Lord Irwin said, which Lord Peel omitted:—

"Although it is true that in our external relations with other parts of the Empire India exhibits already several of the attributes of self-governing Dominions, it is also true that Indian political opinion is not at present disposed to attach full value to these attributes of status, for the reason that their practical exercise is for the most part subject to the control or concurrence of His Majesty's Government. The demand for dominion status that is now made on behalf of India is based upon the general claim to be free from control, more especially in those spheres that are regarded as of predominantly domestic interest; and here, as is generally recognized, there are real difficulties, internal to India and peculiar to her circumstances and to world conditions, that have to be faced, and in regard to which there may be sharp variation of opinion both in India and in Great Britain. The existence of these difficulties cannot be seriously disputed, and the whole object of the Conference now proposed is to afford the opportunity to His Majesty's Government of examining, in free consultation with Indian leaders, how they may best, most rapidly and most surely be surmounted."

One more word I will say with regard to the pace. You, sir, speaking two years ago at a meeting, said this, presiding at the British Labour Conference in London in 1928:—

"I hope that within a period of months, rather than years, there will be a new Dominion added to the Commonwealth of our nations, a Dominion of another race, a Dominion that will find self-respect as an equal within the Commonwealth—I refer to India."

And yet, sir, the crux of the two speeches of Lord Peel and of Lord Reading is that our differences are still with regard to the pace. Since 1928 two years have passed.

There is one more thing that I want to say. It is this. I think we have lost sight of the announcement and declaration of October 31, 1929, which has created us. From that announcement I will read one passage:—

"The chairman of the commission has pointed out, in correspondence with the Prime Minister which, I understand, is being published in England, that, as their investigation has proceeded, he and his colleagues have been greatly impressed, in considering the directions which the future constitutional development of India is likely to take, with the importance of bearing in mind the relations which may at some future time develop between British India and the Indian States. In their judgment it is essential that the methods by which this future relationship between these two constituent parts of Greater India can be adjusted should be fully examined. He has further expressed the opinion that if the Commission's Report and the proposals subsequently to be framed by the Government take this wider range, it will appear necessary for the Government to revise the scheme of procedure as at present proposed."

Therefore, sir, when Lord Peel says that some of the recommendations of the Simon Commission are revolutionary, the chairman of that commission himself suggests that, in the light of the inclusion of the Indian princes, you have not only radically changed the procedure, but the whole aspect of the position is changed altogether. Sir, let me tell you this in conclusion, that, so far as we are concerned, the Simon Commission's report is dead. The Government of India Dispatch is already a back number, and there has arisen a new star in our midst today, and that is the Indian princes. Their position has even placed the demand of British India for dominion status for the moment in the background, and we are now thinking of a dominion of all India. Therefore it is no use your believing still in the report of the Simon Commission or in the dispatch of the Government of India. I must say, in conclusion, that I am very much moved by, and I welcome warmly, the noble attitude, the patriotic attitude, that the Indian princes have shown.

There is one other word I would like to say, because there might be some misapprehension. It was said by His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala and also by His Highness the Jam Sahib that

“before we consider the question of All-India federation we must have our status determined and decided by a judicial tribunal.” I could not quite appreciate the force of that statement, but I may say to my friends, the states delegates, that whatever may be their position with regard to the orders that the Government of India may have passed under the present constitution, that constitution is now in the melting pot, and they do not want any one else to decide their status and rights. They are here to assert their status and rights. Whatever decisions this conference may come to, and if there is an agreement, and if Parliament gives effect to it, it does not matter what has been laid down in the Butler Report or what has been laid down in the Secretariat of Simla or Delhi.

One more word about Parliament. It was said and emphasized by Lord Peel and by Lord Reading that Parliament must decide this question. We know that. We would not have been here if we did not expect Parliament finally to decide it. But remember, the original idea was that His Majesty's Government, in conference with the leaders of British India and of the Indian States, were to obtain the largest measure of agreement; and that if any such agreement was arrived at, they would put these proposals before Parliament. I am very glad, although I was opposed to the idea of the British delegations being included—I tell you that frankly—because, as a business man, I thought it was better to negotiate with one than to negotiate with three. It is more difficult to get three to agree. Therefore I was opposed to it. Now you are here. Do not you represent Parliament—the three parties? You do, and if you come to an agreement, are you afraid that Parliament will repudiate it? May I read here what Lord Irwin said about it when this question was raised:—

“It would seem evident, however, that what all people most desire is a solution reached by mutual agreement between Great Britain and India, and that in the present circumstances friendly collaboration between Great Britain and India is a requisite and indispensable condition in order to obtain it. On the one side it is unprofitable to deny the right of Parliament to form its free and deliberate judgment on the problem, as it would be short sighted of Parliament to underrate the importance of trying to reach a solution which might carry the willing assent of political India.”

In this case now, as the conference is constituted, it is not only possible to get the willing assent of India, but of the British delegations who represent the three parties in Parliament. It would be a very bold Parliament indeed that would dare repudiate any agreement that might be arrived at with the widest measure of support at this table.

M. K. GANDHI

The following speech made by Mr. Gandhi is considered one of the most brilliant that he has ever delivered.

THE SPIRIT OF CONGRESS

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE,

DECEMBER 1, 1931

PRIME MINISTER and friends, I wish that I could have done without having to speak to you but I felt that I would not have been just to you or just to my principles if I did not put in what may be the last word on behalf of the Congress. I live under no illusion. I do not think that anything that I can say this evening can possibly influence the decision of the Cabinet. Probably the decision has been already taken. Matters of the liberty of practically a whole continent can hardly be decided by mere argumentation, even negotiation. Negotiation has its purpose and has its play, but only under certain conditions. Without those conditions negotiations are a fruitless task. But I do not want to go into all these matters. I want as far as possible to confine myself within the four corners of the conditions that you, Prime Minister, read to this conference at its opening meeting. I would, therefore, first of all say a few words in connexion with the reports that have been submitted to this Conference. You will find in these reports that generally it has been stated that so and so is in the opinion of a large majority, some, however, have expressed an opinion to the contrary, and so on. Parties who have dissented have not been stated. I had heard when I was in India, and I was told when I came here, that no decision or no decisions will be taken by the ordinary rule of majority, and I do not want to mention this fact here by way of complaint that the reports have been so framed as if the proceedings were governed by the test of majority. But it was necessary for me to mention this fact, because to most of these reports you will find that there is a dissenting opinion, and in most of the cases that dissent unfortunately happens to belong to me. It was not a matter of joy to have to dissent from fellow-delegates, but I felt that I could not truly represent the Congress unless I notified that dissent.

There is another thing which I want to bring to the notice of this conference, namely: what is the meaning of the dissent of the Congress? I said at one of the preliminary meetings of the Federal Structure Committee that the Congress claimed to represent over

85 per cent of the population of India, that is to say the dumb, toiling, semi-starved millions. But I went further: that the Congress claimed also by right of service to represent even the princes, if they would pardon my putting forth that claim, and the landed gentry, the educated class. I wish to repeat that claim and I wish this evening to emphasize that claim.

All the other parties at this meeting represent sectional interests. Congress alone claims to represent the whole of India, all interests. It is no communal organization; it is a determined enemy of communalism in any shape or form. Congress knows no distinction of race, colour or creed; its platform is universal. It may not always have lived up to the creed. I do not know a single human organization that lives up to its creed. Congress has failed very often to my knowledge. It may have failed more often to the knowledge of its critics. But the worst critic will have to recognize, as it has been recognized, that the National Congress of India is a daily growing organization, that its message penetrates the remotest village of India; that on given occasions the Congress has been able to demonstrate its influence over and among these masses who inhabit 700,000 villages.

And yet here I see that the Congress is treated as one of the parties. I do not mind it; I do not regard it as a calamity for the Congress; but I do regard it as a calamity for the purpose of doing the work for which we have gathered together here. I wish I could convince all the British public men, the British ministers, that the Congress is capable of delivering the goods. The Congress is the only all-India-wide national organization, bereft of any communal basis; that it does represent all the minorities which have lodged their claim here and which, or the signatories on their behalf claim—I hold unjustifiably—to represent 46 per cent of the population of India. The Congress, I say, claims to represent all these minorities.

What a great difference it would be today if this claim on behalf of the Congress was recognized. I feel that I have to state this claim with some degree of emphasis on behalf of peace, for the sake of achieving the purpose which is common to all of us, to you Englishmen who sit at this table, and to us the Indian men and women who also sit at this table. I say so for this reason. Congress is a powerful organization; Congress is an organization which has been accused of running or desiring to run a parallel Government; and in a way I have endorsed the charge. If you could understand the working of the Congress, you would welcome an organization which could run a parallel Government and show that it is possible for an organization, voluntary, without any force at its command, to run the

machinery of government even under adverse circumstances. But no. Although you have invited the Congress, you distrust the Congress. Although you have invited the Congress, you reject its claim to represent the whole of India. Of course it is possible at this end of the world to dispute that claim, and it is not possible for me to prove this claim; but, all the same, if you find me asserting that claim, I do so because a tremendous responsibility rests upon my shoulders.

The Congress represents the spirit of rebellion. I know that the word "rebellion" must not be whispered at a conference which has been summoned in order to arrive at an agreed solution of India's troubles through negotiation. Speaker after speaker has got up and said that India should achieve her liberty through negotiation, by argument, and that it will be the greatest glory of Great Britain if Great Britain yields to India's demands by argument. But the Congress does not hold that view, quite. The Congress has an alternative which is unpleasant to you.

I heard several speakers—and let me say I have endeavoured not to miss a single sitting; I have tried to follow every speaker with the utmost attention and with all the respect that I could possibly give to these speakers—saying what a dire calamity it would be if India was fired with the spirit of lawlessness, rebellion, terrorism and so on. I do not pretend to have read history, but as a schoolboy I had to pass a paper in history also, and I read that the page of history is soiled red with the blood of those who have fought for freedom. I do not know an instance in which nations have attained their own without having to go through an incredible measure of travail. The dagger of the assassin, the poison bowl, the bullet of the rifleman, the spear and all these weapons and methods of destruction have been up to now used by what I consider blind lovers of liberty and freedom, and the historian has not condemned him. I hold no brief for the terrorists. Mr. Ghuznavi brought in the terrorists and he brought in the Calcutta Corporation. I felt hurt when he mentioned an incident that took place at the Calcutta Corporation. He forgot to mention that the mayor of that corporation made handsome reparation for the error into which he himself was betrayed and the error into which the Calcutta Corporation was betrayed through the instrumentality of those members of the corporation who were Congressmen. I hold no brief for Congressmen who directly or indirectly would encourage terrorism. As soon as this incident was brought to the notice of the Congress the Congress set about putting it in order. It immediately called upon the Mayor of the Calcutta Corporation to

give an account of what was done and the mayor, the gentleman that he is, immediately admitted his mistake and made all the reparation that it was then legally possible to make. I must not detain this assembly over this incident for any length of time. He mentioned also a verse which the children of the forty schools conducted by the Calcutta Corporation are supposed to have recited. There were many other mis-statements in that speech which I could dwell upon, but I have no desire to do so. It is only out of regard for the great Calcutta Corporation and out of regard for truth and on behalf of those who are not here tonight to put in their defence that I mention these two glaring instances. I do not for one moment believe that this was taught in the Calcutta Corporation schools with the knowledge of the Calcutta Corporation. I do know that in those terrible days of last year several things were done for which we have regret, for which we have made reparation. If our boys in Calcutta were taught these verses which Mr. Ghuznavi has recited I am here to tender an apology on their behalf, but I should want it proved that the boys were taught by the schoolmasters of these schools with the knowledge and encouragement of the corporation.

Charges of this nature have been brought against the Congress times without number, and times without number these charges have also been refuted, but I have mentioned these things at this juncture. It is again to show that for the sake of liberty people have fought, people have lost their lives, people have killed and have sought death at the hands of those whom they have sought to oust. The Congress then comes upon the scene and devises a new method not known to history, namely, that of civil disobedience, and the Congress has been following that method up. But again I am up against a stone wall and I am told that that is a method that no Government in the world will tolerate. Well, of course, the Governments may not tolerate, no Government has tolerated open rebellion. No Government may tolerate civil disobedience, but Governments have to succumb even to these forces, as the British Government has done before now, even as the great Dutch Government after eight years of trial had to yield to the logic of facts. General Smuts is a brave general, a great statesman, and a very hard taskmaster also, but he himself recoiled with horror from even the contemplation of doing to death innocent men and women who were merely fighting for the preservation of their self-respect, and the things which he had vowed he would never yield in the year 1908, reinforced as he was by General Botha, he had to do in the year 1914, after having tried these civil resisters

through and through. And in India Lord Chelmsford had to do the same thing; the Governor of Bombay had to do the same thing in Borsad and Bardoli. I suggest to you, Prime Minister, it is too late today to resist this, and it is this thing which weighs me down, this choice that lies before them, the parting of the ways probably. I shall hope against hope, I shall strain every nerve to achieve an honourable settlement for my country if I can do so without having to put the millions of my countrymen and countrywomen and even children through this ordeal of fire. It can be a matter of no joy and comfort to me to lead them on again to a fight of that character, but if a further ordeal of fire has to be our lot I shall approach that with the greatest joy and with the greatest consolation that I was doing what I felt to be right, the country was doing what it felt to be right, and the country will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that it was not at least taking lives, it was giving lives; it was not making the British people directly suffer, it was suffering. Professor Gilbert Murray told me—I shall never forget that—I am paraphrasing his inimitable language. He said: "You do not consider for one moment that we Englishmen do not suffer when thousands of your countrymen suffer, that we are so heartless?" I do not think so. I do know that you will suffer; but I want you to suffer because I want to touch your hearts; and when your hearts have been touched will come the psychological moment for negotiation. Negotiation there always will be; and if this time I have travelled all these miles in order to enter upon negotiation, I thought that your countryman Lord Irwin had sufficiently tried us through his ordinances, that he had sufficient evidence that thousands of men and women of India and that thousands of children had suffered; and that, ordinance or no ordinance, *lathis* or no *lathis*, nothing would avail to stem the tide that was onrushing and to stem the passions that were rising in the breasts of the men and women of India who were thirsting for liberty.

Whilst there is yet a little sand left in the glass, I want you to understand what this Congress stands for. My life is at your disposal. The lives of all the members of the Working Committee, the all-India Congress Committee, are at your disposal. But remember that you have at your disposal the lives of all these dumb millions. I do not want to sacrifice those lives if I can possibly help it. Therefore please remember that I will count no sacrifice too great if by chance I can pull through an honourable settlement. You will find me always having the greatest spirit of compromise if I can but fire you with the spirit that is working in the Congress,

namely, that India must have real liberty. Call it by any name you like: a rose will smell as sweet by any other name, but it must be the rose of liberty that I want and not the artificial product. If your mind and the Congress mind, the mind of this conference and the mind of the British people, means the same thing by the same word, then you will find the amplest room for compromise, and you will find the Congress itself always in a compromising spirit. But so long as there is not that one mind, that one definition, not one implication for the same word that you and I and we may be using, so long there is no compromise possible. How can there be any compromise so long as we each one of us has a different definition for the same words that we may be using. It is impossible, Prime Minister. I want to suggest to you in all humility that it is utterly impossible then to find a meeting ground, to find a ground where you can apply the spirits of compromise. And I am very grieved to have to say that up to now I have not been able to discover a common definition for the terms that we have been exchanging during all these weary weeks.

I was shown last week the Statute of Westminster by a sceptic, and he said: "Have you seen the definition of 'Dominion'?" I read the definition of "Dominion," and naturally I was not at all perplexed or shocked to see that the word "Dominion" was exhaustively defined, and it had not a general definition but a particular definition. It simply said: the word "Dominion" shall include Australia, South Africa, Canada and so on, ending with the Irish Free State. I do not think I noticed Egypt there. Then he said: "Do you see what your Dominion means?" It did not make any impression upon me. I do not mind what my Dominion means or what complete independence means. In a way I was relieved. I said I am now relieved from having a quarrel about the word "Dominion," because I am out of it. But I want complete independence, and even so, so many Englishmen have said: "Yes, you can have complete independence, but what is the meaning of complete independence?" and again we come to different definitions. Therefore, I say the Congress claim is registered as complete independence.

One of your great statesmen—I do not think I should give his name—was debating with me, and he said: "Honestly, I did not know that you meant this by complete independence." He ought to have known, but he did not know, and I shall tell you what he did not know. When I said to him: "I cannot be a partner in an Empire," he said: "Of course, that is logical." I said: "But I want to become that. It is not as if I shall be if I am compelled to, but

I want to become a partner with Great Britain. I want to become a partner with the English people; but I want to enjoy precisely the same liberty that your people enjoy, and I want to seek this partnership not merely for the benefit of India, and not merely for mutual benefit; I want to seek this partnership in order that the great weight that is crushing the world to atoms may be lifted from its shoulders."

This took place ten or twelve days ago. Strange as it may appear, I got a note from another Englishman whom also you know and whom also you respect. Among many things, he writes: "I believe profoundly that the peace and happiness of mankind depend on our friendship," and, as if I would not understand that, he says: "your people and mine." I must read to you what he also says: "And of all Indians you are the one that the real Englishman likes and understands."

He does not waste any words on flattery, and I do not think he has intended this last expression to flatter me. It will not flatter me in the slightest degree. There are many things in this note which, if I could share them with you, would perhaps make you understand better the significance of this expression, but let me tell you that when he writes this last sentence he does not mean me personally. I personally signify nothing, and I know I would mean nothing to any single Englishman; but I mean something to some Englishmen because I represent a cause, because I seek to represent a nation, a great organization which has made itself felt. That is the reason why he says this.

But then, if I could possibly find that working basis, Prime Minister, there is ample room for compromise. It is friendship I crave. My business is not to throw overboard the slave-holder and tyrant. My philosophy forbids me to do so, and today the Congress has accepted that philosophy not as a creed, as it is to me, but as a policy, because the Congress believes that it is the right and best thing for India, a nation of three hundred and fifty millions, to do. A nation of three hundred and fifty million people does not need the dagger of the assassin, it does not need the poison bowl, it does not need the sword, the spear or the bullet. It needs simply a will of its own, an ability to say "No," and that nation is today learning to say "No."

But what is it that that nation does? Summarily, or at all to dismiss Englishmen? No. Its mission is today to convert Englishmen. I do not want to break the bond between England and India, but I do want to transform that bond. I want to transform that slavery into complete freedom for my country. Call it complete

independence or whatever you like, I will not quarrel about that word, and even though my countrymen may dispute with me for having taken some other word I shall be able to bear down that opposition so long as the content of the word that you may suggest to me bears the same meaning. Hence I have times without number to urge upon your attention that the safeguards that have been suggested are completely unsatisfactory. They are not in the interests of India.

Three experts from the Federation of Commerce and Industry have in their own manner, each in his different manner, told you out of their expert experience how utterly impossible it is for any body of responsible ministers to tackle the problem of administration when 80 per cent of India's resources are mortgaged irretrievably. Better than I could have shown to you they have shown, out of the amplitude of their knowledge, what these financial safeguards mean for India. They mean the complete cramping of India. They have discussed at this table financial safeguards, but that includes necessarily the question of defence and the question of the army. Yet while I say that the safeguards are unsatisfactory as they have been presented, I have not hesitated to say, and I do not hesitate to repeat, that the Congress is pledged to giving safeguards, endorsing safeguards which may be demonstrated to be in the interests of India.

At one of the sittings of the Federal Structure Committee I had no hesitation in amplifying the admission and saying that these safeguards must be also of benefit to Great Britain. I do not want safeguards which are merely beneficial to India and prejudicial to the real interests of Great Britain. The fancied interests of India will have to be sacrificed. The fancied interests of Great Britain will have to be sacrificed. The illegitimate interests of India will have to be sacrificed. The illegitimate interests of Great Britain will also have to be sacrificed. Therefore, again I repeat, if we have the same meaning for the same word I will agree with Mr. Jayakar, with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and other distinguished speakers who have spoken at this conference. I will agree with them all, that we have after all, after all these labours, reached a substantial measure of agreement, but my despair, my grief, is that I do not read the same words in the same light. The implications of the safeguards of Mr. Jayakar, I very much fear, are different from my implications, and the implications of Mr. Jayakar and myself are perhaps only different from the implications that Sir Samuel Hoare, for instance, has in mind; I do not know. We have never really come to grips. We have never come to brass tacks as you put it, and I am anxious—

I have been pining to come to real grips and to brass tacks all these days and all these nights, and I have felt: Why are we not coming nearer and nearer together, and why are we wasting our time in eloquence, in oratory, in debating, and in scoring points? Heaven knows, I have no desire to hear my own voice. Heaven knows I have no desire to take part in any debating. I know that liberty is made of sterner stuff, and I know that the freedom of India is made of much sterner stuff. We have problems that would baffle any statesman. We have problems that other nations have not to tackle. But they do not baffle me; they cannot baffle those who have been brought up in the Indian climate. Those problems are there with us. Just as we have to tackle our bubonic plague, we have to tackle the problem of malaria. We have to tackle, as you have not, the problem of snakes and scorpions, monkeys, tigers and lions. We have to tackle these problems because we have been brought up under them. They do not baffle us. Somehow or other we have survived the ravages of these venomous reptiles and various creatures. So also shall we survive our problem and find a way out of these problems. But today you and we have come together at a round table and we want to find a common formula which will work. Please believe me that whilst I abate not a tittle of the claim that I have registered on behalf of the Congress, which I do not propose to repeat here, while I withdraw not one word of the speeches that I had to make at the Federal Structure Committee, I am here to compromise; I am here to consider every formula that British ingenuity can prepare, every formula that the ingenuity of such constitutionalists as Mr. Sastri, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. Jayakar, Mr. Jinnah, Sir Muhammad Shafi, and a host of other constitutionalists can weave into being.

I will not be baffled. I shall be here as long as I am required because I do not want to revive civil disobedience. I want to turn the truce that was arrived at, at Delhi, into a permanent settlement. But for heaven's sake give me, a frail man, sixty-two years gone, a little bit of a chance. Find a little corner for him and the organization that he represents. You distrust that organization though you may seemingly trust me. Do not for one moment differentiate me from the organization of which I am but a drop in the ocean. I am no greater than the organization to which I belong. I am infinitely smaller than that organization; and if you find me a place, if you trust me, I invite you to trust the Congress also. Your trust in me otherwise is a broken reed. I have no authority save what I derived from the Congress. If you will work the Congress for all it is worth, then you will say good-bye to terrorism; then you will not need terrorism. Today you have to fight the school of terrorists which is

there with your disciplined and organized terrorism, because you will be blind to the facts or the writing on the wall. Will you not see the writing that these terrorists are writing with their blood? Will you not see that we do not want bread made of wheat, but we want bread of liberty? and without that liberty there are thousands today who are sworn not to give themselves peace or to give the country peace.

I urge you then to read that writing on the wall. I ask you not to try the patience of a people known to be proverbially patient. We speak of the mild Hindu, and the Mussulman also by contact, good or evil, with the Hindu, has himself become mild. And that mention of the Mussulman brings me to the baffling problem of minorities. Believe me, that problem exists here, and I repeat what I used to say in India—I have not forgotten those words—that without the problem of minorities being solved there is no Swaraj for India, there is no freedom for India. I know that; I realize it; and yet I came here in the hope, perchance, that I might be able to pull through a solution here. But I do not despair of some day or other finding a real and living solution in connexion with the minorities problem. I repeat what I have said elsewhere, that so long as the wedge in the shape of foreign rule divides community from community and class from class, there will be no real living solution, there will be no living friendship between these communities. It will be after all and at best a paper solution. But immediately you withdraw that wedge, the domestic ties, the domestic affections, the knowledge of common birth—do you suppose that all these will count for nothing?

Were Hindus and Mussulmans and Sikhs always at war with one another when there was no British rule, when there was no English face seen there? We have chapter and verse given to us by Hindu historians and by Mussulman historians to say that we were living in comparative peace even then. And Hindus and Mussulmans in the villages are not even today quarrelling. In those days they were not known to quarrel at all. The late Maulana Muhammad Ali often used to tell me, and he was himself a bit of an historian, he said: "If God"—"Allah," as he called God—"gives me life, I propose to write the history of Mussulman rule in India; and then I will show through documents that British people have erred, that Aurengzeb was not so vile as he has been painted by the British historian; that the Mogul rule was not so bad as it has been shown to us in British history"; and so on. And so have Hindu historians written. This quarrel is not old; this quarrel is coeval with this acute shame. I dare to say it is coeval with the British advent,

and immediately this relationship, the unfortunate, artificial, unnatural relationship between Great Britain and India is transformed into a natural relationship, when it becomes, if it does become, a voluntary partnership to be given up, to be dissolved at the will of either party, when it becomes that you will find that Hindus, Mussulmans, Sikhs, Europeans, Anglo-Indians, Christians, Untouchables, will all live together as one man.

I want to say one word about the princes, and I shall have done. I have not said much about the princes, nor do I intend to say much tonight about the princes, but I should be wronging them, and I should be wronging the Congress if I did not register my claim, not with the Round Table Conference, but with the princes. It is open to the princes to give their terms on which they will join the Federation. I have appealed to them to make the path easy for those who inhabit the other part of India, and therefore I can only make these suggestions for their favourable consideration, for their earnest consideration. I think that if they accepted, no matter what they are, but some fundamental rights as the common property of all India, and if they accepted that position and allowed those rights to be tested by the court, which will be again of their own creation, and if they introduced elements—only elements—of representation on behalf of their subjects, I think that they would have gone a long way to conciliate their subjects. They would have gone a long way to show to the world and to show to the whole of India that they are also fired with a democratic spirit, that they do not want to remain undiluted autocrats, but that they want to become constitutional monarchs even as King George of Great Britain is.

Sir, a note has been placed in my hands by my friend, Sir Abdul Qaiyum, and he says, will not I say a word about the Frontier Province? I will, and it is this. Let India get what she is entitled to and what she can really take, but whatever she gets, whenever she gets it, let the Frontier Province get complete autonomy today. That frontier will then be a standing demonstration to the whole of India, and therefore the whole vote of the Congress will be given in favour of the Frontier Province getting provincial autonomy tomorrow. Prime Minister, if you can possibly get your Cabinet to endorse the proposition that from tomorrow the Frontier Province becomes a full fledged autonomous province I shall then have a proper footing amongst the frontier tribes and convene them to my assistance when those over the border cast an evil eye on India.

Last of all, my last is a pleasant task for me. This is, perhaps, the last time that I shall be sitting with you at negotiations. It is not that I want that. I want to sit at the same table with you in your

closets and to negotiate and to plead with you and to go down on bended knee before I take the final leap and final plunge. But whether I have the good fortune to continue to tender my co-operation or not does not depend upon me. It largely depends upon you. But it may not even depend upon you. It depends upon so many circumstances over which neither you nor we may have any control whatsoever. Then let me perform this pleasant task of giving my thanks to all from their Majesties down to the poorest men in the East End, where I have taken up my habitation.

In that settlement which represents the poor people of the East End of London I have become one of them. They have accepted me as a member, and as a favoured member of their family. It will be one of the richest treasures that I shall carry with me. Here, too, I have found nothing but courtesy and nothing but a genuine affection from all with whom I have come in touch. I have come in touch with so many Englishmen. It has been a priceless privilege to me. They have listened to what must have often appeared to them to be unpleasant, although it was true. Although I have often been obliged to say these things to them they have never shown the slightest impatience or irritation. It is impossible for me to forget these things. No matter what befalls me, no matter what the fortunes may be of this Round Table Conference, one thing I shall certainly carry with me—that is, that from high to low I have found nothing but the utmost courtesy and the utmost affection. I consider that it was well worth my paying this visit to England in order to find this human affection. It has enhanced, it has deepened my irrepressible faith in human nature that although Englishmen and Englishwomen have been fed upon lies so often that I see disfiguring your Press, that although in Lancashire the Lancashire people had perhaps some reason for becoming irritated against me, I found no irritation and no resentment even in the operatives. The operatives, men and women, hugged me. They treated me as one of their own. I shall never forget that.

I am carrying with me thousands upon thousands of English friendships. I do not know them, but I read that affection in their eyes as early in the morning I walk through your streets. All this hospitality, all this kindness will never be effaced from my memory no matter what befalls my unhappy land. I thank you for your forbearance.

S. SASTRI

Mr. Sastri's speech which followed almost immediately upon Mr. Gandhi's, which precedes it in this book, was the last speech made at that session of the conference and was a most spirited appeal both to the British Government and to Mr. Gandhi. These two speeches by Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Sastri are considered the two finest delivered at the conference.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE,
DECEMBER 1, 1931

MR. PRIME MINISTER, it will be within the recollection of all of you that when we began the deliberations of this conference we said often, and nobody failed to say, that the assent that we have given to any proposals was conditional, that we were free to revise our judgments as the proceedings went on and the picture became clearer and clearer.

We had hoped that we should be able to know exactly what the proposed constitution was; and, Prime Minister, I cannot help feeling how profitable, how pointed to certain definite propositions, our two days' debate would have been if the statement that is to be made tomorrow had been made early enough, and we had all been discussing things that had been stated on authority.

As it is, most of us are speaking upon uneasy speculations which have been started in our minds by rumour. One such rumour, which I think was voiced in the committee for the first time by my friend Sir A. P. Patro, has been perhaps put out of the field altogether; at any rate we hope so. But my friend Sir A. P. Patro is very resourceful; one of his ideas being put out of the field, he has just ventured upon another, that the half-way house so much desired by certain people here should be provincial autonomy at the circumference, with responsibility at the centre of British India, the States being kept out for some time.

Well, people have taken the idea and begun to discuss it. For some hours I said to myself: "Now, this is Sir A. P. Patro's idea; why should I bother about it?" and then I remembered that my friend has an uncanny gift of discovering ideas still below the horizon long before other people see them. It may be, I thought, that there is some truth in that rumour and it is just as well to deal with it.

Prime Minister, that will not do either. When we started this conference we came, no doubt, with ideas of arguing for Dominion

Status for British India, but we had not been here many days before the magnificent action of the princes made a wider and a larger India possible. We have all yielded our hearts to that great ideal. Our whole deliberations have been framed on the supposition that the princes would come in, and I know nothing now to the contrary. It is a pity to ask us to go back to the original and smaller idea. I shall leave that subject there, hoping that we shall still be permitted to contemplate this vision of an India including the princes and their States going forward as a Dominion from strength to strength, and taking her place amongst the sisterhood of the nations of the great Commonwealth.

Then I was greatly comforted to hear that Lord Reading, to whom this conference owes so much of its prestige and of its success, did not waver one little bit in his adherence to the idea of an all-India Federation. From Lord Reading's speech, Prime Minister, we have derived many points of encouragement. I was particularly struck in the great speech he made recently, with a note which was rather unnecessary from him, but which was quite emphatic, his faith in this British Commonwealth and his loyalty to its ideals. Nobody ever questioned that Lord Reading would be faithful to the ideal of the Empire. If some of us on this side had made a similar confession of faith, that would have been interesting! I am one of those who, amidst much adverse criticism, have often made that confession of faith with honesty and with genuine trust.

Prime Minister, what is wanting in our loyalty to the Commonwealth is not admiration of its greatness or of its material glory, but it is the lack of occasion for us to take pride in this Empire and to call it our own. The one thing wanting is that you should place us upon an equality with the self-governing parts of the Commonwealth. We have asked for that status for a long, long time, and although I do not wish to be so unfaithful to history as to say you have done nothing whatever, and although I am grateful for the steps you have taken from time to time to realize this ideal, it must be admitted that the progress has been slow and fitful. The time has now come for you to take one long step from which there shall be no returning. Your Government—I mean your late Labour Government—was pledged to that ideal. You made your answer at that time, declared it to the people of India, and they have come here to realize it, believing that that declaration contained their greatest charter.

Now it seems to me that in fulfilling that declaration nothing should be done beyond what is absolutely necessary and unavoidable. Nothing should be done to mark us off, especially to our disadvantage,

from the other self-governing parts of the Empire. There, Prime Minister, is the great danger to be guarded against. We are willing, as I said before, some of us here—I think most of us—we are willing that there should be certain subjects marked off for the time being as Crown subjects in respect of which the Indian Legislature of the future, although Federal, should not be supreme but the Imperial Parliament which has hitherto taken charge of those subjects. That must be subject, of course, to a period of time that must be made known and subject also to certain large aspects of these questions which might be transferred with safety to our Legislature. They are necessary reservations, but we must be on our guard to admit into the Constitution no other safeguard or reservation, by whatever title it be called, which could not be demonstrated to be anything but in India's interest. We have now in the reports several safeguards under the headings of Commercial Discrimination and Defence. I objected to them, I am not quite happy about them now. In my judgment, Prime Minister, they are unnecessary and irritating deductions from Dominion Status.

There are ways in which these safeguards could be obtained in substances without our Constitution being disfigured by constitutional provisions. Last year when we were discussing these problems we took up one position from which—I do not know for what reason—we have advanced still further in the direction of stiffening them. One remark I will make which I made in the Federal Structure Committee. The Commercial Discrimination clause debated last year seemed to me, as it seemed to those who took part in its framing, to answer all the needs of the case. That was to be based upon a reciprocity agreement. Why this year it should be stipulated that it should take the form of legal provisions and written in the statute of our Constitution I am unable still to see. No Dominion Constitution has such a clause, but it is proposed seriously that the Indian Constitution should start with that clause written into the Constitution at the outset and so with regard to certain financial safeguards. I have no objection to these provisions themselves on their intrinsic merits, but they are a blot on the face of our Constitution. When I meet my fellow-citizens of other Dominions and I pat myself on the back and tell them: "Well, I am a Dominion, too, subject only to two great exceptions," they will be able to turn round to me and say: "No, my friend, it is not army and external affairs only that still continue to be under the charge of the Imperial Government. Your control over your own commerce and industry; your control over the vital life-breath of the whole of your national life, finance—both means are under the control of the Parliament of Great

Britain and Ireland. You are not and will not be for a long time as we are." That is what I am most sensitive about. Why should these unnecessary restrictions be written into the Constitution? There they are. Prime Minister, I have been no party to those secret and intimate confabulations which led to the framing of these safeguards in their present form. Without such esoteric knowledge my criticism might appear to be crude and even lacking in a sense of responsibility, but my mind is quite clear upon the subject, and if they must be given in the Constitution, I will make two suggestions to you which would take away the sting and the offence of such disabling provisions. One suggestion is that you will put these restrictions into that chapter of the Constitution which will be open to revision and modification by the Indian Legislature without the necessity of coming to the Imperial Parliament for dealing with them. We do not like the idea of coming to this country and asking for constitutional advance any more. There is defence, there is external affairs and there is paramountcy belonging to the State—quite enough matters to make trouble between India and England for another generation. Need we add more?—for, as you know from your rich experience, so long as these irritating clauses are there in the constitution, every general election in India will be fought upon that issue. Ignorant candidates will play on the minds of even more ignorant voters and tell them: "We are not a free country so long as these clauses are there in the constitution." Let us get rid of them. Our minds will be concentrated on these particular provisions, although in the real national life of India they may not act as great impediments. The very fact that they are there will turn people's minds to them and will make progress in other vital directions very very difficult.

The other suggestion which I would make is that you should enter a clause in the Instrument of Instructions which each viceroy receives on appointment, to the effect that the safeguarding of powers vested in him singly as apart from his Cabinet in India, that those safeguarding powers must be exercised solely in the interests of India.

It is not as good as a provision in the Constitution; there may be viceroys of a stiff temperament who will disregard even this Instrument of Instructions. Nevertheless, upon the whole, it seems to me if it is declared to every viceroy on his appointment that British policy requires these safeguarding powers to be exercised only in the interests of India, it would be a very great gain to those who watch over these things jealously in India. When we mentioned this matter last year I can say with authority that I was informed

that Lord Reading would be in favour of the Instrument of Instructions containing such a provision.

A word about the future work of this conference. This conference dissolves, but its work cannot stop. We hear that an excellent move is contemplated; that the Lord Chancellor with a certain number of British politicians to assist him, should visit our country and there keep alive in some form which may seem most appropriate this Round Table Conference or its child to carry on the work. We welcome such a proposal if it has taken shape; and there are one or two things that one would like to say about this. Prime Minister, do you remember that in January of this year when you made your great statement, there were two parts in it? In one part you gave us a formal statement with the authority of Government. The other and greater part contained your own admonition and exhortations to us. One passage in it which struck me then as remarkable, and which has never left my mind since, was to the effect that the work of the conference could not be entrusted to the bureaucracy, whether in this country or in India, but must be carried on under the control of politicians. Your experience, Prime Minister, must have dictated that caution. For many years in the wilderness of private membership, now enlarged and corrected by some years of the most exalted and difficult office of the Empire, you have garnered this lesson, that noble political ideals, generous national aspirations, do not thrive in official bosoms. We non-officials engender them, cherish them, and know how to bring them to fruition. In the long corridors and haunts of the India Office and of the great secretariat that we have built in New Delhi there are many dark places where these beautiful and moving ideals are apt to be strangled, or at least they will be delayed until they have no further significance to those who have been deeply interested in them. We have had the very sad instance of a committee that sat recently in India and considered a most vital subject and, as has often been stated before us here, brought it to grief. They neglected your wise advice, Prime Minister. I really wish, although it should have been unnecessary, that in your statement tomorrow you would repeat that advice and put it into your formal declaration, so that there could be no excuse for the authorities to put it aside. I think you ought to make it an injunction to those whose business it is to carry on the work of this conference to nobler issues. You must make it incumbent on them to place their operations in the hands of the politicians and statesmen of India and the statesmen here, and not entrust them to the unenthusiastic, dry-as-dust hands of bureaucracy.

And, Prime Minister, when you constitute these commissions and

important committees and entrust vital aspects to their charge, do as you did this year; summon Mahatma Gandhi and his associates to it; let him not in despair go back to the arid fields of non-co-operation.

Yes, Mahatma, if I may apostrophize you, forgetting for a moment the Prime Minister, your duty hereafter is with us. You have acquired an unparalleled reputation. Your influence is unequalled. Your spiritual power to command men and to raise them above themselves is acknowledged all over the world. Shall not these great gifts be harnessed to the constructive work of the nation? Have you the heart, I ask you, still to lead your people, trustful and obedient, through the valley of humiliation if it be not necessary—and I contend it is no longer necessary? The steps that we have taken so far round this table mark a distinct stage in advance. It may not be as satisfactory as you wish. It is certainly not as satisfactory as I wish. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you and I and other friends here, working together, can frame this constitution and so shape it that while deriving the most that it can yield we can also look forward with confidence to a future when we shall be enabled to perfect it, and that at no distant date.

The thing is in our hands today. This Imperial Parliament, dominated as it may be by a Conservative majority, this Imperial Parliament in its debates tomorrow and the day after will set its *imprimatur*, I am perfectly assured, on the declaration that the Prime Minister makes tomorrow a few hours from now. Yes, and when that work is done, believe me, Mahatma, that in your hands more than those of any other single Indian lies our future progress. Remember the days when some of us here ran between Raisina and Daryagunj, bringing Lord Irwin and you together in mutual understanding and mutual co-operation. Yes, it seems to me that you cannot but have seen during these several weeks that you have worked with us that there is some knowledge, some wisdom, some patriotism even outside the ranks of the Congress which you so much worship. We can be of some use to you. Take us in hand. Do not dismiss us as people whose ideas are still evolving and may be long in reaching the heights of Congress wisdom. Believe me that with you and your chosen associates we can fashion our Constitution to great ends, and India will have cause to be truly thankful that you changed your plans and came here. For the work of a great country like India, a growing nation like our people, lies in many directions. There is not one road to the salvation of our people, and patriotism takes many shapes and works in diverse ways according as circumstances may require. The circumstances today demand that you

should change your plans, dismiss civil disobedience from your mind and take up this work in a spirit of complete trust in us and of faith in the British people, too. I want to tell you this. I have read some history, and, believe me, the British people often do wrong, the British people often take unwise courses. Nevertheless, in the long run they come back to the ways of reason, moderation and justice. This is one of the occasions when it seems to me that they are in their most winning and admirable mood. Take them now and victory is ours.

EDUCATION

SIR SYED AHMED KHAN

Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, founder of the famous Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College, now the Moslem University at Aligarh, made the following speech at the inauguration of the Translation Society, now known as the Scientific Society. Sir Syed Ahmed was one of the first Moslems to press for the spread of Western education and to proclaim the advantages of Western culture for his community.

NEED FOR A WIDER EDUCATION

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE TRANSLATION SOCIETY
AT GHAZIPUR, JANUARY 9, 1864

LOOKING at the state of my fellow countrymen's minds, I find that, from their ignorance of the past history of the world at large, they have nothing to guide them in their future career. From their ignorance of the events of the past, and also of the events of the present—from their not being acquainted with the manner and means by which infant nations have grown into powerful and flourishing ones, and by which the present most advanced ones have beaten their competitors in the race for position among the magnates of the world—they are unable to take lessons and profit by their experiences. Through this ignorance, also, they are not aware of the causes which have undermined the foundations of those nations, once the most wealthy, the most civilized, and the most powerful in the history of their time, and which have since gradually gone to decay or remained stationary instead of advancing with the age. If, in 1856, the natives of India had known anything of the mighty power which England possesses—a power which would have impressed the misguided men of the Bengal Army with the knowledge how futile their efforts to subvert the empire of Her Majesty in the East would be—there is little doubt but that the unhappy events of 1857 would never have occurred. For the above reasons, I am strongly in favour of disseminating a knowledge of history, ancient and modern, for the improvement of my fellow countrymen. Various small editions of works on history have been translated by the Department of Public Instruction for the use of schools; but these do not contain that copiousness of detail, that full description of the morals, virtues and vices of nations, which, in my opinion, are necessary in order to confer any real benefit on the native

mind. The book which, I think, would be very suitable for our society to commence with, is one written by M. Rollin on the ancient races, in which are admirably described their discovery of, and improvements on, the arts and sciences; as also their laws and systems of government, together with their virtues and vices. This book is equally adapted to old and young. We may with truth designate the Greeks as the schoolmasters of the world in their own and also in succeeding ages. But we in India know nothing of their former state of barbarism, of the means by which they raised themselves to the position which we know they attained, and we are also utterly ignorant of what conduced to bringing about the prosperity of Europe, which now so far excels the Greece of ancient days.

Again, gentlemen, with regard to works on natural philosophy. All those who have anything to do with the internal management of districts are well aware how the producing capabilities of the soil are gradually decreasing. One great reason for this evil, which, if not remedied, will some day seriously affect the finances of India, is that the natives have never even heard of the principles on which the cultivation of the soil ought to be conducted, or of the many new inventions for improving their acres.

Another work which is most necessary for India to read is one on political economy. Political economy was formerly known to us, but none of the works on it of our ancient authors are now extant. Colonel Hamilton, after a great deal of research, got together a library, and an excellent one it is, of most of the works of our ancient authors. From a want of knowledge of political economy, the natives of India are utterly in the dark as to the principles on which the government of their country is carried on. They do not know that the revenue is collected for their own benefit, and not for that of the Government. Millions are under the idea that the rupees, as fast as they are collected, are hurried on board ship, and carried off to England! Why is this? Only through their ignorance of political economy. Their own immediate prosperity is also seriously impaired by this ignorance. They do not know how to manage their affairs, how to so apply their present wealth that it may increase ten-fold, and at the same time relieve other countries by letting loose their capital, and not burying it in their houses. I would, therefore, recommend the translating little by little, so as not to interfere with smaller works, of Mill's *Political Economy*.

SIR AKBAR HYDARI

Sir Akbar Hydari, Prime Minister of Hyderabad and inspirer of the famous Osmania University of Hyderabad, is one of the most brilliant and versatile of the modern Indian leaders. The following article has been adapted from his presidential address at the Moslem Educational Conference.

PROBLEMS OF MOSLEM EDUCATION

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY MOSLEM EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE, POONA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1934

THE choice of Poona as the seat of the last Bombay Presidency Moslem Educational Conference was particularly happy; for that historic stronghold of the Marathas is full of memories not only of their political power but also of their social and cultural intercourse with Moslems. Poona is now a great educational centre, and it was altogether appropriate that the Moslems of the Bombay Presidency assembled there to deliberate over their educational and social problems and attempt to solve them.

We must not let the strife of the Marathas with the Moguls in the north blind us to the fact that, for centuries, the Marathas had both close and cordial relations with the Moslems in the Deccan, and were indeed to the Moslem rulers of the Deccan much what the Rajputs were to the Moslem rulers of Hindustan. Under the Bahmani sultans and, when their realm broke up, under the sultans of Bijapur and Bidar, Ahmadnagar, Golconda and Berar, Marathas were the mainstay of the civil (revenue) and military services. Later, the influence of Moslem ideals and institutions is clearly seen that the Maratha polity and system of administration as exemplified under the Peshwas, the great Maratha chieftains and their modern survivals. It is not without significance that *Peshwa* is a Persian word.

A research scholar of the Osmania University, in his *Life of Malik Ambar*, says that "it was due to the thorough military training given to the Marathas by Malik Ambar that a new martial spirit was infused into the race which made the Moguls despair of their conquest of the Deccan." He quotes from the *Iqbal Nama-e-Jehangiri* to show how Malik Ambar taught the Marathas the art of guerilla warfare known as "Barge-gari" in the Deccani language: "Having tamed the turbulent element among the Mahrattas, he taught them the art of Barge-gari." The above statement is supported word for word by the author of the *Ma-Asir-ul-Umara* and a similar admission is made by Jehangir in his *Tuzuk*.

Speaking of the Government of the Bahmani kings of the Deccan, Colonel Meadows Taylor says:—

“The Bahmani kings protected their people and governed them justly and well. Among the Deccan Hindus all elements of social union and local government were preserved and strengthened by the Mussulmans who, without interfering with or remodelling local institutions and hereditary offices, turned them to their own use. Persian and Arabic education was extended by village schools attached to mosques and endowed with lands. This tended to the spread of literature and the faith of the ruler, and the effects of their education can still be traced through the Bahmani dominions. No forcible conversions seem to have taken place. A constant stream of foreigners poured in from Persia, Arabia, Tartary, Afghanistan and Abyssinia. These foreigners, who served as soldiers, married Hindus and created the new Mohammedan population of the Deccan.”

One whom I revered in my student days as the greatest Indian of my time, your great citizen—Mahadev Govind Ranade in his *History of the Marathas* says:—

“The first Ahmadnagar king was the son of the converted Brahmin Kulkarni of Patri in Berar, whose family had entered the service of the Vijyanagar kings. The Brahmin surname Bhairav became Bahri, the distinguished title of these kings, and they so faithfully remembered their origin that they conquered Patri and gave it in Inan to the Brahmin Kulkarnis after a long struggle with Moslem rulers of Berar. The first founder of the Imadshahi dynasty in Berar was also the son of a Brahmin in the service of Vijyanagar, who was taken captive and became a convert. In a similar way the first Bidar king of the Barid dynasty was so loved by his Maratha soldiery that four hundred Marathas became Mohammedans and were his most trusted soldiers.”

Side by side with the diffusion of learning among their Hindu subjects, the Moslem kings of the Deccan encouraged physical culture and athletic sports among them and athletic schools—called *Talims*—were established in every important place under Moslem *Pahlawans*. The words *Pahlawan* and *Kusthi* show their Moslem origin. In every important town of the Deccan there are still Mohammedan *Ustads* with hundreds of young Hindu pupils.

Under the Moslem kings, Hindus were appointed to the highest posts both civil and military. A Brahmin was Minister at Bijapur and another was Prime Minister at Ahmadnagar with the title of Peshwa, the same title which was afterwards so proudly borne by the Prime Ministers of the Maratha kings. When the Mogul emperor, after a siege, stormed Ahmadnagar and proclaimed the end of the Nizamshahi kingdom and the annexation of the country to the Mogul Empire, it was Shazi who fled with the young prince of the Nizam-

shahi dynasty, became his regent and declared that, though the capital was lost, the reign of the dynasty could continue and all civil and military officers would loyally adhere to the Nizamshahi king. Many other instances of the loyalty and devotion of Hindu officials to Mohammedan kings can be produced. Tippu Sultan had a Hindu as his Prime Minister, the celebrated Poorneah. When Tippu Sultan was slain in the battle of Seringapatam in 1799 and Lord Wellesley wanted to annex part of his territory and hand over the remaining portion to a Hindu prince, it was Poorneah who petitioned on behalf of the Hindu subjects of the late sultan for the appointment of one of the sons of the sultan as his successor. The petition was refused. But the incident at any rate throws light on the relations of the Moslem ruler and his Hindu subjects. You will remember how Ibrahim Khan Gadi fought against Ahmad Shah Abdali. He was in charge of the Maratha artillery at the battle of Panipat. When he was brought before Ahmad Shah as a prisoner he defended his conduct, saying that he had eaten the Peshwa's salt and so had remained faithful to him in accordance with the teaching of Islam.

(The great Sivaji himself was steeped in these traditions and always showed his reverence for mosques and tombs and for the Sacred Book of the Moslems. The Peshwas themselves continued all *jaghires* and grants to the Mohammedan saints, and personally took part in the Muharram celebrations here in Poona. The first Sindhia had a patron saint, a Mohammedan Pir named Shah Mansur, and a considerable *jaghire* was granted to the Pir's family for maintenance. One of his descendants is still a Pir of the present Maharajah of Gwalior. All the Maratha families took part devoutly in the Muharram ceremonies under the Moslem kings and the practice has continued among the Maratha princes to the present day. Princes of the Holkar family became fakirs during Muharram, and Khander Rao Gaikwar of Baroda observed both Muharram and Ramadhan.)

It is a fact, worth mentioning here—and I call my readers' thoughtful attention to it very earnestly—that "religious" riots (nothing could be less religious!) of the kind that occurred recently in Bombay never took place in the days of the Moslem kings or under the Hindu kings or the Brahmin Peshwas. Indeed, there was no occasion for such riots. Mosques were respected under the rule of the Peshwas themselves. No music was played before mosques, and no kind of disrespect was ever shown to Moslem sacred places. I may mention also the response which the Moslem emperor made to the religious feelings of Hindus in the territory of the Peshwas. At the request of Mahadhaji Sindhia, the Mogul emperor issued a Firman prohibiting cow-killing. Here I may refer incidentally also

to his exalted highness's Firman against cow-killing in Bakri Id.

Mutual ignorance as to each other's history, literature and culture—and I may add, ignorance in each party of us of the truth of our own history—is very largely responsible for the recent evil growth of feelings of estrangement and antipathy. A thoroughly impartial and scientific study of the history of India has yet to be made.

It is a highly significant fact that many Persian words, for instance, *tariḳh*, *mah* and *sanah* (date, month and year)—are still being used daily by every one who speaks Marathi. A very interesting book in Urdu on the influence of Persian on the Marathi language was published last year from the pen of Maulvi Abdul Huq, Professor of Urdu in the Osmania University. In it the author shows by a wealth of quotation from Marathi correspondence and literature at different periods how great and far-reaching has been the influence of Persian on that language; he goes so far as to claim kinship, as an Urdu speaking man, with the Marathas because Urdu and Marathi have so much in common. "Both languages," he writes, "are of the Aryan stock and both have drunk deeply of the Persian milk." Of all the Deccan languages, Marathi only is akin to Urdu. The Peshwas carried on their diplomatic correspondence with the East India Company and other foreign Powers in Persian, and Persian scholars were engaged for the work, as is indicated by the words *chitnis*, *fadnis* and *parsanis*. But Bajirao II conversed with the British Resident in Urdu.

At the Bombay Conference I dwelt at some length upon these facts concerning communal relations in the past. I did so partly because we were in Poona, and such memories naturally arose there, but chiefly because the question how to preserve and foster Hindu-Moslem amity is the first and greatest of the problems which confront us today. Until that problem has been solved satisfactorily, there can be no security for our educational and social progress, for we shall always be threatened with a relapse into barbarism, and there can be no real assurance of peaceful progress for us or for India. Even from the purely educational standpoint, the harm done by a bitterly communal outlook is so great as to poison the whole life of a community and prevent a proper scheme of education ever being framed.

This is a matter which concerns the welfare of Islam and the honour of all Moslems—as well, of course, as of all Hindus—in India. It is good for us to be reminded that we and the Hindus have a common and a glorious history, and that we are bound together historically by ties, not merely geographical but of good neighbourhood, close friendship and mutual understanding during centuries.

These happy memories of the past inspire us with hope and con-

fidence for the future, assuring us that there is a firm foundation of understanding which we, in the Deccan, have in common with our Hindu neighbours—a foundation which we must preserve from thoughtless destruction, a foundation upon which we can upraise the noble monument of—if God wills!—a united nation.

It is imperative that the Moslems of this presidency—not to speak of the rest of India—should view their special problems in this perspective and no other. A narrow communalism is unhealthy—nay, it is suicidal in the long run, for it is sure eventually to ruin the very community which seeks to strengthen itself at the expense of other communities whose economic, political and social existence is inextricably bound up with its own. The part cannot with impunity make war upon the whole.

On the other hand, we must seek to strengthen and fortify the part in the interest of the whole. We must do our best to heal the wounded limb. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. The pace of an army is the pace of its slowest unit. Each community has its own weaknesses and deficiencies which it is the duty of its members to endeavour to surmount and supply its own problems which must be solved without outside help or interference. In order to rise to a position from which we can effectually help others, we must help ourselves. Self-help *must* be our motto for the present.

Now what are the special needs and problems of the Moslem community? I can dwell only on but a very few.

One of the basic aims of education is the formation of sound character. Every race and community has its own notions as to the exact kind of character which it is desirable for it to foster. To some, instruction in general ethical principles may seem sufficient for the purpose. To us Moslems, whose religion is all ethics, religious instruction appears a *sine qua non* of education from the point of view of character building. Now how are we to provide adequate religious instruction without separating from the general body-politic and without losing ground in the forward march of all communities? Our ideal being to form fine Moslem character—I use Moslem here as throughout this article in its true and real meaning of God's servant—we cannot conceive of such character without the inspiration, the support and background of true and real Islam. But how are we to provide the requisite Islamic teaching?

The creation of segregate and special schools and colleges for giving Islamic tone and atmosphere to education may be desirable in many cases and in certain circumstances and times but is ultimately detrimental to intercommunal harmony and national growth, nor

can it overcome the difficulties with regard to Moslems who reside in rural areas. The real solution, it seems to me, is for religious education to be provided for by private individuals and associations in institutions common to all. There is need of an enlightened agency for this work, possessing a thorough knowledge of modern scientific thought and of comparative religion. But mere theology without intense spiritual feeling and experience is only a dry husk, a lifeless thing, an encumbrance. It is only where true spirituality is found that religious tolerance can really exist. The saints of all religions are at one. It is only the sinners who would like to tear each other's eyes out.

There is need for a school of modern and liberal theology in Islam. In a word, there is need of a religious revival. We must think of the present and the future, not merely brood over the past.

And, to secure greater solidarity, closer intercourse and better knowledge of our common heritage, our catholic culture, our true history and our high traditions, there is need of a common language. There is no doubt in my mind as to what that common language ought to be and will be.

Urdu is already popular among non-Urdu speaking Moslems, and its popularity is growing rapidly. The growth of Urdu in the last two decades is phenomenal both in the spreading of the language and its literature. Urdu has three great virtues—brevity, catholicity and elasticity—and it is admirably fitted to become the vehicle of modern scientific thought.

In the Osmania University at Hyderabad Urdu is the language of instruction. A very few years ago I should have spoken of that institution as a promising and bold experiment. Today I can proclaim it an unqualified success. The work done by His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Government in the translation of scientific and classic works and in the designing and perfecting of clear Urdu printing type is less generally known but is of very great importance.

The modern trend towards a common language for all India is distinctly in favour of Urdu or Hindustani, the question of the script (whether it should be Nastaliq, Devanagiri or Roman), though important in itself, being still quite a secondary one. English, however useful and educative, could never become the language of Indian culture, much less the language of the home among the masses.

Moslems ought to make an effort to learn Urdu wherever it is not their mother-tongue. At the same time the claims of neighbourhood of local and territorial patriotism, ought not to be ignored. Local vernaculars should be studied by Moslems where they happen to be

other than Urdu. This would tend to promote a better mutual understanding between Moslems and Hindus, and would enable Moslems to enrich vernacular literatures by contributions on Islamic subjects whereby the Moslems who live dispersed in rural areas would be especially benefited. Already there are numerous instances of famous Moslem authors in Telugu, Marathi, Tamil, Bengali and other vernaculars.

There is need for a much greater advance in education. Indian Moslems, as a whole, are backward educationally. There is enormous wastage in the primary stage in spite of there being a higher percentage of pupils than in the case of other communities in that stage. I am strongly of opinion that we should begin to discourage, and must eventually make up our minds either to abolish or completely modernize, our special schools, or *makhtabs* and *madrasahs* which tend to fall below the modern standard of effective mental training.

The relatively low percentages of Moslems in the secondary and higher stages of education are mainly due to poverty and the lack of just appreciation of the value and importance of higher education in the circumstances of the time. In order to remove this suicidal apathy we must educate public opinion on this vital point. As means to that end may be suggested: (i) A liberal increase of scholarships. (ii) A larger employment of Moslem teachers. (iii) The provision of seats for Moslem students in professional and technical colleges. (iv) An appeal to Moslem merchant communities, especially in Bombay, to regard education as having a cultural and not merely a utilitarian value.

In making these suggestions and remarks, I do not lose sight of the glaring defects, from the point of view of public usefulness, which mar our present educational system. The suggestions I am making will be equally useful and desirable when the present system is replaced by one better adapted to the needs of India. I believe that there is urgent need of drastic and complete reform and reconstruction of the whole fabric of Indian public education.

In December, 1925, when I had the privilege of delivering the Convocation Address before the Punjab University, I set forth in some detail my ideas as to the lines which our new system of education must follow, if it is to meet the requirements of the country and of the times effectively. I shall not give here all the details of the scheme which I then outlined, nor with all the arguments which I adduced in support of it. I shall only explain that, instead of the present three stages—Primary, Secondary (which includes the Middle School), and University, each of which is designed only as a preparation for the next, I said that there ought to be three distinct categories

of education, each self-contained, each having a well-defined goal and especially adapted to the attainment of that goal, each an end in itself.

Instead of the present so-called primary course, which has no goal whatever except to qualify small children for admission to the middle school, we should have a course of essential education which should include all subjects of primary importance, subjects some knowledge of which is useful to every citizen of the State, whatever trade, calling or profession he may choose afterwards to follow, as tending to increased efficiency or better citizenship. In this stage the medium of instruction should be the student's mother-tongue. This essential course would include most of the present middle school course and a good deal of the present high school course. Any one who had completed that course would be an educated man or woman. These essential or *real primary* schools should not be merely text-book-reading institutions. They should have also their practical side, teaching agriculture, gardening and cottage industries in the districts, arts and crafts in the city. The student who had completed the essential course (which, if well-planned, should not be of longer duration than five years) would either leave school altogether to take up some trade, industry, or occupation, for which the essential course would be regarded as qualifying him; or he would transfer his studies to my second category of education, the vocational high school, which will be established with a special view to actual requirements.

The would-be artist would go to the school of art, the would-be doctor to the school of medicine, the would-be engineer to the school of engineering, the would-be teacher to the teachers' training school, the would-be clerk to the secretariat training school, and so forth. Completion of the course in any of these schools would qualify the student for entering the selected profession, though not for the highest grades of that profession. Only the selected few would be afterwards taken over (for preparation for the highest grades) to my third category—the university course.

There is need for industrial and technical business and secretariat education—how great a need and how little realized by the great mass of the public I need not tell a gathering of educationists, least of all in Poona. Modern commerce, industry and administration have become so highly specialized and organized as to rank almost among the exact sciences. For success in them, special training is now absolutely necessary, if India is to make headway in administrative efficiency and against foreign competition. And then, there is that almost virgin field of profitable activity for men of education—

the development of India's vast agricultural riches. These needs would be met by the vocational schools.

My third category, the university course, would have much greater significance and a much higher value than has the university course of today. But the university course in my scheme would be but a small part of the work of the university, which would include, and give its seal and sanction to, the whole educational system. In France the name university is given to the whole system of public education. So here the university would include all my three categories and would be in control of all three. Its brains would be less concentrated upon actual teaching. It would be much more of a thinking and an organizing institution than it is today. It would tackle the unemployment problem and serve effectively the functions of an employment bureau in a scientific manner by having an organized statistical side, which would keep its authorities informed in what professions and callings there was an excess and in what a defect, somewhat on the lines on which the Government of India lay down figures of future recruitment to the services. It would see to it that the supply of candidates for a particular vocation or profession, whether in its lower posts through the vocational or its higher posts through the university stage, or for Government service, did not in any year inordinately exceed the openings in that profession or vocation; which, in itself would be a great and beneficial reform. It would also regulate the number of vocational schools and the number of the students in each of them to correspond with actual public requirements. And the limitation of its teaching functions would allow of much more research work in all faculties than can possibly be done under present conditions. That was my dream in December, 1925, and it seems that I may some day come to rank among the fortunate company of "dreamers whose dreams come true." For, the most constructive resolution in the last All-India University Conference and the recommendations, which I see now being urged with increasing frequency, to meet the problem of unemployment will go a long way in implementing the scheme which I then outlined before the Punjab University. It seems as if my dream may soon be realized.

The problem of educated unemployment can only be solved by a large diversion at the end, first of the essential stage of the boys and then at the end of the secondary vocational stage of young men, into productive fields like trade and agriculture which, when explored, are vast enough to employ millions.

Then there is adult education, the need for which, to my mind, is even more pressing than the primary or (as I prefer to call it) the

essential education of our children. I can only here give expression to the strong faith in me that with right methods and the use of the latest inventions at our disposal like the cinema and the wireless, the adult population of this vast country, with a carefully planned, persistently followed programme, will soon be able to claim as being *educated* in the real sense of the term.

I have dwelt at some length on the educational needs of the Moslem community because they are particularly urgent and, if met, will help to solve our other problems and supply our other needs. Before concluding let me mention just one or two other most important matters.

No great purpose has ever yet been achieved, no great revival of a people has ever been brought about, without collective and organized effort; and, for this reason, the spirit of co-operation, which is truly Islamic, must be developed on a very much bigger scale than hitherto. There are great possibilities in the co-operative movement for the solution of most of our problems. The creation of co-operative societies for credit and non-credit purposes among Moslems is highly desirable.

The economic salvation of several western countries has been attained by co-operative effort, but this I mention only as corroborative evidence. The sanction for co-operative effort among Moslems is in Islam itself—in the Koran, in the Sayings of the Prophet and in the practice of the Moslem world for centuries.

I have already mentioned agriculture in the course of my remarks on education. Let me now again remind you of the country's need of rural reconstruction. India is—and in all human probability will always be—predominantly agricultural. The vast majority of the population live in rural areas. Improvement of the social and economic condition of the villages, increase of the area under cultivation, improvement of the methods of cultivation and stock-raising and the choice and marketing of profitable crops—all these are of the first importance to our national progress and welfare. It is a tremendously wide field, capable of absorbing all the enthusiasm, energy and talents of a man, and the educated youth must turn their eyes to it. In this vast field, high ethical ideals and a spirit of social service are the requisites, and these Islam can certainly supply.

Along with educational advance we must have social and economic reconstruction, for the state of the Moslem community today in India is like that of a beautiful and stately ancient building which has been damaged by an earthquake much, but not irreparably. It requires to be cleared of rubbish and carefully restored, before it can appear in all its former majesty; it also requires certain readjustments before it can

be fully serviceable at the present day. We require a powerful, insistent, ceaseless propaganda for the purification of Moslem society by the removal of social evils and abuses, of senseless customs and ceremonies which unhappily prevail amongst us and most of which are altogether un-Islamic. Most of all uneconomic living. Does not the Koran condemn "*Israf*" (extravagance) as one of the greatest sins?

An appeal should be made to Moslem landowners and merchant-princes for liberal endowments for educational and social purposes, on the lines of those established by men like Rockefeller, Carnegie and Cecil Rhodes. We endeavour to copy the British in their political institutions; it is much more important for our national well-being that we copy their civic sense, the urge which most Britishers of wealth and position feel to do something for their city and country without expectation of reward. With such help I would advocate the organization of a large band of itinerant workers of enlightenment, capable of impressing and winning the multitude, whether by organized preaching or by writing and distributing gratis or at a nominal price a mass of pamphlet literature prepared in simple language. These could be recruited without difficulty from among the more earnest of our Moslem students, when once the need and purpose of the work was made apparent to them. Young men of talent and energy among us must thus be trained up to devote themselves in various walks of life to the betterment and uplift of the community. It is not only in Government service that good Moslems are needed, nor is it in Government service that they can be of the greatest use to their community. No Government servant can devote himself to a particular community. Every Government servant, whether in British India or in an Indian State like Hyderabad, is bound by an implied contract to care equally for all communities. Were he to make his whole endeavour on behalf of one community he would be a very bad Government servant indeed, and a bad *Moslem*. Not only in Government service and in the liberal professions, but in commerce, industry, trade and transport, banking and insurance, journalism, politics and social service there should be a sufficiency of well-trained, first-rate men with *Moslem* hearts to promote the interests of our country. The term *Moslem* ought to be synonymous with the *servant of humanity*. That is the force which, let me repeat, I attach to it throughout my article.

Nobody would think, I hope, that the suggestions I have made are merely counsels of perfection, to be heard with tolerant approval but regarded as unpractical. They are practical suggestions: I am a

practical man. They are easy of realization in our great community if those of us who have the means in wealth and brains will only join together to perform their *Moslem* duty towards their brethren. When I read the Koran, when I recall the history of the early Moslems and the former glories of Islam and then consider what the condition of the Moslems is today, I hang my head in bitter shame. The message of Islam is now as badly needed as it was in our Prophet's own day. Nothing is preventing it from being heard with eagerness *except* the unfortunate economic, social and moral condition of the Moslem community which represents the religion of Islam in the sight of the world today. Whatever it is in our power to do for the reform and restoration of that community we must do without further delay. We have to fear the judgment of posterity, not to mention a higher judgment, if we remain idle in face of such a tragedy.

Our Prophet never contemplated the existence of an ignorant Moslem—man or woman. How many ignorant Moslems, so-called, are there in India today? The Koran has given us laws by which the economic position of the great Islamic brotherhood is to be secured. Are those laws today obeyed by Indian Moslems? Islam gives definite legal rights to women. Do the vast majority of Indian Moslem women know that they have any rights? These are matters which no Moslem can afford to dismiss lightly. They are indeed religious questions, affecting, as they do, the life and soul of the community.

SIR S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at the Oxford University, England, is intensely interested in the educational institutions of his own country. The following address has been selected from among his many fine speeches to the Indian students of various universities.

TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE PUNJAB UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION,
DECEMBER 23, 1930

GRADUATION is only a milestone in life's journey. It does not mark the end of the educational road. In a very real sense, it is the commencement time, the beginning of a new journey which will test the toughness of your mental and moral fibre, the efficiency of your university training. The new experiences, the

new problems and the new situations will demand from you the exercise of qualities for whose fostering the university functions. It does not require a prophet to say that India will rank as a free dominion in a short time. The future will give large powers and responsibilities to you. The historic role of the educated classes in the building up of a new India cannot be over-estimated. If a leader is one who knows where he is going, who has a firm grasp of the insights and intuitions which have made our civilization so enduring, and who can harness them to every aspect of life, it is only the universities that can train men for leadership. The universities are more than institutions for higher learning and professional training; they are called upon to educate the younger generation, form its character—create a new type of intellectual leader.

It is obvious that your education has failed you if it does not develop in you a love of severe and sustained thinking, a power of resistance to popular sentiment and mob passion. An educated person will be willing to follow truth wherever it leads him and will refuse to be forced into action simply because everybody else is doing it. He knows that in knowledge there is power, that truth shall make for freedom. To build a new India we must think deeply and plan wisely. Creation is an act of faith, an act of renewal and hope, rendered possible by a new vision. "Our minds build cathedrals before the workmen have moved a stone; and our minds destroy them before the elements have worn down their arches," says Professor Whitehead. Every great achievement is a vision in the soul before it becomes a fact of history. If it is true that facts dominate life, it is equally true that facts themselves obey the force of mind. Ideas control the world. They will triumph over the blind forces. For dynamic conceptions which will remodel society, we must turn to the scholars and thinkers in the universities.

Never was a time when there was more need for hard thinking than in the present hour. We see on all sides a seething mass of turbulent life. We are faced with a situation produced, if we can imagine it, by a combination of varied movements which the European nations passed through during the last few centuries. The intellectual renaissance, the industrial revolution, the political struggle for freedom and democracy and the religious reformation, which the Western nations faced individually and at different periods, India has to meet simultaneously, each magnified on account of the large area and population concerned. While great changes are taking place in every side of life, political and industrial, cultural and social, there is a good deal of loose and muddled thinking. The country seems to be marching forth into the unknown.

A casual visitor may feel that nothing interests Indians so much as politics. The deep questions which have engaged us down the ages are practically forgotten. There is a general disposition to despise cultural interests and make of life a rougher and a ruder thing than in the spacious past. I do not deny that there is a good deal to be said for the preoccupation with politics. The stress of the struggle for the bare physical necessities is more formidable than it ever was. Bernard Shaw says that a subject nation is like a man suffering from cancer. He can think of nothing else. He will listen to all quacks who will profess to treat him. The teaching of the West is mainly responsible for the political unrest. It has been the explosive energy, the social dynamite. The political tradition derived from the ancient city-states of Greece has taught us a passionate love for free citizenship and a juster social order. We have learnt that all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery. The aim of government is not so much efficiency as education. It is to afford training and opportunities for self-government. Muscles waste if they are not used; sinews become rigid if they are not stretched. Impetuous youth with its eager straining after the new vision chafes at every delay. The unrest is a tribute to the Britisher's work in India and not a reproach. We seem also to have learned from the West that success justifies all methods, and service to the nation excuses moral shortcomings. Such a view of political morals is not quite compatible with the tradition that cruelty is a crime for which there is no forgiveness. Nationalism means that we should do everything in our power to preserve our soul, our honour and integrity, and maintain our individual style of dealing with problems. We want freedom to preserve ourselves and make our distinctive contribution to the progress of the world. We cannot do so if we surrender our individuality. We must not try to make for ourselves an English or a Russian soul, but must extract from these whatever will serve to enrich our spirit. We can profit only by that which we are able to transform into our substance.

It is, however, the fact that there is a good deal of loose thinking on this question. In the minds of many of our leaders the antagonism to British rule is strangely mixed up with a love of British institutions. They are more anxious to westernize our country so as to make it a replica of Europe. Even the criticisms of Western institutions are inspired by Western thinkers like Karl Marx and Tolstoy, Romain Rolland and Bertrand Russell. We are violently Western in some moods and violently Indian in others. We are transitional creatures burdened with uncertainties, with chaos in our minds. The silent

struggles in the souls of men are of greater import than the spectacular ones on the political arena. Unfortunately, the universities whose function it is to control and organize fundamental thinking on basic issues seem to be suffering from inertia and indifference.

In the social and cultural realms the situation is not very different. We seem to swing between the two extremes of pride and self-contempt, constantly looking over our shoulders to see what others are about, wretched and anxious lest we make of ourselves a laughing stock. We are ashamed of the running sores in our body-politic and yet bewildered as to how we could remove them. The protective garment of tradition has become a thing of shreds and patches. The abstract rationalism of the revolutionary would make a clean sweep of the past; the equally abstract historicism of the reactionary would make a clean sweep of the present. Our inward unity is lost. The integration of social, cultural and political forces is broken up. And what shall a university education profit us, if it does not restore the unity and synthesize the old and the new?

It is easy to be romantic about the good old days. But it is a sure sign of decadence if we live contentedly in the traditional fabric of ideas congealed into forms. In the flux of life, the past is not the present. Progress is marked by originality and adventure; decay by imitativeness and routine. However perfect the wisdom of the past may be, the forms in which it is clothed are not final. They require to be broken and made afresh. We must recover the spirit of life and convert it to fresh purposes. The spirit of a people is to be found not in what it was in past ages nor even in what it is now. As we survey the history of a nation, we get at something deep and foundational, something which is for ever forming itself anew, though it never reaches perfect expression. The spirit of a people can only be defined in terms of this growing ideal, this operative principle which is very imperfectly expressed in any specific stage, though clearly discernible when we study the several stages in their temporal succession. The secret of life is in the law of development. In India the main emphasis has been on the reality of the life of spirit in man and the cosmos as a whole and a search for truth wherever it may be found. India has always stretched out her hands towards the developments of life. It is only the recovery of the true spirit that will help to loosen the hold of the complicated and unnecessary trappings. The wood, hay and stubble that have come down to us must be consumed in order that the things which are not shaken may remain.

This work of discriminating between the permanent and the transitory in our tradition can be done only by the educated classes who

have sufficient respect for the past and trust in the present. Our education is a failure if we do not obtain during our college years such a conception of the universe round us, such an understanding of the movement of life and the progress of mind as to secure for us a vision of spirit in every detail of nature and life, the spirit in which all human souls, the humblest and the greatest, live, move and have their being. The aim of education is not simply to enrich the minds of people with new knowledge, but also help them to rise to their full spiritual stature. It must rouse them to the value of spiritual realities, turn their eyes from the things which are merely temporal to the things which are eternal and enable them to pursue the values which are ultimate and not be occupied with merely utilitarian ends. Such an education will make us ashamed of our narrow creeds and inflexible faiths which make even social relations difficult. Ability to co-operate with others is the true test of education among individuals as well as communities.

The State is the citizen writ large, according to Plato. If we live under an irresponsible government, it is more our fault than our misfortune. The kind of government under which we live is, on ultimate analysis, a reflection of ourselves. The Greek orator declared that "it is not walls but men who make a city." It is not so much physical geography as intellectual community that moulds a nation. The sense of like-mindedness and community of interests require to be fostered if the feeling of nationality is to be furthered. Universities can stimulate common interests only if they are allowed to work in an atmosphere of freedom. It is a peculiarly difficult task for the universities to steer clear of dictation by the State and agitation by the people. The world over there is a tendency for political opinions to become rigid dogmas. Communism in Russia is a religion and individualism is infidelity. When the States assume the rigidity of churches, it becomes the primary duty of universities to protect us from the propaganda of the States themselves. In a country where the universities are endowed by the State, they require to be particularly careful and keep above all parties of religion and politics.

The universities must influence the whole generation and combat the sectional movements that are clogging our progress. They must cater to the educational needs of those who cannot, like ordinary students, enter their walls. An extramural department may well arrange single lectures or courses in suitable centres and institute diplomas in special studies. If the dangers of an industrialists' autocracy or a relapse into obscurantism are to be averted, an intensive programme of education will have to be adopted. . . .

Culture is not mere learning. It is discrimination, understanding of life. Liberal education aims at producing moral gifts as well as intellectual, sweetness of temper as much as sanity of outlook. Into the art of living, the cultured man carries a certain grace, a certain refinement, a certain distinction which redeems him from the sterile futility of aimless struggle. Culture is not a pose of intellect, or a code of convention, but an attitude of life which finds nothing human alien, common or unclean. An education that brings up a young man in entire indifference to the misery and poverty surrounding him, to the general stringency of life, to the dumb pangs of tortured bodies and the lives submerged in the shadows is essentially a failure. If we do not realize the solidarity of the human community, nor have human relations with those whom the world passes by as the lowly and the lost, we are not cultured. The most depraved individual has his startling interest and the worst criminal is unique to his thumbprints, as he knows to his cost. Great literature shames us out of our complacency and reveals to us something of the immense capacity of the human soul for suffering and isolation. We may suffer, we may fail, we may be forgotten, but we have succeeded in the true sense of the term if we refused to be vulgar, mean or squalid. If anything justifies life, it is nobility, greatness. Man notices our failings, but God sees our strivings.

In our country today, we are suffering from want of understanding. Whether it is between the Indian and the British or the Hindu and the Moslem, we are up against the same difficulty. Even when we seem to understand each other, we suddenly reach a point where it becomes clear that we do not have a sufficient grasp of each other's meaning. The trouble is not so much with regard to high philosophy and art as with practical affairs and political motives. Understanding of human relations and motives is not a matter of scientific method which can be taught in a university. It is a contagion of the spirit, not analysable or demonstrable, and yet it is not incommunicable. A good deal in this matter depends on the teachers and their outlook on life as distinct from their intellectual equipment. The unique experience of pursuing common ideals within the walls of the university in spite of differences of temperament and creed, has consequences of wider import. The many pleasant friendships, many personal contacts, must not merely be vivid recollections but must remain with us to the end of our lives. It rests with you to pledge yourselves to one another, that, when misunderstandings and disputes arise, you will be among those who will counsel patience and restraint and proclaim that reason, fair play and listening to both sides are the solvents of all differences.

Matthew Arnold spoke of sweetness and light as the marks of culture. We may add to them a third, strength. Sweetness of temper, sanity of outlook and strength of spirit, patience, wisdom and courage are the qualities of a cultured mind. There is a legend that ghosts do not speak until they drink blood; even so our noble dreams do not get accomplished except through the blood of our hearts. It is through *tapas*, through the inward travail of the spirit, that anything great can be achieved. The Upanishad says, the supreme actualizes mighty possibilities through the force of *tapas*. *Sa tapo tapyata, sa tapas taptva iidam sarvam asrjata*. "He performed *tapas*: having performed *tapas*, he produced all this whatsoever" (Tait. Up. II, 6). The best work in the world is achieved by those who resign the prizes of the world and bear in pain the burden of defeated hopes. The Rishis of ancient India knew no fear and feared no death. Buddha walked out of his palace to suffer and recreate. Christ is the man of sorrows. None who has not suffered to the utmost gets to the foundations of reality. In this matter of suffering, we men are amateurs; but our women friends are the professionals. In the recreation of a new India, their share will be considerable.

I want to lay special stress on the need for suffering and strength, as I suspect that a kind of new materialism has overtaken us. We seem to be coddling with comforts and are willing to use all our intellectual resources ruthlessly in the service of one end, material success. We are prepared to lay down our lives for higher wages and not higher ideals. * We seem to have almost a superstitious reverence for material conditions. Times of transition require a new simplicity of life, a new asceticism and you, my young friends, to whom leadership in thought and practice is passing, need it most. We have no glittering prizes of wealth, power or glory to offer you, but only hardship, struggle and suffering. May the ideals of your university help you to face them with spirit and courage and save you from cynicism and despair. Farewell.

PHILOSOPHICAL

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Swami Vivekananda delivered this address before the World's Parliament of Religions, which was held in connexion with the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. It may be remembered that he went to Chicago at the urging of his followers, not realizing that he required a formal invitation as a delegate, and lacking such, would not be allowed to give his message to the world. But a chance introduction led him to friends who could smooth away his difficulties. He spoke—and he met with overwhelming response and success as he gave to an American audience his interpretation of one of the world's oldest and greatest religions.

ON HINDUISM

SPEECH DELIVERED AT CHICAGO, 1893

THREE religions now stand in the world which have come down to us from time prehistoric—Hinduism, Zoroastrianism and Judaism. All of them have received tremendous shocks, and all of them prove by their survival their internal strength. But while Judaism failed to absorb Christianity and was driven out of its place of birth by its all-conquering daughter, and while a handful of Parsees is all that now remains to tell the tale of their grand religion, sect after sect arose in India, seeming to shake the religion of the Vedas to its very depths, but like the waters of the sea shore in a tremendous earthquake, this would recede for a while, only to return in an all-absorbing flood, a thousand times more vigorous, and when the tumult of the rush was over, these sects were all sucked in, absorbed and assimilated into the immense body of the mother faith.

All kinds of thought from the high spiritual flights of the Vedanta philosophy, of which the latest discoveries of science seem like echoes, down to the lowest ideas of idolatry, with its multifarious mythology, the agnosticism of the Buddhists and the atheism of the Jains, each and all has a place in the Hindu's religion.

Where, then, the question arises, where is the common centre upon which all these widely diverging radii converge? Where is the common basis upon which all these seemingly hopeless contradictions rest? And this is the question I shall now attempt to answer.

The Hindus have received their religion through revelation, the Vedas. They hold that the Vedas are without beginning and without end. It may sound ludicrous to this audience, that a book can be

without beginning or end. But by the Vedas no books are meant. They mean the accumulated treasury of spiritual law discovered by different persons at different times. Just as the law of gravitation acted before its discovery by humanity, and would continue to act if all humanity forgot it, so is it with the laws that govern the spiritual world. The moral, ethical and spiritual relations that exist between soul and soul, and between individual spirits and the Father of all spirit, were there before our discovery of them and would still remain, even if we forgot them.

The discoverers of these laws are called Rishis, and we honour them as perfected beings. I am glad to tell this audience that some of the very greatest of them were women.

Here it may be urged that these laws as laws may be without end, but they must have had a beginning. Now the Vedas teach us that creation is without beginning or end. Science has proved to us that the sum total of cosmic energy is always the same. Then, if there was a time when nothing existed, where was all this manifested energy? Some say it was in a potential form in God. In that case God is sometimes potential and sometimes kinetic, which would make him mutable. Everything mutable is a compound, and everything compound must undergo that change which is called destruction. So God would die, which is absurd. Therefore, there never was a time when there was no creation.

If I may be allowed to use a simile, creator and creation are two lines, without beginning and without end, running parallel to each other. God is power, an ever-active providence, under whom system after system is being evolved out of chaos, made to run for a time, and again destroyed. This is what the Hindu boy repeats every day with his Guru: "This sun and this moon, the Lord has created, like the suns and moons of previous cycles." And this agrees with modern science.

Here I stand, and if I shut my eyes and try to conceive of my own existence, "I," "I," "I"—what is the idea before me? The idea of a body. Am I, then, nothing but a combination of material substances? The Vedas declare no, I am a spirit living in a body. I am not the body. The body will die, but I shall not die. Here am I in this body, and when it fails I shall still go on living. Also I had a past. The soul was not created out of nothing. For creation means a combination, and that again means a certain future dissolution. Hence, if the soul was created, it must also die. Therefore it was not created. Again, some are born happy, and enjoy perfect health, with beautiful bodies, mental vigour and all their wants supplied. Others are born miserable; some are without hands or

feet; others, again, are idiots, and only drag out a wretched existence. Why, if they were all created, did a just and merciful God create one happy and the other unhappy, why was He so partial? Nor does it in the least mend matters to hold that those who are miserable in this life will be perfect in a future one. Why should a man be miserable, even here, in the reign of a just and merciful God? In the second place, this idea of the creator-God does not even attempt to assign any cause to the anomalies of creation, but simply postulates the cruel fiat of an all-powerful being. Thus, on the face of it, it is unscientific. There must have been causes, then, before his birth, to make a man, after it, miserable or happy, and those causes were his own past actions.

Are not the tendencies of mind and body accounted for by aptitudes inherited from parents? Here are two parallel lines of existence—one that of mind, the other that of matter. If matter and its transformations sufficiently answer for all that we are, there can be no necessity to suppose the existence of a soul. But it cannot be proved that thought has been evolved out of matter, and if monism is philosophically inevitable, a spiritual monism is quite as logical and not less desirable than materialistic. But neither of these is necessary at this point.

We cannot deny that bodies acquire certain tendencies by heredity, but this refers only to the physical configuration, through which a particular tendency of the mind has to be manifested. The cause of such a particular tendency in that mind lies in its own past actions. And a soul with a certain tendency will by the laws of affinity take birth in that body which is the fittest instrument for the display of that tendency. This is in perfect accordance with science, for science wants to explain everything by habit, and habit is acquired through repetition. So it is necessary to assume repetition in order to explain the natural habits of a new-born soul. And since these habits have not been arrived at in this present life, they must have come down from past lives.

There is another suggestion. Taking all this for granted, how is it that I do not remember anything of my past life? This can easily be explained. I am now speaking English. It is not my mother-tongue. In fact, no words of my mother-tongue are now present in my consciousness. But let me try for a moment to bring them up, and they rush in. This shows that consciousness is only the surface of the mental ocean, and that within its depths are stored up all our experiences. Only try and struggle. They will all come back, and you will be conscious even of your past lives.

This is direct and demonstrative evidence. Verification is the

perfect proof of a theory, and here is the challenge thrown to the world by the Rishis: *We* have discovered the secret by which the very depths of the ocean of memory can be stirred up—try it and you will obtain the complete memory of your past lives. So, then, the Hindu believes that he is a spirit.

“Him the sword cannot pierce—Him the fire cannot burn—Him the water cannot melt—Him the air cannot dry.” The Hindu believes that every soul is a circle whose circumference is nowhere, though its centre is located in the body; and that death only means the change of this centre from one body to another. Nor is the soul bound by the conditions of matter. In its very essence, it is free, unbounded, holy, pure, and perfect. But somehow or other it finds itself bound down by matter, and thinks of itself as matter.

Why should the free, perfect and pure being be thus under the thralldom of matter? is the next question. How can the perfect be deluded into the belief that he is imperfect? We have been told that Hindus shirk this question and say that it cannot be asked. Some thinkers want to answer it by positing one or more quasi-perfect beings, and use big scientific names to fill up the gap. But naming is not explaining. The question remains the same. How can the perfect become the quasi-perfect? How can the pure, the absolute, change even a microscopic particle of its nature? But the Hindu is sincere. He does not want to take shelter under sophistry. He is brave enough to face the question in a manly fashion. And his answer is: “I do not know how the perfect being, the soul, came to think of itself as imperfect, as joined to and conditioned by matter. But the fact is a fact for all that. It is a fact in everybody’s consciousness that he thinks of himself as the body.” He does not attempt to explain why it is so, why one is in the body. The answer, that it is the will of God, is no explanation. This is nothing more than what the Hindu says, “I do not know.”

Well, then, the human soul is eternal and immortal, perfect and infinite, and death means only a change of centre from one body to another. The present is determined by our past actions, and the future by the present. The soul will go on evolving up or reverting back from birth to birth and death to death. But here is another question: Is man a tiny boat in a tempest, raised one moment on the foaming crest of a billow and dashed down into a yawning chasm the next, rolled to and fro at the mercy of his own good and bad actions—a powerless, helpless wreck, in an ever-raging, ever-rushing, uncompromising current of cause and effect—a little moth placed under the wheel of causation, which rolls on crushing everything in its way, and waits not for the widow’s tears or the orphan’s cry?

The heart sinks at the idea, yet such is the law of Nature. Is there no hope? Is there no escape? was the cry that went up from the depths of the heart of despair. It reached the throne of mercy, and words of hope and consolation came down and inspired a Vedic sage, and he stood up before the world and in trumpet voice proclaimed the glad tidings. "Hear, ye children of immortal bliss! even ye that reside in higher spheres! I have found the Ancient One, who is beyond all darkness and delusion: knowing Him alone you shall be saved from death again and again." "Children of immortal bliss!"—what a sweet, what a hopeful name! Allow me to call you, brethren, by that sweet name—heirs of immortal bliss—yea, the Hindu refuses to call you sinners. Ye are the children of God, the sharers of immortal bliss, holy and perfect beings. Ye are divinities on earth. Sinners? It is a sin to call a man so. It is a standing libel on human nature. Come up, O lions, and shake off the delusion that you are sheep! You are souls immortal, spirits free, and eternal and blessed. Ye are not matter. Ye are not bodies. Matter is your servant, not you its slaves.

Thus it is that the Vedas proclaim not a dreadful combination of unforgiving laws, not an endless prison of cause and effect, but that at the head of all these laws, in and through every particle of matter and force, stands One, "by whose command the wind blows, the fire burns, the clouds rain, and death stalks upon the earth."

And what is His nature?

He is everywhere, the pure and formless one, the Almighty and the All-merciful. "Thou art our father. Thou art our mother. Thou art our beloved friend. Thou art the source of all strength. Give us strength. Thou art He that beareth the burdens of the universe: help me to bear the little burden of this life!" Thus sang the Rishis of the Veda. And how are we to worship Him? Through love. "He is to be worshipped as the one beloved, dearer than anything in this life or the next."

This is the doctrine of love declared in the Vedas. Let us see how it is fully developed and preached by Krishna, whom the Hindus believe to have been God incarnate on earth.

He thought that a man ought to live in this world like a lotus leaf, which grows in water but is never wet by the water; so a man ought to live in the world—his heart to God and his hands to work.

It is good to love God for the hope of reward in this world or the next, but it is better to love God for love's sake. And the prayer goes: "Lord, I want neither wealth, nor children, nor learning. I will go through a hundred perils, if it be Thy will; but grant me only this, that I may love Thee without the hope of reward—

unselfishly love for love's own sake." One of the disciples of Krishna, the then Emperor of India, was driven from his throne by his enemies and had to take shelter, with his queen, in a forest in the Himalayas. There one day the queen asked him how it was that he, the most virtuous of men, had to suffer so much misery? Yudhishthira answered: "Behold, my queen, the Himalayas, how grand and beautiful they are! I love them. They do not give me anything. But my nature is to love the grand and the beautiful, and therefore do I love them. Similarly, I love the Lord. He is the source of all beauty, of all sublimity. He is the only object to be loved; my nature is to love Him, and therefore I love. I do not pray for anything; I do not ask for anything. Let Him place me wherever He likes. I must love Him for love's sake, I cannot trade in love."

The Vedas teach that the soul is divine, only held under the bondage of matter, and that perfection will be reached when the bonds shall break. And the word they use for salvation, therefore, is *Mukti*—freedom, freedom from the bonds of imperfection, freedom from death and misery.

This bondage can only fall off through the mercy of God, and this mercy comes to the pure. So purity is the condition of His mercy. How that mercy acts! He reveals Himself to the pure heart; and the pure and stainless man sees God, yea, even in this life. Then, and then only, all the crookedness of the heart is made straight. Then all doubt ceases. Man is no longer the sport of the terrible laws of causation. This is the very centre, the very vital conception of Hinduism. The Hindu does not want to live on words and theories. If there are existences beyond the ordinary sensuous existence, he wants to come face to face with them. If there is a soul in him which is not matter, if there is an all-merciful universal Soul, he will go to Him direct. He must see Him—that alone can destroy all doubt. So the best proof a Hindu sage gives about the soul, about God, is: "I have seen the soul; I have seen God." And that is the only condition of perfection. The Hindu religion does not consist in struggles and attempts to believe a certain doctrine or dogma, but in realizing; not in believing, but in being and becoming.

Thus the whole object of their system is by constant struggle to become perfect, to become divine, to reach God, and see God; and this reaching God, seeing God, becoming perfect "even as the Father in Heaven is perfect," constitutes the religion of the Hindus.

And what becomes of a man when he attains perfection? He lives a life of bliss infinite. He enjoys infinite and perfect bliss—having

obtained God, the only thing in which man ought to find pleasure—and enjoys that bliss with God. So far all the Hindus are agreed. This is the common religion of all the sects of India.

But then the question comes, perfection is absolute, and the absolute cannot be two or three. It cannot have any qualities. It cannot be an individual. And so when a soul becomes perfect and absolute, it must become one with Brahmin, and realize the Lord only as the reality and perfection, of its own nature and existence—Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute, and Bliss absolute. We have often and often read about this as the losing of individuality, and becoming a stock or a stone. “He jests at scars that never felt a wound.”

I tell you it is nothing of the kind. If it is happiness to enjoy the consciousness of this small body, it must be greater happiness to enjoy the consciousness of two bodies, and so on, the measure of happiness increasing with the consciousness of an increasing number of bodies; hence the aim, the ultimate of happiness should be reached when it becomes a universal consciousness.

Therefore, to gain this infinite universal individuality, this miserable little prison-individuality must go. Then alone can death cease, when I am one with life; then alone can misery cease, when I am one with happiness itself; then alone can all errors cease, when I am one with knowledge itself; and this is the necessary scientific conclusion. Science has proved to me that physical individuality is a delusion, that really my body is one little continuously changing body in an unbroken ocean of matter, and *Advaitam* (unity) is the necessary conclusion with my other counterpart, soul.

Science is nothing but the finding of unity. As soon as any science reached perfect unity, it would have to stop from further progress, because it had reached the goal. Thus chemistry could progress no further, if it once discovered that one element out of which all others could be made. Physics must stop if it were able to complete its service by discovering one energy of which all others were but manifestations, and the science of religion becomes perfect when it has discovered Him who is the one life in a universe of death; Him who is the constant basis of an ever-changing world; One who is the only soul of which all souls are but delusive manifestations. Thus was it through multiplicity and duality that the ultimate unity was reached. Religion can go no further. This is the goal of all knowledge. Science upon science—again and again.

All science is bound to come to this conclusion in the long run. Manifestation, and not creation, is the word of science today, and

the Hindu is only glad that what he has been cherishing in his bosom for ages is now going to be taught in more forcible language, and with further light, from the latest conclusions of science.

Descend we now from the aspirations of philosophy to the religion of the ignorant. At the very outset, I may tell you that there is no *polytheism* in India. In every temple, if one stands by and listens, one will find the worshippers applying all the attributes of God, including omnipresence, to the images. It is not polytheism, nor would the name henotheism explain the situation. "The rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Names are not explanations.

I remember, as a boy, hearing a Christian missionary preaching to a crowd in India. Among other sweet things he was saying to them was, if he gave a blow to their idol with his stick, what could it do? One of his hearers sharply answered: "If I abuse your God what can He do?" "You would be punished," said the preacher, "when you die." "So my idol will punish you when you die!" retorted the Hindu. The tree is known by its fruits. When I have seen amongst those who are called idolaters, men, the like of whom, for morality and spirituality and love, I have never seen anywhere, I stop and ask myself: "Can sin beget holiness?"

Superstition is a great enemy of man, but bigotry is worse. Why does a Christian go to church? Why is the cross holy? Why is the face turned towards the sky, in prayer? Why are there so many images in the Catholic Church? Why are there so many images in the minds of Protestants when they pray? My brethren, we can no more think about anything without a mental image, than we can live without breathing. By the law of association, the material image calls up the mental idea, and vice versa. This is why the Hindu uses an external symbol when he worships. He will tell you it helps to keep his mind fixed on the Being to whom he prays. He knows as well as you do that the image is not God, is not omnipresent. After all, how much does omnipresence mean to most men, to almost the whole world in fact? It stands merely as a word, a symbol. Has God superficial area? If not, when we repeat the word omnipresent we think of the extended sky or of space, that is all.

As we find that somehow or other, by the laws of our mental constitution, we have to associate our ideas of infinity with the image of the blue sky, or of the sea; so we naturally connect our idea of holiness with the image of a church, a mosque or a cross. The Hindus have associated holiness, purity, truth, omnipresence, and such other ideas with different images and forms. But with

this difference, while some people devote their whole lives to their idol of a church and never rise higher, because with them religion means an intellectual assent to certain doctrines, and doing good to their fellows, the whole religion of the Hindu is centred in realization. Man is to become divine by realizing the divine. Idols or temples or churches or books are only the supports, the helps, of his spiritual childhood; but on and on he must progress.

He must not stop anywhere. "External worship, material worship," say the Vedas, "is the lowest stage; struggling to rise, mental prayer is the next stage; but the highest stage is when the Lord has been realized." Mark, the same earnest man who is kneeling before the idol, tells you: "Him the sun cannot express, nor the moon, nor the stars. The very lightning cannot express Him, nor what we speak of as fire. Through Him do all these shine." But he does not abuse any one's idol or call its worship sin. He recognizes in it a necessary stage of life. "The child is father of the man." Would it be right for an old man to say that childhood is a sin or youth a sin?

Nor is the use of images compulsory in Hinduism. Only, if a man can realize his divine nature more easily with the help of an image, would it be right to call that a sin? Nor, even when he has passed that stage, should he call it an error. To the Hindu, man is not travelling from error to truth, but from truth to truth, from lower truth to higher truth. To him, all religions, from the lowest fetishism to the highest absolutism, mean so many attempts of the human soul to grasp and realize the Infinite, each determined by the conditions of its birth and association. Each of these marks a stage of progress; and every soul is a young eagle soaring higher and higher, gathering more and more strength, till it reaches the Glorious Sun.

Unity in variety is the plan of Nature, and the Hindu has recognized it. Every other religion lays down certain fixed dogmas, and tries to force the whole of society to adopt them. They place before society one coat, which must fit Jack and Job and Henry, all alike. If it should happen not to fit John or Henry, he must go without coat to cover body. The Hindus have discovered that the absolute can only be realized, or thought of, or stated, through the relative, and that images, crosses and crescents are simply so many symbols, so many pegs, to hang the spiritual idea on. It is not that this help is necessary for every one, but it is so for many, and those who do not need it themselves, have no right to say that it is wrong.

One thing I must tell you. Idolatry does not mean in India

anything horrible. It is not the mother of harlots. On the other hand, it is the attempt of undeveloped minds to grasp high spiritual truths. The Hindus have their faults, they sometimes have their exceptions; but mark this, they are always for punishing their own bodies, and never for cutting the throats of their neighbours. If the Hindu fanatic burns himself on the pyre, he never lights the fire of inquisition. And even this cannot be laid at the door of his religion, any more than the burning of witches can be laid at the door of Christianity.

To the Hindu, then, the whole world of religions is only a travelling, a coming up, of different men and women, through various conditions and circumstances, to the same goal. Every religion is only an evolving of God out of the material man, and the same God is the inspirer of all of them. Why, then, are there so many contradictions? They are only apparent, says the Hindu. The contradictions come from the same truth adapting itself to the varying circumstances of different natures.

It is the same light coming through glasses of different colour. And these little variations are necessary for purposes of adaptation. But in the heart of everything the same truth reigns. The Lord has declared to the Hindu in His incarnation as Krishna: "I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls. Wherever thou seest extraordinary holiness and extraordinary power, raising and purifying humanity, know thou that I am there." And what has been the result? I challenge the world to find, throughout the whole system of Sanskrit philosophy, any such statement as that the Hindu alone will be saved and not others. Says Vyasa: "We find perfect men even beyond the pale of our own caste and creed." One thing more. How, then, can the Hindu, whose whole fabric of thought centres in God, believe in Buddhism, which is agnostic, or in Jainism, which is atheistic?

The Buddhists and Jains do not depend upon God; but, all the same, the whole force of their religion is directed to that great central truth of every religion, the evolving of God out of man. They have not seen the Father, but they have seen the Son. And he that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father also.

This, brethren, is a short sketch of the religious ideas of the Hindus. The Hindu may have failed to carry out all his plans, but if there is ever to be a universal religion, it must be one which holds no location in place or time; which is infinite, like the God it preaches, whose sun shines upon the followers of Krishna and of Christ, on saints and sinners alike; not Brahminic or Buddhistic, Christian or Mohammedan, but the sum total of all these, yet still keeping

infinite space for development; which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms, and find a place for, every human being, from the lowest grovelling savage, not far removed from the brute, to the highest man, towering by the virtues of his head and heart almost above humanity, and making society stand in awe of him and doubt his human nature. It will be a religion which will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its policy, which will recognize divinity in every man and woman, whose whole scope, whose whole force will be centred in aiding humanity to realise its own true and divine nature.

Offer such a religion, and all the nations will follow you. Asoka's council was a council of the Buddhist faith. Akbar's, though more to the purpose, was only a parlour meeting. It was reserved for America to proclaim to all the quarters of the globe that the Lord is in every faith.

May He who is the Brahmin of the Hindus, the Ahura-Mazda of the Zoroastrians, the Buddha of the Buddhists, the Jehovah of the Jews, and the Father in Heaven of the Christians, give strength to you to carry out your noble idea. The star arose in the East; it travelled steadily towards the West, sometimes dimmed and sometimes effulgent, till it made a circuit of the world, and now it is again rising on the very horizon of the East, the borders of the Tasifu, a thousandfold more effulgent than ever it was before.

Hail, Columbia, motherland of liberty! It has been given to thee, who hast never dipped thine hand in thy neighbour's blood, who hast never found out that the shortest way to become rich was to rob one's neighbours, it has been given to thee to march onwards, in the vanguard of civilization carrying the flag of harmony.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

RT. HON. SIR TEJ BAHADUR
SAPRU, P.C.

In this presidential address Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who had recently returned from a tour in Europe, deals with a problem which, at that time, was particularly engaging the attention of the educational and governmental authorities in India.

PROBLEMS OF EDUCATED UNEMPLOYMENT

SPEECH DELIVERED TO THE SECOND UNITED PROVINCES

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS CONFERENCE, 1935

At the very outset I express to the organizers of this federation my deep sense of gratitude for the honour which they have done me in inviting me to preside over these deliberations. During the last few years I have heard a great deal of the federations of Indian students in one part of the country or the other, but it had never been my good fortune to attend any one of their sittings. It was not due to any lack of sympathy on my part with the aspirations of Indian students but really due to lack of opportunity that I was unable to attend them. It is therefore a matter of genuine pleasure to me that I am privileged to attend this conference and be in the midst of young friends, which reminds me of the old days when I was myself as young as you are, cherished the same ambitions and had my own view of life and the future of the world as you no doubt have your own.

During the last twelve months I have been occupied more or less on a subject, in which the students are vitally interested and the more I had worked on that subject the more interest I have had in it. I am not, however, going to place before you the conclusions which my committee are likely to arrive at within the next two or three weeks at the sittings of the Unemployment Committee of which I happen to be the chairman. It will not be fair to Dr. Sam Higginbottom, who I am glad is present at the conference, and his other colleagues that I should in anticipation of their decision place before you the conclusions we have reached on the question of unemployment among the educated classes of these provinces. That is a question which vitally affects the student community and which must be considered by every one who has the future of the country at heart. Without giving you any of the proposals of the

committee I can tell you generally that my examination of the problem during the last one year has convinced me that the problem of unemployment among the educated classes and among the graduates in these provinces is an extremely acute one. Very few of us who have not, like the committee, examined the problem in its various aspects, have any idea as to its extent and nature. It is well that public conscience should be aroused as to the necessity of an inquiry into this matter even at this belated hour. Personally, I think that the problem should have engaged the attention of the Government in this country, of the universities themselves and of the public at large long ago. In my opinion the situation has been steadily deteriorating during the last fifteen or twenty years and has now reached a stage when it is impossible for any one of us to say what the future of the vast majority of us all is going to be. If the students ask me whether I or the committee of which I happen to be the chairman have got any remedies to suggest for immediate relief, my answer must be a disappointing one. The problem has been created during the last fifteen or twenty years and it must take some time to be attacked successfully, but that it must be attacked and attacked vigorously and on a definite plan I have not the least doubt. That something can be done to relieve the amount of unemployment among the educated classes at the present moment I have equally little doubt. That a great deal more may be done if Government and Indian society put their heads together and are prepared to co-operate with each other I have equally little doubt. Whatever may be the other remedies, which may be available to us in these provinces, I do not mind confessing to you that the more I have been investigating into this problem the more I am convinced that the time has arrived when we must boldly and courageously tackle the problem of education in its entirety in these provinces. The question is essentially connected with education and to my mind it all depends upon what view we take of education in these provinces and elsewhere in the country.

It is all very well for men comfortably situated in life to talk of knowledge and culture. Do not go away with the impression that I am hostile to culture. I want you to develop culture—culture not merely within the four corners of your university but culture which will accompany you through all your successes and through all your failures. Culture does not mean the same thing as a certain amount of reading for the B.A. or M.A. degrees. Culture is a habit of mind which grows with us and which never leaves us until we are dead. Those, however, who talk to me about culture, are not in a position to assure me that seventy or eighty per cent of those who pass through their heads retain their habits of culture when

they have left their colleges. I refuse to judge the universities by the number of first-class men they produce and like to judge them by the second-class men that they produce. In every country it is the second-class men who form the backbone of the nation and when I come to examine the position of our second-class men I become sceptic as to the claims that are at times advanced in the name of culture.

The problem of education at the present moment is being approached in foreign countries from a thoroughly practical point of view. I had an opportunity of visiting a certain number of universities and schools during my recent visit to Europe in at least three countries and I was really amazed at the amount of readjustment and reorganization which was going on there in the system of education from top to bottom. People there were prepared to work out their future by recognizing the unpleasant realities of the situation.

They realize, as I think many of us in this country do not, that after all it was not everybody who came to the university and sat for the examination who was dying for culture, and that education must also have an economic value.

I place myself in the hands of my critics if they tell me that my views on education are very sordid and coloured by considerations of material interests of life. But frankly I do not live in the cloudy land of culture. I have my feet firmly planted on earth and I know that in the vast majority of cases Indian parents send their boys to universities so that they may qualify themselves for some sort of independent and honourable careers. But look at the disappointment of parents and the greater disappointment of these young men who, after they have left the universities with degrees attached to their names, find that they must go from door to door begging for letters of recommendation, favours and things of that kind which must, in my humble opinion, be very demoralizing to them and to their parents.

With all our efforts, what is the result? I and my colleagues on the Unemployment Committee have been told that there are B.A.'s of the university who have been enrolled as constables, that there are M.A.'s who are selling milk in the streets, and that there are men who after passing the intermediate examination are engaged as cycle peons. There are LL.B.'s who have accepted very humble positions in the excise or the registration department or other departments—positions which they would not be allowed to accept in England by virtue of certain traditions of the English bar.

Taking the practical view of the position, may I be permitted to ask how long can any Government, and how long can any society, shut its eyes to the reality of the situation? How long can it profess to be

a martyr to this illusive cry of knowledge and culture if that is going to be the end of our young men? People in England, France, Switzerland and Italy have realized this and they are now giving a different turn to their education. I am not going into the details—probably you will find the result of my investigation in the report which I am going to submit to the Government within the next two or three weeks.

Do not go away with the idea at all that I am opposed to university education. Frankly I would throw open the doors of universities as wide as possible to every one of you, provided I was assured that you would benefit by that education and provided I was assured that you would then, after you had left university education, be able to become useful economic units of society and useful members of the Indian community. I believe there never was greater necessity than there is at the present moment for our facing this problem with courage, not in a spirit of pessimism but in a spirit of reason, hoping that if we all unite in solving this problem we may be able to improve the situation of many of our young countrymen. I thoroughly share the bitterness which I have so often found among our young men against the present educational system and social system—bitterness due undoubtedly to the consciousness that with all the years of study that they have spent in the university there is no use for them in society. No wonder then that their thoughts should be running in disruptive channels, and I do hold in regard to this matter Government and people equally responsible. They have neglected this problem and they must be prepared to face the consequences of their neglect. The problem will have to be tackled, and I believe all the conflicting views that you hear now about education are in the nature of birth pangs of the development which must come. The sooner it does come, the better for us all.

I will not trouble you further with this question as I am imposing upon myself a certain amount of restraint. Indeed, I am not at all sure whether I should have gone even as far as I had done in addressing you on this problem. Probably in about two or three weeks' time I may be more free to speak out my mind on this question and place my views in greater detail upon various aspects. But I do wish to give a general warning to Government and to my own countrymen that the problem is a very acute one and we have got to face it.

Your object of promoting educational and social activities and of organizing tours of observation is laudable. I sincerely hope that you mean by the phrase "educational activity" the development of cultural life while you are yet at the universities. I regret that I have

observed all these years a tendency not merely in the newspaper Press, not merely among the politicians but also among educational centres to become very sectional and to take a very narrow view of even cultural subjects and to interpret history not as it ought to be interpreted but as it suits their fancy and their prejudices. This, to my mind, is one of the most demoralizing features of the situation. I wish you to develop a culture broad-based upon Indian foundations and not upon the foundations of any particular community, sect or religion. Those of you who fancy that you are nationalists and imagine that you are Indians first and everything else afterwards, ought not to forget that culture has a direct relation to your other activities in life—political, social, economic—and if while you are at the university you imbibe a culture which in the case of Hindus makes you think like Hindus, and in the case of Moslems think like Moslems, then woe betide culture, knowledge and university education! Therefore, it is up to my young friends to develop a common culture because I believe that, so far as Indian unity is concerned, the true foundation of unity and freedom must be sought in either culture or economic interests, not politics, nor religion. Fifty years ago the education which a young boy received in these provinces, whether he was a Hindu or a Mohammedan was, in the vast majority of cases, the same or nearly the same. It is not so now, and I find in actual life that a Hindu is probably attempting to become a stronger Hindu and a Moslem is attempting to become a stronger Moslem. The young men who are supposed to be receiving liberal education at the university must set their face against this tendency and they must be no parties to the development of sectional ideas. Otherwise it seems to me that all this talk of nationalism and of Indian unity is either insincere or ill-conceived.

I like the idea of organizing tours of observation to be encouraged and urge that students should build up a fund for taking small parties not merely to different parts of India but also to different parts of the world. Foreign travel, to my mind, is far more educative than reading foreign books in the privacy of a home or within the four corners of the university class. I ask this conference to make an active effort to collect funds and to approach people who have money to give. There is a particular art connected with collecting money and we cannot have a better example to follow anywhere in the country than Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. I wish to hold up his example to you and add that I should consider it a privilege to give you any assistance that I can within my limited sphere. Finally, I wish goodwill and success to this federation.

SIR JAGADISH BOSE

Sir Jagadish Chunder Bose was the first great modern Indian scientist, and his work is appreciated and respected everywhere in the world. When he retired from the position he held as Professor of Physical Science at the Presidency College, Calcutta, he founded the Bose Institute, so that his researches might be carried on.

THE VOICE OF LIFE

DEDICATION OF THE BOSE INSTITUTE

I DEDICATE today this institute—not merely a laboratory but a temple. The power of physical methods applies for the establishment of that truth which can be realized directly through our senses, or through the vast expansion of the perceptive range by means of artificially created organs. We still gather the tremulous message when the note of the audible reaches the unheard. When human sight fails, we continue to explore the region of the invisible. The little that we can see is as nothing compared with the vastness of that which we cannot see. Out of the very imperfection of his senses man makes daring adventures on the great seas of the unknown. But there are other truths which will remain beyond even the super-sensitive methods known to science. For these we require faith, tested not in a few years but by an entire life. And a temple is erected as a fit memorial for the establishment of that truth for which faith was needed. The personal, yet general, truth and faith whose establishment this institute commemorates is this: that when one dedicates himself wholly for a great object, the closed doors shall open, and the seemingly impossible will become possible for him.

Thirty-two years ago I chose teaching of science as my vocation. It was held that by its very peculiar constitution, the Indian mind would always turn away from the study of nature to metaphysical speculations. Even had the capacity for inquiry and accurate observation been assumed present, there were no opportunities for their employment; there were no well-equipped laboratories nor skilled mechanics. This was all too true. It is for man not to quarrel with circumstances but bravely accept them; and we belong to that race who had accomplished great things with simple means.

In the pursuit of my investigations I was unconsciously led into the border region of physics and physiology and was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the

realms of the living and non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert; it also was a thrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. A universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant and animal under a common law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and of exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death. I was filled with awe at this stupendous generalization; and it was with great hope that I announced my results before the Royal Society—results demonstrated by experiments. But the physiologists present advised me, after my address, to confine myself to physical investigations in which my success had been assured, rather than encroach on their preserve. I had thus unwittingly strayed into the domain of a new and unfamiliar caste system and so offended its etiquette. An unconscious theological bias was also present which confounds ignorance with faith. It is forgotten that He, who surrounded us with this ever-evolving mystery of creation, the ineffable wonder that lies hidden in the microcosm of the dust particles, enclosing within the intricacies of its atomic form all the mystery of the cosmos, has also implanted in us the desire to question and understand. To the theological bias was added the misgivings about the inherent bent of the Indian mind towards mysticism and unchecked imagination. But in India this burning imagination which can extort new order out of a mass of apparently contradictory facts, is also held in check by the habit of meditation. It is this restraint which confers the power to hold the mind in pursuit of truth, in infinite patience, to wait, and reconsider, experimentally to test and repeatedly verify.

It is but natural that there should be prejudice, even in science, against all innovations; and I was prepared to wait till the first incredulity could be overcome by further cumulative evidence. Unfortunately there were other incidents and misrepresentations which it was impossible to remove from this insulating distance. Thus no conditions could have been more desperately hopeless than those which confronted me for the next twelve years. It is necessary to make this brief reference to this period of my life; for one who would devote himself to the search of truth must realize that for him there awaits no easy life, but one of unending struggle. It is for him to cast his life as an offering, regarding gain and loss, success and failure, as one. Yet in my case this long persisting gloom was suddenly lifted. My scientific deputation in 1914, from the Government of India, gave the opportunity of giving demonstrations of my discoveries before the leading scientific societies of the world. This led to the acceptance of my theories and results, and the recognition

of the importance of the Indian contribution to the advancement of the world's science. My own experience told me how heavy, sometimes even crushing, are the difficulties which confront an inquirer here in India; yet it made me stronger in my determination that I shall make the path of those who are to follow me less arduous, and that India is never to relinquish what has been won for her after years of struggle.

What is it that India is to win and maintain? Can anything small or circumscribed ever satisfy the mind of India? Has her own history and the teaching of the past prepared her for some temporary and quite subordinate gain? There are at this moment two complementary and not antagonistic ideals before the country. India is drawn into the vortex of international competition. She has to become efficient in every way—through spread of education, through performance of civic duties and responsibilities, through activities both industrial and commercial. Neglect of these essentials of national duty will imperil her very existence; and sufficient stimulus for these will be found in success and satisfaction of personal ambition.

But these alone do not ensure the life of a nation. Such material activities have brought in the West their fruit, in accession of power and wealth. There has been a feverish rush even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilization is trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that mad rush which must end in disaster. He has followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing for a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success was to serve as a temporary incentive. He forgot that far more potent than competition was mutual help and co-operation in the scheme of life. And in this country through millenniums, there always have been some who, beyond the immediate and absorbing prize of the hour, sought for the realization of the highest ideal of life—not through passive renunciation, but through active struggle. The weakling who has refused the conflict, having acquired nothing has nothing to renounce. He alone who has striven and won, can enrich the world by giving away the fruits of his victorious experience. In India such examples of constant realization of ideals through work have resulted in the formation of a continuous living tradition. And by her latent power of rejuvenescence she has readjusted herself through infinite transformations. Thus while the soul of Babylon and the Nile Valley have transmigrated, ours still remains vital and with capacity of absorbing what time has brought, and making it one with itself.

The ideal of giving, of enriching, in fine, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity is the other and complementary ideal. The motive power for this is not to be found in personal ambition but in the effacement of all littlenesses, and uprooting of that ignorance which regards anything as gain which is to be purchased at others' loss. This I know, that no vision of truth can come except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

Public life, and the various professions will be the appropriate spheres of activity for many aspiring young men. But for my disciples, I call on those very few, who, realizing an inner call, will devote their whole life with strengthened character and determined purpose to take part in that infinite struggle to win knowledge for its own sake and see truth face to face.

It is my further wish, that as far as the limited accommodation would permit, the facilities of this institute should be available to workers from all countries. In this I am attempting to carry out the traditions of my country, which so far back as twenty-five centuries ago, welcomed all scholars from different parts of the world, within the precincts of its ancient seats of learning, at Nalanda and at Taxilla.

The excessive specialization of modern science in the West has led to the danger of losing sight of the fundamental fact that there can be but one truth, one science which includes all the branches of knowledge. How chaotic appear the happenings in nature! Is nature a cosmos in which the human mind is some day to realize the uniform march of sequence, order and law? India through her habit of mind is some day to realize the idea of unity, and to see in the phenomenal world an orderly universe. This trend of thought led me unconsciously to the dividing frontiers of different sciences and shaped the course of my work in its constant alternations between the theoretical and the practical, from the investigation of the inorganic world to that of organized life and its multifarious activities of growth, of movement, and even of sensation. On looking over a hundred and fifty different lines of investigations, carried on during the last twenty-three years, I now discover in them a natural sequence.

The thrill in matter, the throb of life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensations, how diverse are these and yet how unified! How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should not merely be transmitted but transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought

and in emotion. Of these, which is more real, the material body or the image which is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which of these is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic times, who, when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. What would she do with it, if it did not raise her above death? This has always been the cry of the soul of India, not for addition of material bondage, but to work out through struggle her self-chosen destiny and win immortality. Many a nation had risen in the past and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remains as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded the temporal power. There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction: that is the burning flame born of thought which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions, or even in attainments, but in ideals, are to be found the seed of immortality. Not through material acquisition, but in generous diffusion of ideas and ideals, can the true empire of humanity be established. Thus, to Asoka, to whom belonged this vast empire, bounded by the inviolate seas, after he had tried to ransom the world by giving away to the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except one half of an *Amlaki* fruit. This was his last possession and his anguished cry was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the *Amlaki* be accepted as his final gift.

Asoka's emblem of the *Amlaki* will be seen on the cornices of the institute, and towering above all is the symbol of the thunderbolt. It was the Rishi Dadhichi, the pure and blameless, who offered his life that the divine weapon, the thunderbolt, might be fashioned out of his bones to smite evil and exalt righteousness. It is but half of the *Amlaki* that we can offer now. But the past shall be reborn in a yet nobler future. We stand here today and resume work tomorrow so that by the efforts of our lives and our unshaken faith in the future we may all help to build the greater India yet to be.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

SIR MIRZA M. ISMAIL, K.C.I.E., O.B.E.

Sir Mirza Ismail, Dewan of Mysore, is touching here upon a side of Indian national life which has not hitherto been stressed in this book when he describes, with warmth and a depth of feeling, the beauties of the ancient kingdom of Mysore.

MYSORE AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

SPEECH BROADCAST AUGUST 5, 1938

I HAVE been asked to speak to you tonight about Mysore. Now I am an ardent lover of Mysore. And lovers' rhapsodies are proverbially wearisome to every one except the parties concerned. Therefore I propose to restrain my ardour and to tell you about Mysore in the words of other impartial observers. It may be that as a result my account will be a patchwork, but it will be a patchwork of sound opinion and of chosen language.

Before I begin, however, I would like to give you one caution, namely, that no description can possibly do justice to the reality. Therefore let me commend to you what a recent speaker said at the Mysore Dinner in London—the State is there, open as a book, that he who runs may read. And he who walks may read better than he who runs, and he who rests awhile by the wayside will find that it profits him both in body and soul. And he who comes to settle among us can verify the truth of the statement made by a French historian as long ago as the year 1800: "The plains of Mysore afford the most beautiful habitation that Nature has to offer to mankind upon the earth."

For those who to their misfortune cannot visit Mysore let me begin with the description of an old friend of the State, Sir William Barton: "The country itself is full of charm, a land that lotus-eaters would delight to make their own. The main feature is a series of uplands with an average elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea. The climate has a languorous warmth in summer; in winter endless sunshine with a tinge of chilliness that is almost bracing. Westward the plateau is flanked by the Ghats and their outlying buttresses, like the Baba Budan Hills, where the coffee estates of British planters have invaded the forest. To the south is the great mountain mass of the Nilgiris. The scenery is diversified by great excrescences of

Deccan trap, steep ridges of rock and huge isolated hills, known locally as *droogs*, many of them crowned with ancient forts. In the south-west and west are magnificent forests, the haunt of bison, the elephant and the tiger. The great River Cauvery, rising in the Ghats, flows through the State. At the point where it flings itself off the highlands into the plains of Madras, its force is impressed into the service of man to produce electric current to light the great towns, and to mine gold from quartz, a mile or more below the surface of the earth at Kolar, a hundred miles away.

“Temple architecture bears witness to the culture of the ancient kingdoms. There are noble buildings of different styles and periods almost everywhere. The best known are the Hindu sanctuaries at Halebid and Belur. The colossal image, fifty-seven feet high, of the Jain apostle, Gomata, carved from the solid rock on a high ridge, towers over the countryside at Sravanabelgola. It dates from the tenth century. The palaces, gardens and broken battlements of Tippoo Sultan’s capital at Seringapatam recall memories of a great feat of arms.”

Let me quote to you what a recent visitor has said about the Belur temple: “It is doubtful,” he says, “if there is to be found anywhere in the world a building of similar surface area whose carvings can approach for sheer elaboration, delicacy and expenditure of human labour, the 700-year-old temple at Belur.”

I propose now to show you what varied attractions we have for varied tastes. Let us first take what Mysore offers of things of the spirit. I will quote to you a short passage from the address delivered by His Highness the Maharajah to the assembly of members of the World’s Student Christian Federation, who came to us from all quarters of the globe:—

“You have met together in one common faith and you have met in what may not unfitly be described as the holy land of another. Here in Mysore, before the beginning of your era, the king, Chandragupta, having turned Jain and left his kingdom on pilgrimage, found peace in death. Here again each of the three great teachers of Hinduism spent a part of his life. Sankaracharya, the apostle of the absolute unity of God and all life and the soul, founded here the school in which his memory is enshrined and his work continued. Ramanujacharya, fleeing from persecution by the Chola kings, found in Mysore, even at that early date, that toleration and freedom of speech, which, following the example of my predecessors, I have always tried to make one of the watchwords of my Government. Later followed Madhva, with his doctrine of the duality of the soul and God, and what may perhaps be most

attractive to you as Christians, his teaching of the necessity for *bhakti*, the love and devotion of the soul for God. Thus you are surrounded here by places in which some of India's best and noblest have breathed out their lives in intense aspiration, in profound meditation, in the eager desire for absorption in God, and I trust you will be able to learn something of their spirit and practice, something of their methods."

Let us now look at the obverse of the medal and turn from things of the spirit to the materials of trade and enterprise. In respect of raw materials Mysore is one of the most favoured of countries. Of minerals she can offer you a list that sounds like a chapter out of the Book of Revelation. Gold, silver, copper, iron, graphite, chromite, magnesite, monazite, ferruginous bauxite, soapstone, mica and manganese, galena and corundum, porphyry and felspar, and a host of others.

Of timber she can give you varieties of teak, rosewood, blackwood and ironwood; ebony, silk, cotton, and Indian satinwood, Indian kino, Indian mahogany, Indian beech and Indian laburnum, and Ceylon oak and Chittagong wood.

Her crops include wheat, rice, ragi and cholam, coffee, sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, gingelly, ground-nut, coconut, castor, pepper, ginger, turmeric and areca nut.

Of fruits and vegetables there is hardly anything to which you cannot aspire. Mysore produces peaches, apples and oranges, grapes, mangoes, papayas and plantains, figs, limes, star gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries, beans, brinjals and amaranth in every known variety, potatoes and onions by the ton, and a large proportion of the vegetables of all kinds that furnish the dinner tables of Madras.

Added to this you have every facility for manufacture. The rivers give an abundant water supply, and they and the great chain of tanks give a humidity of atmosphere that is said by experts to be exactly what is required for textile processes. We have a railway system comprising 700 odd miles of line, 4,200 miles of metalled road, large parts of which are now treated with tar or with molasses, and 2,700 miles of others. Electricity is laid on to the remotest corner of the State, and power for industries supplied at the rate of nine pies per unit. The telephone system is already widespread and is expanding with great rapidity. There is an industrious and intelligent peasantry who have shown themselves capable of adapting themselves to industrial processes.

Nor have the people and the Government of Mysore been behindhand in utilizing these great gifts of Nature. We have mines of gold, iron, manganese and chrome. There are several textile

factories making piecegoods, hosiery, suitings, silk, gold thread and woollen goods. Other factories are occupied with the manufacture of soaps, sugar, cement and paper. Sandal oil is another big industry in which the State specializes. Another group of factories produces chemicals and fertilizers, drugs and medicines; another, bakelite articles, stoneware, lacquerware and toys. There is a promising industry in Virginia tobacco. For the benefit largely of our own electrical works we have factories for making porcelain insulators, transformers, batteries, switches and other electrical goods.

We are very proud of the products of these factories, and at the risk of being called provincial, try to set before all true Mysoreans the ideal that they should wash themselves with Mysore soap, dry themselves with Mysore towels, clothe themselves in Mysore silks, ride Mysore horses, eat the abundant Mysore food, drink Mysore coffee with Mysore sugar, build their home with Mysore cement, Mysore timber and Mysore steel, furnish their houses with Mysore furniture and write their letters on Mysore paper. Let me here again refer to the remark of Sir John Wardlaw Milne that I quoted above. The State industries are all open like a book, or perhaps I should say, are displayed as in a shop front on the occasion of the exhibition that is held every Dasara, and we welcome all friends from Madras who will come and take stalls in that exhibition to display their own goods, and still more do we welcome those who visit Mysore for the Dasara and spend their money on the Mysore goods that they find exhibited for sale.

Let me put on another slide and see what Mysore has to offer for the tourist and the visitor. I have already referred to some of the holy places and places of pilgrimage, but there are many others whose names are well known, such as Sringeri, Melkote, Talkad, which is now making its preparations for a giant pilgrimage, Nanjangud, Dattatreyapectha, the famous shrine where Hindus and Mohammedans both worship, Tirthahalli, Dornahalli, and, may I add, Viduraswatha, with its famous peepul tree of Vidura by which it is hoped it will be remembered many years after the recent regrettable incident there has been forgotten. There are ancient capitals, famous battlefields, edicts of Asoka and monuments of the Hoysalas, and there is hardly one of the many hill tops in the State that does not carry a fort or temple.

We have at Gersoppa the highest waterfall in the world with its drop of 830 feet. It is certainly also one of the most picturesque waterfalls in the world, just as the Sivasamudram waterfall is one of the most useful, since it furnishes electric power for a great part of the State.

Last of all, you have at the Dasara season a pageant which a recent writer describes as embodying "scenes of almost indescribable magnificence, scenes which might be taken from the pages of an *Arabian Nights* tale. Let me add one or two more extracts from that description: "The palace, an exquisite example of architecture, is entirely outlined with myriads of tiny electric lights, one red lamp glowing on the golden dome to signify the presence of his Highness in the palace. The huge Durbar Hall, blazing with light and a thousand colours, is open on one side to the courtyard below, where vast crowds of Mysoreans wait to see their ruler take his seat on the historical Lion Throne. . . . The tenth is the day of days, when the famous State Procession to the Banni Mantap Parade Ground takes place. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the royal salute of twenty-one guns thunders from the palace followed by a blare of trumpets and the impressive strains of the Mysore National Anthem. The great march of might has begun. All Mysore is there. Townsman and peasant, all dressed in their colourful best, stand in a dense throng along the route, eager to do homage to their Maharaja. His Highness leaves the palace for the first time during Dasara. He is preceded by the famous Mysore Cavalry and Household Troops, drum and fife bands, infantry, State coaches, camel carts, officials riding in huge elephant carriages, and many elephants. Altogether there is nearly a mile of impressive pageant. . . . After the procession reaches the Banni Mantap and special religious ceremonies have taken place, his Highness appears at nightfall on a splendid white charger, ready to review his troops. Hundreds of lamps overhead cast their dazzling light on the scene, as the Maharaja rides past his regiments and then takes the salute as they march past the saluting base with bands playing. His Highness then returns to the palace with his troops in the glittering torchlight procession, illuminated by electric lights, flaring oil torches and thousands of fireworks."

And, in order that her visitors may enjoy these sights and pageantry to the full, Mysore does her best to make them comfortable. There are excellent hotels, both at Bangalore and Mysore. For those who wish a retreat far from the madding crowd, there are delightful bungalows at the top of Nandidroog, fully furnished and fitted with electric lights. There are sundry others, as at Krishnaraj Sagar, Hassan, Jog Falls and Sivasamudram, which are fully equipped and staffed so that the visitor need take no more than his bedding with him, and, thanks to the staging arrangements of our ancestors, there are other bungalows almost at every ten miles along the main roads, at which accommodation is provided for those who carry a full supply of bedding and are content with a picnic meal.

For the sportsman I quote again from an article by that distinguished sportsman, Major Phythian Adams:—

“Mysore is the fortunate possessor of a fauna so diverse and varied that few other parts of India can equal it. The extensive open plains of the north are the home of numerous herds of black buck, which extend more or less over all cultivated areas of the State; the more broken country holds chinkara and wolves, while nilgai, though uncommon, are still reported to exist in certain parts. The forests contain herds of elephants and bison, and a good herd of sambhur and spotted deer, while lesser fry, barking deer, wild pig, etc., are common in suitable localities. The State contains some famous tiger grounds and panthers are ubiquitous, though hunting leopards are probably now extinct. Bears are fairly common in certain parts and wild dogs even more so. The list of indigenous small game includes the great Indian bustard, florican, peafowl, jungle and spurfowl, partridge, sandgrouse (two or more varieties), several species of quail, green, bluerock and imperial pigeons, and the Indian hare, to which must be added in the cold weather countless numbers of snipe, duck and teal and some bar-headed geese, which find rich subsistence in the paddy fields and on the irrigation tanks with which the State is so well provided. Apart from game birds, Mysore is particularly rich in bird life, both resident and migrant.”

Nor is there wanting ample provision for the sportsman of the camera. In addition to the comfortable bungalow at Bandipur, which adjoins the Madras game sanctuary at Mudumalai, Mysore has long had a game sanctuary of her own in charming surroundings in the Chamarajnagar Taluk.

As for other forms of sport, there are two important race meetings every year, at Mysore and Bangalore, at which latter place there is also an excellent pack of hounds. There are tournaments open to any club in India in cricket, football, hockey and tennis, during the birthday and Dasara festivities in Mysore and at other times of the year in Bangalore. There is mahseer fishing in the rivers, and for the devotees of sailing, of which there are so many in Madras, there are excellent clubs at Bethamangala and Hessarghatta, and vast waters waiting navigation at Krishnaraj Sagar and the Vani Vilas Sagar.

For those whose taste lies in horticulture there are attractions such as are equalled in very few places in India. The combination of an equable climate all the year round with a good soil and plentiful water supply makes it possible to grow plants of the tropical and temperate zones side by side and in almost any season of the year. Forty years ago it was written that there had been established 258 varieties of roses, 160 kinds of ferns, 122 crotons, to say nothing of

an endless number of flowering shrubs, brilliant foliage, plants, gay annuals and gorgeous-blossomed creepers and orchids.

Since then these numbers have been largely increased, and there has been much work done in hybridizing and cross-breeding, with the result that the name of Mysore or of persons connected with Mysore are to be found attached, for instance, to varieties of the *bougainvillea* that are now all over the world.

And now, faithful to my scheme of describing the places that I love in the words of other writers, let me give you a modern journalist's view of the great new gardens at Brindavan (eleven miles from Mysore city), which attract 200,000 visitors or more every year.

"Brindavan, seen by day, is an exquisite garden. In shape like an egg-cup, it is approached along the stem by an excellent motor road leading to a pavilion. There the visitor sees the terrain fall away in a series of terraces to the river bed and rise again similarly on the other side. Each terrace is divided across by a wide strip of water in which fountains continuously play. Vertically, from topmost pavilion to river bed, yet another strip of water begins with a miniature waterfall, and there is a 'race' from one terrace to the next. Flower beds and trim box edges border lush lawns. The whole terrain on each flank is fringed by a sweep of tall trees.

"From dawn to dusk every nuance of Nature's light and shade is caught up and reflected in the unfolding waters which stretch below. When darkness comes, as by some touch of a magic wand, they begin to spray jewels of liquid light, each fountain being given an individuality all its own.

"So the enchanted eye is led onward, downward, to the river's edge, softly aglow with half-concealed, and half-revealed light. And there in the river's centre, rising a sheer 150 feet, is a tower of water which the wind claims for its own sport, whirling its drift in strangely attractive designs. On the far bank glowing fountains lead up to a flood-lit arch which has the effective outer darkness for foil."

For the educationist it is sufficient to say that we educated not only the first lady to take a degree in any Indian university, but also the Premier of Madras.

I have kept the greatest asset of this fortunate State to the last. I refer to its wise, noble and benign ruler. In the seventh chapter of his *Artha Sastra*, Kautilya describes the essential functions of a ruler in the following language:—

"He shall restrain the organs of sense, acquire wisdom by keeping company with the aged; establish safety and security by being ever active; maintain his subjects in the observance of their respective

duties by exercising authority; keep up his personal discipline by receiving lessons in the sciences, and endear himself to the people by bringing them in contact with wealth and doing good to them."

Let me ask you to compare with this the description of His Highness the Maharaja, Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, written by an eminent member of the Civil Service thirty years ago:—

"On young shoulders he carried a head of extraordinary maturity, which was, however, no bar to a boyish and wholehearted enjoyment of manly sports as well as of the simple pleasure of life. He rode straight to hounds, played polo with the best, and a first-class game of racquets. He was devoted to animals, particularly his horses and the terrier that would be his constant companion, and he never failed to attend stables of a morning, to watch the training, supervise the care and gratify the taste for lucerne and carrots of a huge stable of carriage horses, hunters and polo ponies. He had the taste and knowledge to appreciate Western music as well as his own. I never knew him make a mistake as to the quality of the English men and women that he admitted to his friendship. As to his own people, he sized up each individual with an intuition amazing in one of his years. In some respects he was, and always will be, an older man than myself, and he will forgive my recalling how he once watched with silent amusement a process extending over some months, in the course of which I was successfully humbugged by a cleverer man than myself, and only let me into the joke when the individual concerned was put up for advancement and promptly turned down. Through all initial difficulties the Maharaja pursued his placid way, undisturbed by the criticism of the thoughtless, the uninformed or the dissatisfied. He arrived at decisions with deliberation, but his mind, once made up, was unalterable, and the unforgivable sin in his eyes was inconsistency or facile change of front on the part of a responsible officer. Himself absolutely reliable, he found no excuse for vacillation in others. His patience was inexhaustible, he was never the young man in a hurry, but, as the years rolled by, one scheme after another of his own planning was realized with a completeness that was impressive and with an entire absence of fuss or disturbance that was not less remarkable."

It has been an infinite blessing to Mysore to have had the advantage of that intuition, that patient wisdom, that sporting enthusiasm, that loving care, to guide its affairs through the manifold changes and chances of the past thirty-five years, and it is a circumstance for which all Mysore is sincerely grateful that we can still rely on those qualities to guide us in the critical times in which we are now living. There has been no one more ready to promote

constitutional reforms than His Highness, and no one is better qualified to understand and to adjust the claims of the impatient idealist with the stern realities of the actual facts.

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, whose name will always be associated with Calcutta University, which he, to a large degree, built up into one of India's foremost educational centres, is speaking in praise of another Indian whose work for the social betterment of his fellow countrymen will always be remembered.

HAJI MAHOMED MOHSIN

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE MOHSIN CENTENARY
CELEBRATION, MARCH 18, 1913

I do not use the language of mere convention when I say that I deem it a high privilege to be permitted to associate myself with this the first centenary commemoration of the death of Haji Mahomed Mohsin. Ever since the days of my youth, whilst still a student at college, I have held in high veneration the name of Haji Mahomed Mohsin as that of one of the most illustrious Indians of the eighteenth century. Consequently, when my respected friend the secretary invited me to speak in appreciation of the life and character of Haji Mahomed Mohsin, I readily consented to deliver a brief address on this occasion. But I find my learned friend has, no doubt with a view to secure brevity in his letter of invitation, omitted to state that my proposed address will be very brief; and, I trust I may rely upon your indulgence while I recall to your minds the career and achievements of Haji Mahomed Mohsin.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, attracted by the opportunities which India at the time presented to all adventurous captains of industry, Aga Fayzullah, a member of a family of merchants of considerable repute in Ispahan in Persia, migrated to this country and settled at Murshidabad, then the capital of Bengal. Shortly after, he left his son Fayzullah in charge of his business at Murshidabad, and transferred his activities to Hughli, at the time one of the greatest commercial cities of this province.

Here his business flourished, and he was soon after joined by his son Fayzullah. At that time, there resided in Hughli another Persian

of great respectability, Aga Motahar, one of the favourite courtiers of the illustrious Emperor Auranzib. Aga Motahar had been the fortunate recipient of valuable landed properties which had been bestowed upon him as a mark of imperial favour, and he found it necessary to settle down at Hughli with a view to the effective and prosperous management of his extensive estates. The name of Aga Motahar still lives in the affectionate remembrance of every pious Mohammedan as that of one of the most devoted followers of the Faith, who applied his wealth in the reconstruction of the great Imambarah originally built by Murshid Kuli Khan, Viceroy of Bengal.

The families of Fayzullah and Motahar were closely drawn together, as may be anticipated, by the bonds of friendship. Aga Motahar died in 1728 and left a widow and an only daughter, Manu Jan Khanum, to whom he left all his vast estates. Shortly afterwards, the widow of Aga Motahar married Fayzullah, the son of the friend and compatriot of her deceased husband. The only child of this marriage was Mahomed Mohsin, whose memory we have met this evening to celebrate.

The early life of Mahomed Mohsin was one of great happiness and prosperity. He was brought up with all the affectionate care which his parents could bestow upon him, and under the guidance of a distinguished Persian scholar, Aga Shirazi, young Mahomed Mohsin as well as his half-sister, Manu Jan Khanum, rapidly acquired considerable proficiency in Arabic and Persian studies. Thus thoroughly grounded in the time-honoured culture of Islam, Mahomed Mohsin went to Murshidabad where he finished his studies in one of the most famous *mukhtabs* of the time.

On his return to Hughli, he resided at the house of Manu Jan Khanum, and the brother and sister were attached to each other by the strongest ties of devotion and affection. The biographers of Mahomed Mohsin tell us of a romantic incident which happened at this stage of his career. A conspiracy had been formed to poison Manu Jan Khanum by her enemies, who were anxious to seize her wealth and be thus benefited by her death. The nefarious plot was ingeniously discovered by Mahomed Mohsin, and its execution was baffled by his boldness. The result was that he roused the anger and hatred of the conspirators, who, defeated in their original design, turned their attention to him.

About this time, his half-sister married, and, as soon as he found that his sister to whom he was devotedly attached, had an able protector, he decided to set out on an extensive course of travel which had been the dream of his youth. Whilst still a student, his imagination

had been fired by the stories of foreign lands narrated to him by his preceptor, Aga Shirazi, and he took the first opportunity to widen his intellectual horizon by a visit to foreign lands and a study of foreign people, their habits and character. In 1762, he set out on his travels which lasted for twenty-seven years. He visited all the famous towns of Northern India, and went far beyond the limits of the Indian Empire. He made his way through Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and Arabia, and made pilgrimages not only to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina but also to the sacred Moslem shrines in every city he visited. One can imagine how this long-extended travel, lasting over a quarter of a century, tended to deepen his religious fervour and to strengthen the intellectual side of his character.

In 1790, when he had reached his sixtieth year, he decided finally to terminate his travel, and turned to his native land. He passed through Delhi and Lucknow, where the fame of his wisdom and erudition had preceded him, and came back to Murshidabad, where he was determined to settle and end his days in peace. On his return home, however, he found that his half-sister, after a short spell of happy married life, had become a widow, and was anxious to receive his assistance in the management of her vast properties. Mahomed Mohsin was thus ultimately induced by Manu Jan Khanum, for whom he still retained the feelings of deepest attachment, notwithstanding years of separation, to leave his intended life of study and seclusion and to undertake the engrossing occupation of the management of her properties.

Not many years after, Manu Jan Khanum died, in 1803, and, as the most striking proof of her affection for her half-brother, made a bequest of the whole of her estate to Mahomed Mohsin. Mahomed Mohsin now felt himself in a position of considerable embarrassment—a position of embarrassment in which many other people would be delighted to find themselves. He was now well advanced in years. He had no children; in fact he had never married; and he had no near relations. The proper disposition of his own ancestral wealth had been for some time past a source of considerable anxiety to him, for notwithstanding his charitable disposition and his willingness to assist men of all creeds and castes, he had not been able to exhaust the fortune amassed by his father and grandfather. While he was in this position, the death of his half-sister and her testamentary devise placed at his disposal the entire fortune of the family of Aga Motahar. From a personal point of view, the acquisition of this vast wealth was of no consequence to him, for he had, throughout his long life, lived like the simple scholar and frugal traveller, for whom the petty vanities of dress and taste had no fascination at

all. Under these circumstances, with characteristic foresight and magnanimity, he executed on April 26, 1806, that famous deed of trust by which the whole income of his properties was to be devoted in perpetuity to religious and charitable purposes. The terms of this trust-deed will for ever be remembered with gratitude by successive generations, and have been appropriately engraved on the walls of the Imambarah.

Six years later, in 1812, Haji Mahomed Mohsin died at the ripe old age of eighty-two, and was buried in the Imambarah garden, close by his dearly loved half-sister, Manu Jan Khanum, from whom he had received his earliest inspiration in the years of his training and his great inheritance in the closing years of his life.

Such is the simple story of the life of this truly great man; but I cannot, with propriety, close this address without a brief reference to the subsequent history of the administration of this memorable trust. The first trustees, nominated by the illustrious founder, to their everlasting disgrace, proved faithless to their sacred trust, and but for the timely intervention of our beneficent Government, the object of the pious founder might have been completely frustrated. The salutary provisions of a Regulation which had been passed in 1810 were forthwith put into operation, and since 1817 the control of the Mahomed Mohsin Trust Estate has been in the hands of the Government. The ever-increasing income has been applied, in fulfilment of the original intentions of the founder, for religious and charitable purposes. For a period of thirty-seven years, the Hughli College, which is rightly regarded as one of the foremost educational institutions of this province, was maintained out of the income of the Mohsin Fund; for more than forty years the *madrasahs* at Hughli, Rajshahi, Dacca and Chittagong have been maintained in a high state of efficiency by a judicious application of the income of the trust fund; while, for many years past, Mohammedan students whose aggregate number must by this time exceed thousands, have received a subvention from the Mohsin Fund in part payment of the fees payable by them at an English school or college.

I trust I have said enough to justify the assertion that Mahomed Mohsin was a man truly remarkable for piety and culture, a man who may without exaggeration be described as one of the greatest Indians of the eighteenth century, a man whose memory is justly held in reverence by Hindus and Mussulmans alike, a man who would do honour to any race or nation, be it the most progressive and the most civilized. True it is, he has left no descendants; but by his princely endowment he has obtained for himself a new and never-ending family, for his name is daily in the mouths of hundreds,

it may be thousands, of the educated youths of this province, who have been assisted by his benefaction in their strenuous pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Let us hold, from generation to generation, in affectionate and undying remembrance, the name of Mahomed Mohsin as one of the most memorable of the benefactors of our country, and, let us at the same time express our gratitude to our enlightened rulers, but for whose timely intervention and judicious administration of the fund, this precious gift might have been dissipated and the benevolent object of the noble and pious founder completely defeated.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, President of the Congress in 1925, is one of the most outstanding women in India today. She is speaking here at the Round Table Conference, and in contributing her arguments in favour of full freedom for India, she touches on one of the great social problems in India today—the question of the depressed classes.

A WOMAN SPEAKS FOR INDIA

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE INDIAN ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE,
NOVEMBER, 30, 1931.

MR. PRIME MINISTER, when I look round this table I find experts in every department of life. There are men of law, some of whom act as “experienced foremen” in building the great architectural edifice of India’s constitution like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. There are men of finance like Sir Purshotamdas Thakurdas. There are soldiers who speak with no uncertain voice, like my predecessor. There are men representing Labour. There are those representing women who are neither a minority nor a special interest. There are landholders, there are champions of one interest or another, and I am beginning to wonder what place I can fill in an assembly like this. I have neither experience nor knowledge of all those expert matters that have been dealt with in the Federal Structure Committee. I do not understand the technicalities of constitution-making and therefore where all have spoken as champions of one interest or another I propose, if you will permit me, to speak only as an Indian, not as a lawyer, politician, soldier, on or off duty, or a member of the financial or princely classes, autocracies, or a member

of the aristocracies that are represented here. You will permit me, Mr. Prime Minister, in view of the very grave issues before us to say something that comes from the very core of my heart.

Intellectual discussions, analyses and counter-analyses, proofs in favour of this point of view, or proofs in refutation—these are not the real issues today. My whole country is awaiting that word—penultimate or ultimate as you choose to make it—of England's attitude towards India. It has been my great privilege these many years to have lived very close to the heartbeat of my people. I know the heartbeat of their agony. I know the heartbeat of their hope. Are you going tomorrow to respond to the agony or to the hope of my people? That is the question I would like to ask you. The Lord Chancellor when he spoke at the opening of this Plenary Session after you, Mr. Prime Minister, used an image that sounds very beautiful. He talked of the Taj Mahal. He talked of its beauty, its unrivalled proportions. He talked of the labour, the patience that went to the making of that beautiful edifice.

Did he forget when he used the analogy of the Taj Mahal with its jewelled walls, its fretted domes, its marble turrets, that the Taj Mahal was built over the bones of beauty that was once alive? Did he forget it was slave labour that made those jewelled walls, and that the cementing force that keeps that edifice alive was the sweat and the agony of that slave labour, forced from day to day to build up that house of beauty? Is it the Taj Mahal that you are going to build after years and years of labour and years and years of patience, only to enshrine the dead bones of our hope—or are you going to realize that there is no time today, there is no patience today, there is no faith left today for so prolonged a piece of labour as the building of a Taj Mahal with jewelled walls?

My people are dying of hunger. My young men and young women who do me the honour of looking on me as their comrade, their friend and their leader, are dying under the sweat and anguish of slavery, gild it as you will with any beautiful word out of your English language. What is the answer you will make to those young men and women, many of whom have studied in your universities and have been nourished on the history of the liberties of the great nations of Europe, and who are only held in leash from revolution because of the pledge and promise that we, their comrades, their servants and their leaders, have made, that we shall bring back from England something, some substantial alternative to their demand for that word you dread, independence.

That is the answer I want. My work has not lain in the Federal Structure Committee except as a spectator, but almost every day

during all the weeks that I have been here my work has lain outside the Federal Structure Committee. I have been addressing large groups or small groups of men and women, both friendly and hostile to India, and it seemed to me that from the point of view of knowledge there was very little to choose between the friendly and hostile sections of the English people. The same arguments, only punctuated differently, were advanced by both. Was India really ready for freedom? Were not there dreadful things called communal conflicts? Was not the rumour of riot on every wind? Was not every street more or less symbolized by bloodstains that meant hatred, conflict, tumult, turmoil, that could only be assuaged, appeased, controlled or conquered by English forces and by English authority? This in brief, this in one word, is the attitude of both those who sincerely desire India's advance and those who, with equal and patent sincerity, refuse to think of India except as a helot, except as something chained to Empire. 7

What is going to be your answer tomorrow, Prime Minister, to the demand of my country for freedom? I have no use for words that are used either too rigidly or too vaguely.) I have no use for a phrase like "Dominion Status" for instance. What does it connote? I have been in most colonies of the Empire, and in each colony the meaning of the words "Dominion Status" is determined by its own special environment, its own special need and its own special achievement. It holds for me no particular meaning in any political dictionary so far as India is concerned. I have heard the word "Independence" used. That also is a word either too rigid or too vague. I know small independent countries that have not known how to manage their own internal affairs; that put one king upon the throne one day and cut off his head the next day, and are yet independent; which have not enough ministers to send to the courts of the world where they would be represented, have not enough soldiers, enough law-makers, enough subjects, have not enough nobility or soldiers or anything necessary for the dignity and integrity of independent States. I am not enamoured either of the word "Independence" or of the words "Dominion Status"; but I do claim the liberty of India, with the fullest implications of what liberty must mean to every country in the world.

My illustrious leader, Mahatma Gandhi, when he has completed his twenty-four hours of silence, some time in the afternoon will no doubt reiterate in his own inimitable fashion the claim that he makes as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress. I will not seek to divide—because he will not allow me—the honour of such representation; but I too have been a president and a

representative of the Indian National Congress and of that honour he cannot rob me, for he divides it with me. I am therefore making a claim on behalf of the nation as he does, not with the technical authority of being its representative at your councils, but with the inviolable right of having been its servant and its leader. I speak and I say this to you in England that when Lord Reading today talked of equal partnership, he talked of something that the best mind of India can appreciate, but only on its own terms.

What is this equal partnership? What is this equal partnership of which we hear so much? It can only mean a voluntary association on terms of equality, and today that equality is not there. You talk of a position equal to that of the dominions. You forget that in your dominions there are men who are your own kith and kin, of your own race, your own blood, your own culture and your own creed. They are held to you by a silken thread, whereas the irony of historic circumstances has forged a fetter round our feet, and therefore to hold us by a manacle round your wrist. Until you break the bondage of that manacle and we break the bondage of that fetter, there can be no choice either for you or for us of that equal friendship which is the only enduring guarantee of good faith among partners who are friends.

I, in the name of the cause that I serve, make this claim for equal partnership, but I repeat it is only on terms of equality that leaves full choice to you as to whether one or other of us chooses to diverge, it shall be so. But this is no threat, it is an offer; it is an offer to you in the critical moment of your history; it is an offer made in the critical moment of our history, and such a choice does not repeat itself even though they say history repeats itself. You will say to me, as so many others have said: but how can India have this liberty? Look!—you could not solve the question of the minorities. Look!—the question of the depressed classes is a stain upon the civilization of which you boast. You will say to me: your friends, the Mohammedans, have refused to co-operate in making the last days of this conference either successful or unsuccessful. You will say to me: there is that little group of Europeans not satisfied yet with any offer that you have made. You will say: we have missionaries who made converts in your country—there are Christians who do not feel secure against the majority of their own original caste. You will say many things to us. But I have always maintained that the greatness, the glory of India does consist in just these minorities, just such majorities. It is in the welding together of all these divergent things, reconciled and harmonized by my country into one integral nation, that makes the glory of

India; and if we have not succeeded in solving for the moment those purely artificial questions of vulgar fractions, that arithmetic which divides a power into little fractions for this community and for that community, I do not feel that it affects in any way the vital issue of liberty for my land.

Mr. Prime Minister, you today are in authority. If a few scores of politicians have not succeeded in doing arithmetical calculations I ask you to make a decision, but do not let our temporary failure to arrive at a settlement act in any way as an excuse, valid or not, for postponing the hour of India's liberty.

My friend Dr. Ambedkar looks at me now and then with reproachful eyes. He says: Yes, but what are you going to do about the depressed classes? So many people not in any way connected with the depressed classes have already expressed anxiety for the depressed classes. Here and now let me tell my friend Dr. Ambedkar that I, the descendant of the proudest class of Brahmins in India, do not feel any reproach in his look. My duty has always been fulfilled in that regard, and not I only, but I speak in the name of all when I say that the leaders of the Hindu community should be and shall be pledged, whatever happens to the constitution of India's future, to remove this blot, to expiate the sins of disinheriting our ancestors for the dehumanising of one section of our own kith and kin.

As far as it is possible for me and those who think like me it will be the first charge upon all our energies and our labours that every disability from which these tragic people suffer shall be removed and that they shall have a place in all things, social and political, equal to the highest who bear the label of the Vedic castes upon their brow. I will not stand for injustice or inequality to the poor and the depressed but I would say to Dr. Ambedkar that any one who would serve the community that he represents would merely do a dis-service to them if he would strive to isolate them away behind electoral barriers as something outcast from the assembly of those whose desire and duty it is to teach them the great lesson of self-reliance and self-respect. In all else that matters, for all political purposes, for all human purposes I will challenge any Hindu in this gathering to deny them rights that are enjoyed by men of all other communities outside the Hindu pale.

What will you do, Mr. Prime Minister, to further this question of federation? The princes have spoken, the greater princes have spoken. They have spoken, realizing that they are Indians first and princes afterwards. They have spoken realizing that India must be one integral whole, indivisible in her destiny. I have spoken of

federation as the circumference of a circle, which has one centre, that unites all. From that centre each radius might go its own way, but all must be circumscribed by that circumference. I welcome with all my heart this idea of federation. All my life I have been a dreamer of dreams of a Federated India that shall be free, each section having its own sovereign integrity, but yet bound one to the other by some focusing point of a common purpose and a common destiny.

But when I hear that there are some people who would like to see what rights are going to be guaranteed to them, what powers will be reserved to them to continue undesirable and obsolete methods of autocracy, who say that we must wait until they have made up their minds, I say and I repeat, and I will always say and reiterate that the youth of India will not wait upon the leisure of princes. Not very long ago I said to my own ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, "Sir, when the people begin to walk, princes must begin to run to keep pace with them." The only security for the thrones of India lies in the hearts and the allegiance of the people. I believe that the princes around this table have understood that ultimate security lies, not on a throne of gold, but in the hearts of the people, whom they rule. Therefore, I welcome their efforts and their desire to come into a federation of a free India. But I should like to say, on behalf of the peoples of India, that we shall not be content with an alliance merely between dynasties and democracy, but that their people too shall have a voice in the councils of a free India.

I do not wish—I am not competent, for one thing—to make any criticism of the various aspects of the Federal Structure Report, but I feel that no constitution, however perfect in its technicalities, however beautifully dovetailed into each other its sections may be, merely on paper, can ever last for a single day, unless it is co-ordinated to the immediate and urgent issues of life as they exist in India today.

Today, the problem is a problem of hunger; today also the problem is the problem of a nation that has the shame to be defended by foreign forces; today, it is the humiliation of a country whose youth is dying of a broken heart because the young men and the young women of the other countries where they go to study are free and make friends with them, yet all the time they realize that they are amongst the disinherited ones, the exiles of earth, in their own country, because they have not the heritage of freedom which enables them to be masters of their own policies, not in one direction only, but in all the directions and departments of life.

My appeal to you, Mr. Prime Minister, is this. Make real that

ideal, that desire, that dream of a statesman who was once a viceroy, Lord Reading—equal partnership. How divergent are the ways by which men come to a common ideal! What two human beings could be more different than the Saint of Sabarmati and the ex-Viceroy of India; yet each of them use the same phrase—equal partnership. But are the implications alike in both minds?

I have sometimes been accused by those who are very ignorant or dense, or unimaginative—and there are so many in this country like that, Mr. Prime Minister—of being unfriendly to England. It is impossible for me to be unfriendly to England. So much of my youth has been spent in this country, and my friendships here are very real and spread over a very great number of years, more years than my vanity will permit me to tell you. My dreams for India have their roots deep down in my heart, but my friendships and associations with England have their roots intertwined with the roots of my dreams for India. Shall it be today that there must be so great a conflict between these two loyalties, that I must be compelled to eradicate one by its roots so that the other may live, or will you make it possible, by imagination, human understanding, sympathy, self-interest, if you will—will you make it possible for thousands of men and women like me who are patriots, but not narrow nationalists, who love their country and yet have known how to transcend all barriers of race, creed, civilization and climate, who would die so that freedom might be born for their country, but who would not, if they could help it, make another nation suffer—no, not in its pocket, nor in its pride, nor in its life—will you make it possible for people like myself to cherish such twin loyalties.

You will only do it when you rise to the full heights of your own English traditions, those traditions that inspired my childhood when from my father's lips I learned how England had always been the sanctuary of those who were exiled from their country for the sake of their dream of liberty. Do not be content with the mere technicalities, the mere texts and letters of the constitution that you would give us, but be human in your vision and try to understand that even as you cherish liberty, so do we, a modern nation, cherish the dream of liberty. Do not drive us into being narrow nationalists when some of us by temperament, tradition and every conviction in our beings are internationalists, without undue sense of race and country. Make it possible to achieve that India, that free India, which will stand side by side with you with a bond of silk and not with a fetter of iron binding us to you.

I dream a dream, not of some far distant future, but of some immediate time when this will be possible; when you make bravely,

spontaneously, that *beau geste* of abdication, for that is what lies at the root of our demand. When you have abdicated nobly your claim and title, when you have by your own abnegation of many imperialistic material interests risen to the height of your own spiritual greatness, stretch your hand in fellowship and we shall not be lacking in the response that bids you "Hail, but not farewell."

LETTERS

M. K. GANDHI to GENERAL SMUTS

In July, 1924, the Union Parliament of South Africa passed the Indians' Relief Bill, and some of the most outstanding of the disabilities of Indians resident in South Africa were removed. There were, however, certain matters which Mr. Gandhi considered were equally important if the settlement were to be complete. He submitted a list of necessary reforms to General Smuts, which were discussed by Smuts in his reply to Mr. Gandhi. On receipt of this letter, Mr. Gandhi sent the following reply.

Dated June 30, 1924.

I BEG to acknowledge receipt of your letter of even date herewith setting forth the substance of the interview that General Smuts was pleased, notwithstanding many other pressing calls upon his time, to grant me on Saturday last. I feel deeply grateful for the patience and courtesy which the minister showed during the discussion of the several points submitted by me.

The passing of the Indians' Relief Bill and this correspondence finally closed that Passive Resistance struggle which commenced in the September of 1906 and which to the Indian community cost much physical suffering and pecuniary loss and to the Government much anxious thought and consideration.

As the minister is aware, some of my countrymen have wished me to go farther. They are dissatisfied that the trade licences laws of the different provinces, the Transvaal Gold Law, the Transvaal Townships Act, the Transvaal Law 3 of 1885, have not been altered so as to give them full rights of residence, trade and ownership of land. Some of them are dissatisfied that full inter-provincial migration is not permitted, and some are dissatisfied that on the marriage question the Relief Bill goes no farther than it does. They have asked me that all the above matters might be included in the passive resistance struggle. I have been unable to comply with their wishes. Whilst, therefore, they have not been included in the programme of passive resistance, it will not be denied that some day or other these matters will require further and sympathetic consideration by the Government. Complete satisfaction cannot be expected until full civic rights have been conceded to the resident Indian population.

I have told my countrymen that they will have to exercise patience and by all honourable means at their disposal educate public opinion

so as to enable the Government of the day to go farther than the present correspondence does. I shall hope that when the Europeans of South Africa fully appreciate the fact that now, as the importation of indentured labour from India is prohibited and as the Immigrants' Regulation Act of last year has in practice all but stopped further free Indian immigration and that my countrymen do not aspire to any political ambition, they, the Europeans, will see the justice and indeed the necessity of my countrymen being granted the rights I have just referred to.

Meanwhile, if the generous spirit that the Government have applied to the treatment of the problem during the past few months continues to be applied, as promised in your letter, in the administration of the existing laws, I am quite certain that the Indian community throughout the Union will be able to enjoy some measure of peace and never be a source of trouble to the Government.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU to INDIRA

This letter to his daughter, Indira, on her thirteenth birthday, was written while Jawarharlal Nehru was in prison.

Dated October, 1930.

ON your birthday you have been in the habit of receiving presents and good wishes. Good wishes you will still have in full measure, but what present can I give you from Naini prison? My presents cannot be very material or solid. They can only be of the air and of the mind and spirit, such as a good fairy might have bestowed on you—something that even the high walls of prison cannot stop.

You know, sweetheart, how I dislike sermonizing and doling out good advice. When I am tempted to do this I always think of a story of a "very wise man" I once read. Perhaps one day you will yourself read the book which contains this story. Thirteen hundred years ago there came a great traveller from China to India in search of wisdom and knowledge. His name was Hiuen Tsang and over the deserts and mountains of the north he came, braving many dangers, facing and overcoming many obstacles, so great was his thirst for knowledge. And he spent many years in India learning himself and teaching others, especially at the great university of Nalanda, which existed then near the city that was called Pātaliputra and is now known as Patna. Hiuen Tsang became very learned

himself and he was given the title of "Master of the Law"—the Law of the Buddha—and he journeyed all over India and saw and studied the people that lived in this great country in those far-off days. Later he wrote a book of his travels, and it is this book which contains the story that comes to my mind. It is about a man from South India who came to Karnasuvarna, which was a city somewhere near modern Bhagalpur in Behar; and this man, it is written, wore round his belly and waist copper plates, and on his head he carried a lighted torch. Staff in hand, with proud bearing and lofty steps, he wandered about in this strange attire. And when any one asked him the reason for this curious get-up, he told him that his wisdom was so great that he was afraid his belly would burst if he did not wear copper plates round it; and because he was moved with pity for the ignorant people round about him, who lived in darkness, he carried the light on his head.

Well, I am quite sure there is no danger of my ever bursting with too much wisdom and so there is no need for me to wear copper plates or armour. And in any event, I hope that my wisdom, such of it as I possess, does not live in my belly. Wherever it may reside, there is plenty of room still for more of it and there no chance of there being no room left. If I am so limited in wisdom how can I pose as a wise man to others and distribute good advice to all? And so I have always thought that the best way to find out what is right and what is not right, what should be done and what should not be done, is not to give a sermon, but to talk and discuss, and out of the discussion sometimes a little bit of truth comes out. I have liked my talks with you and we have discussed many things, but the world is wide and beyond our world lie other wonderful and mysterious worlds, so none of us need ever be bored or imagine, like the very foolish and conceited person whose story Hiuen Tsang has told us, that we have learned everything worth learning and become very wise. And perhaps it is as well that we do not become very wise; for the very wise, if any such there are, must sometimes feel rather sad that there is nothing more to learn. They must miss the joy of discovery and of learning new things—the great adventure that all of us who care may have.

I must not therefore sermonize. But what am I to do then? A letter can hardly take the place of a talk; at best it is a one-sided affair. So, if I say anything that sounds like good advice do not take it as if it were a bad pill to swallow. Imagine that I have made a suggestion to you for you to think over, as if we really were having a talk.

In your history books you read of great periods in the life of

nations. We read of great men and women and great deeds performed, and sometimes in our dreams and reveries we imagine ourselves back in those times and doing brave deeds like the heroes and heroines of old. Do you remember how fascinated you were when you first read the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and how your ambition was to do something like her? Ordinary men and women are not usually heroic. They think of their daily bread and butter, of their children, of their household worries and the like. But a time comes when a whole people become full of faith for a great cause, and then even simple, ordinary men and women become heroes, and history becomes stirring and epoch-making. Great leaders have something in them which inspires a whole people and makes them do great deeds.

The year you were born in—1919—was one of the great years of history when a great leader, with a heart full of love and sympathy for the poor and suffering, made his people write a noble and never-to-be-forgotten chapter of history. In the very month you were born, Lenin started his great revolution which has changed the face of Russia and Siberia. And today, in India, another great leader, also full of love for all who suffer and passionately eager to help them, has inspired our people to great endeavour and noble sacrifice, so that they may again be free and the starving and the poor and the oppressed may have their burdens removed from them. Bapuji* lies in prison; but the magic of his message steals into the hearts of India's millions, and men and women, and even little children, come out of their little shells and become India's soldiers of freedom. In India today we are making history, and you and I are fortunate to see this happen before our eyes and to take some part ourselves in this great drama.

How shall we bear ourselves in this great movement? What part shall we play in it? I cannot say what part will fall to our lot; but, whatever it may be, let us remember that we can do nothing which may bring discredit to our cause or dishonour to our people. If we are to be India's soldiers we have India's honour in our keeping, and that honour is a sacred trust. Often we may be in doubt as to what to do. It is no easy matter to decide what is right and what is not. One little test I shall ask you to apply whenever you are in doubt. It may help you. Never do anything in secret or anything that you wish to hide. For the desire to hide anything means that you are afraid, and fear is a bad thing and unworthy of you. Be brave, and all the rest follows. If you are brave, you will not fear and will not do anything of which you are ashamed. You know that in our great

* Mahatma Gandhi.

freedom movement, under Bapuji's leadership, there is no room for secrecy or hiding. We have nothing to hide. We are not afraid of what we do and what we say. We work in the sun and in the light. Even so in our private lives let us make friends with the sun and work in the light and do nothing secretly or furtively. Privacy, of course, we may have and should have, but that is a very different thing from secrecy. And if you do so, my dear, you will grow up a child of the light, unafraid and serene and unruffled, whatever may happen.

I have written to you a very long letter. And there is so much I would like to tell you. How can a letter contain it?

You are fortunate, I have said, in being a witness to this great struggle for freedom that is going on in our country. You are also very fortunate in having a very brave and wonderful little woman for your mummie, and if you are ever in doubt or in trouble you cannot have a better friend.

Good-bye, little one, and may you grow up into a brave soldier in India's service.

With all my love and good wishes.

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